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CURRENT OPINION

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A·REVIEW·OF·THE·WORLD

THE ARDENT WOOING OF THE DISTRAUGHT PROGRESSIVES

ONE of the tragedies peculiar to American history is seen when a political party dies. Nothing quite like it is seen in any other country. Born of heroic endeavor, beginning in an emotional excitement that is akin to that of a great religious revival, a new party gathers into itself the hopes and ideals of hundreds of thousands of earnest men and women, who see in it the salvation of the nation and the rescue of humanity. Its death brings heartaches to a multitude of self-denying idealists. To them it is a real tragedy, a world-calamity. Last month witnessed an event of this kind. It is true the Progressive party is not officially dead. Its national committee recommends that its organization "be preserved so far as possible" and that the state committees "continue in operation." The national committee itself will "maintain its organization." It is also true that an inconsolable fraction of the party are to hold another national convention this month, in Chicago, on the fourth anniversary of the birth of the party, in response to the call of its nominee for Vice-President, for the purpose of gathering together what remains of the organization and building a new national party out of the material. But the tragedy is there just the same, and it has come with unprecedented swiftness. No new party ever started out with greater fervency or a larger stock of hopes. None ever before polled such a large vote in its first campaign. None ever before had such a swift demise. Polling well over four million votes in 1912, only two years later, in the Congressional elections, three-fourths of its adherents, according to the estimate made by the *N. Y. World*, had already returned to the Republican party. There has been no general test since, but it was significant that in Massachusetts

last year the party failed to get the three per cent. vote necessary to entitle it to a place on the official ballot. Now the national committee has endorsed Hughes unconditionally. The party, as a party, is obviously dead, and the decisive question of this campaign is, where will the four million voters of 1912 be found this fall? The struggle to corral them is already on. As the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* says: "Everybody's latchstring is out for the homeless Moose. When the Armageddonites were deserted by their distinguished leader and left wandering on the cold hills shepherdless and disconsolate, their pitiable condition at once appealed to the compassion of all parties."

Ardent Appeals to the Progressives from Mr. Hughes.

THAT Mr. Hughes is alive to the predominant importance of nailing down the Progressive vote before it gets away is seen from the speed with which he has gone after it. One of the first things he did was to invite Mr. Roosevelt to a private luncheon, from which that gentleman went away saying, "Mr. Hughes and I are in absolute accord." A little later he wrote to the Progressive national committee assuring it that the character and entire public life of Mr. Hughes are a guarantee that the German-American alliances "will in no shape or way affect his public actions before or after election." Mr. Hughes has at this writing put his pen to paper four times to express his political views. The first time was in the brief note of acceptance to the Republican convention. The other three times were in communications to Progressives, including a telegram to the California Conference, a letter to Mr.

Roosevelt, and a telegram to the Progressive national committee. In his letter to Mr. Roosevelt, thanking him for his indorsement, Mr. Hughes said: "I want you to feel that I wish to have all the aid that you are able



—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

and willing to give. I want the most effective cooperation with all those who have been fighting by your side." The telegram to the committee arraigns the Wilson administration at some length. Mr. Hughes writes: "The most serious difficulties the present administration has encountered have been due to its own weakness and incertitude. I am profoundly convinced that by prompt and decisive action, which existing conditions manifestly called for, the *Lusitania* tragedy would have been prevented." "The use of our soil as a base for alien intrigues" Mr. Hughes denounces, but insists that "the responsibility lies at the door of the administration" for not taking proper measures to suppress such use. He quotes from Secretary Lansing's note of June 20th to Secretary Aguilar, describing the condition of affairs in Mexico and on our border during the last three years, and comments as follows: "What an indictment by the Administration of its Mexican policy! And still we are unprepared. That unpreparedness in the midst of perils, and after the experience of three years, is a demonstration of an unpardonable neglect for which the Administration is responsible." He expresses his deep sympathy with "the effort to improve the conditions of labor," to "prevent exploitation," to protect our women and children, to conserve our national resources; but, he adds: "underlying every endeavor to promote social justice is the indispensable condition that there shall be a stable foundation for honorable enterprise. American industry must have proper protection if labor is to be safeguarded." Further, our railways must be rescued "from uncertainty and confusion," and "invisible government" must give way to responsible government. Finally he assures the Progressive committee that "it is within the party that the liberalizing spirit you invoke can have the widest and most effective influence." Not content with telegrams and letters, Mr. Hughes proceeded to secure, on his national campaign committee of seventeen, six leading Progressives and to limit the representation of "the Old Guard" to five, among whom Barnes, Penrose, Crane and Smoot are conspicuous for their absence. These steps have been followed by a report that Mr. Roosevelt, reconsidering his declaration that he is out of politics, has agreed to participate in the campaign.

Will the Transfer of Progressive Votes Be a Success?

TO what extent the rank and file of the Progressive party will follow the advice of its national committee and Mr. Roosevelt will remain uncertain until the ballots are counted next November. The resolution of the committee endorsing Mr. Hughes was carried by a vote of 32 to 6; but nine members refused to vote, claiming that the committee was acting beyond its powers, and three members were not present. Evidences of strong dissatisfaction have come from Massachusetts, Indiana, Michigan, New York and other states. John M. Parker, of Louisiana, the nominee for Vice-President, issued on July 15th a call for a new convention to meet in Chicago August 5th to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, and, since "the Bull Moose led his loyal followers into the wilderness and there deserted them," to adopt a new emblem for the party. Francis J. Heney, of California, J. M. Ingersoll, of Idaho, William H. Avis, of Connecticut, and others have declared for Wilson. But Johnson, of California, Flinn, of Pennsylvania, Perkins and Straus, of New York, Colby, of New Jersey, Garfield, of Ohio, Allen, of Kansas, Chester Rowell, of California, Herbert Knox Smith, of Connecticut, and most of the other



THE MOOSE CALL

—Rehse in *N. Y. World*

best known leaders have joined in the indorsement of Hughes, and the principal papers of the party four years ago, such as the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Philadelphia North American*, the *Toledo Blade*, the *New York Press*, are supporting the Republican ticket. The *North American*, however, insists that "Progressive support of Mr. Hughes distinctly does not include submission to or indorsement of his party," and that "the Progressives who left the Republican party four years ago have no more affection or veneration for it now than they had then." For the Progressives who did not leave the Republican party four years ago, Senator La Follette is as much entitled as any man to speak. In a signed statement in his paper he says: "The nomination of Mr. Justice

Hughes will be acceptable to the great body of the progressive Republicans of the country. . . . He is able, independent, fearless, and possessed of high civic spirit. There is no question of his personal and political integrity. He will go as far as his convictions carry him, and no ulterior influences can stop him."

A Reunited Republican Party.

ADD to these expressions from Progressive sources those of hearty laudation for Roosevelt that are now coming from the organs of the Old Guard, organs that have been expending their vocabulary of vituperation upon him for four years, and the conclusion that Mr. Wilson must face a reunited Republicanism seems irresistible. Thus the *Los Angeles Times* now has for Roosevelt "only words of hearty welcome," "again honors him for his stalwart Americanism," and pronounces his letter of declination in favor of Hughes "a masterpiece of logic and an eloquent appeal that stirs the blood in one's veins." The *Deseret Evening News*, that voices the views of Senator Smoot, says "the anger against him will be largely forgotten and appeased by



THE PRODIGAL RETURNS BRINGING HIS OWN LITTLE FATTED CALF

—Spencer in *Omaha World-Herald*

The Progressive party had its initiative and its referendum and has now received its recall. Why should any Bull Mooser be disgruntled?—*N. Y. Sun*.

his present course," and "there is no reason why he should not again and soon soar high." The Democratic papers, on the contrary, speak of his "humiliating surrender," "sheer selfishness" and "personal ambition"



"DELIVERING" THE GOODS

—Rehse in *N. Y. World*

(*Chattanooga Times*), his "abject desertion" (*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*), his "betrayal" of his followers (*N. Y. World*). "Fallen is a popular idol," cried the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, "not because his followers have deserted him in defeat as is the manner of men the world over, but because the leader has deserted the cause he held once to be holy—because a general has fled from the field and left his army to the mercy of the foe—because a preacher of righteousness has despaired of his faith!" The Democratic press point to the Progressive record of the Wilson administration, and, while denouncing the Progressive leaders, invite their followers into Democratic ranks. The Prohibition party joins in the wooing and points to the fact that it has for a quarter of a century been championing the Progressive issues of woman suffrage and the abolition of saloons.

There is a growing suspicion that a Mexican campaign would not be half so important as the Hughes campaign, anyhow.—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.

MOBILIZING THE NATIONAL GUARD—A LESSON ON PREPAREDNESS

ON June 18th the President issued his order for the mobilization of "substantially all" the National Guard to the Mexican border. As the issue that forced Secretary Garrison to resign was the substitution of the Guard for the proposed Continental Army system as a basis for our second line of defense, this mobilization has been watched with keen interest to see how far the Guard has improved since 1898, when it took two months to get the first two regiments ready to go to

Cuba. As the mobilizing is still in progress, there is no complete review of it possible, but the press has been busy with detached facts and with criticism based upon them. On June 24th, six days after the call was issued, there were, in the camps and armories of the Eastern Department, less than 29,000 men out of a total (when recruited to war strength) of 128,000. Of these 29,000, only 44 per cent. had had as much as 100 hours of military training. These figures are given by ex-

Secretary of War Stimson. On June 26th the War Department at Washington issued a hurry-up order directing that the militia be sent as soon as mustered in, "without a moment's unnecessary delay," and enjoining on officers "the grave importance of the utmost promptness in these movements." By the end of June, just one contingent—a light battery from Utah—had arrived at the border. By July 9th, three weeks after the first call, the press was able to report 46,000 men either on the border or actually on the way, from the Eastern Department alone, which comprises 70 per cent. of the whole Guard. If the other departments did equally well, it means that about one-third of the National Guard troops reached the border in a little more than three weeks. But this does not mean that they were ready to be sent against an enemy. For instance, the first Illinois regiment to reach the border was the First Illinois Infantry. On July 13th the staff correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Post* reported that "by the first of next week" it would be fully equipped, and that between \$15,000 and \$20,000 had been expended to bring it up to the Government requirements after it reached the border. That was for one regiment. The condition of the other regiments and of their equipment may be partly inferred from the report from Washington on July 12th that the quartermaster's department had already expended, in the three weeks of mobilization, \$14,300,000 for clothing and equipment, this being in addition to the regular annual contracts. This would amount to \$100 per man for a force of 143,000 men. How large a part of this was for reserve supplies was not stated.

Discouraging Details About the Mobilization of Troops.

MOST of the troops were given a hasty medical inspection before they started for the border. A New Mexico regiment which was the first to reach the border on the special call issued to the three border States several weeks before the general call was issued, and which was "theoretically drilled and equipped for the field at a moment's notice," was inspected after it reached Columbus and 40 per cent. were found physically unfit according to army requirements. Two men had a glass-eye each, one man had an artificial leg! None of the men had regulation army shoes and it took nearly a month to supply them. Of the 14,312 men and officers in the entire Illinois contingent, 1,093 were found unfit before the troops entrained, and that seems to have been a comparatively good showing. The Philadelphia supply division of the Quartermaster's department had to go into the open market after the call for the National Guard was issued and buy, among other things, 236,000 blankets, 197,000 undershirts, 199,000 drawers, 150,000 pairs of canvas leggings, 100,000 hats, 8,000 yards of shirting flannel. At St. Louis orders were given out for 250,000 pairs of shoes, 60,000 uniforms and a large number of tents. At Macon, Ga., the mobilization was described several weeks after the call had been made as "a nightmare of disorder and unreadiness." Only half of the men then had uniforms—out of 2,000 assembled—only 700 had rifles, none had regulation shoes. There were three troops of cavalry with a total of but 50 horses. Of the four batteries of Illinois Field Artillery, only one had ever had a chance actually to fire off a gun before they reached San Antonio. The *Duluth News-Tribune* reported that every

man who left Duluth for the concentration camp wore civilian shoes and had to sleep out in the open the first night without a blanket. One basic trouble in the matter of equipment has been that, as stated by General Wood, "the militia is not permitted by law to keep extra field equipment in its armories. Rifles, ammunition and canteens are lacking whenever the militia is to mobilize." Having no extra equipment, a regiment that fills up its ranks to war strength has none to give the new recruits. It isn't the regiment's fault. That is our "system."

Mobilization Here and in Europe.

SUCH are a few of the details the newspapers have been throwing at their readers with caustic comment in most cases. Naturally, as the mobilization has come at the same time with the opening of the presidential campaign, much of the comment has had a deep partisan tinge. The *Charleston News and Courier* accuses the Republican papers of making a "wholly unfair presentation" of the case for political purposes. It quotes General O'Ryan as saying that the War Department at Washington had "made good to the limit" in the mobilization of the New York troops, and it insists that "the whole vast and complicated process is going forward with a smoothness and sureness in sharp contrast with the disastrous bungling observable in 1898." Of course, it remarks, there have been many imperfections and much waste of time; but "no sane man could have expected anything else and nobody is to blame for it but the American people themselves." The *N. Y. World* says: "This mobilization has met in certain quarters a chorus of fault-finding and more or less ridicule. There is no warrant for it. It is largely of partisan origin and animus." As a matter of fact, so it claims, this country has never seen a mobilization of citizen soldiers carried on with such celerity and on so great a scale of numbers and so vast a scale of distances. It took Germany, we are told, as long to get into Belgium, only a few hundreds of miles away, as it has taken to marshal our forces "in reasonably full equipment" and to camp them 2,000 miles from home. But the *Louisville Herald* doesn't scan recent events in Europe in that way. This is the way, so it observes, that they managed in Europe in August, 1914:

"Germany declared war on Russia August 1, and at 6 o'clock of August 2 her troops from her regular army were in Luxemburg, by noon of the same day in France, and on August 4 in Belgium. At the end of six days Germany had an active army of 1,850,000 men in the field.

"The regular army of France was mobilized along her borders within twenty-four hours after the Germans entered Luxemburg. And within two weeks she had an army of 1,380,000 men cooperating with the Belgians and defending the north of France.

"England had an expeditionary force of 80,000 in Belgium and France in two weeks' time."

"Just what would be our chances," asks the *Herald*, "with our forty-nine little armies, if we were mobilizing against an invader?"

Who Is to Blame For Our Unpreparedness?

IF it is the true hall-mark of the new Americanism, as the *Topeka Capital* caustically remarks, to disparage this country, there is a good deal of such Americanism in the air just now. The National Guard comes in for part of the disparagement, the regular army for

part, the railroads for part, the government at Washington for part, and the American people for part. The *Chicago Herald* sees "a national disgrace" in the fact that the troops were started out on their long trip to the South in ordinary day coaches instead of Pullman sleepers. The *Hartford Courant* professes to believe that "all this row" over Mexico has been gotten up by the administration "for the sake of making a suitable campaign slogan." The *Boston Transcript* does not go quite that far, but it suspects that the ordering out of the National Guard is for campaign purposes. The *N. Y. Evening Post* thinks that the faults of mobilization are to be blamed on the officers of the regular army, "who have given again a striking illustration of their inability to prepare for a possible emergency," basing this conclusion chiefly on the inadequate provisions made for prompt transportation on the railroads. The *Chicago Tribune* places the chief blame upon Congress, especially upon the Democratic leaders such as Champ Clark, Claude Kitchin and James Hay, who for two years have resisted all efforts to make the

regular army what it ought to be, and upon President Wilson for his inertia in the matter. "If our regular army had been increased," it says, "to the size recommended by the general staff, it would not have been necessary to summon a hundred thousand unprepared civilians from their work to do what our standing army should do." Thus the Anvil Chorus goes on with here and there a comforting item of information such as the one from Washington to the effect that it was officially stated that mobilization has proceeded at a rate that exceeds the expectations of the General Staff. It is an optimistic view the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* takes of the whole affair when it says: "If it took England two years to get ready to fight, is it any wonder that this country is not ready, if it wanted to, to fight even a country like Mexico? The shock and the indignation that the critics are just now professing is largely partisan. A campaign is on and they are trying to discredit somebody. The condition of unpreparedness is inherent in a peace-loving, self-governing people."

It may add to the interest of the occasion for the girls left behind to reflect that the Mexican señoritas are remarkably pretty, as a rule.—*Chicago News*.

Aeroplanes, it is announced, have great difficulty in flying in Mexico. Nothing seems to act exactly as it should in that country.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GROWING MOMENTUM OF THE MOVEMENT FOR UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

ANY American citizen who had immured himself three years ago to do penance for his sins or to write a great epic or to search for a new planet or to discover perpetual motion would be amazed, on emerging suddenly into the world of action again to-day, to see the extent to which the idea of universal military training has been spreading over this country. It doubtless had its advocates long before that time; but they cried in a wilderness that gave them back no response. It is different now. The suggestion is echoed and re-echoed in the press of all sections, on the platform and pulpit, in the schools and colleges, in chambers of commerce and in Congress. The party platforms deal with it as yet very sparingly, but political leaders are growing more and more outspoken in its espousal. Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs, has introduced a bill for the adoption of such a system. The new Secretary of War, Baker, is reported to be in favor of some such bill. President Wilson has gone so far as to declare for universal military training "on a voluntary basis." Senator O'Gorman, of New York, was cheered by the Merchants' Association of New York City not long ago when he said, "In my judgment the one indispensable thing is that we should have in this country compulsory training. Why should not the Government ordain a system by which at the proper period of his life every citizen will receive instruction so that when he is called he will not become a ready sacrifice to the enemy?" The *Baltimore American* took a poll of its readers a few weeks ago on the subject and 6,632 men and 1,554 women sent in ballots in favor of "universal service," while only 811 men and 244 women sent in ballots against it. The National Chamber of Commerce, consisting of commercial organizations in all parts of the country, took a poll among these bodies and the vote on "universal

military training" was nearly sixteen to one in its favor, the responses coming from forty-three States.

Educational Values and Military Training.

IN the great gathering of the National Education Association this year in New York City, the subject of military training in the public schools was the liveliest topic under discussion. The Association last year voted down a resolution endorsing it. This year, after listening to speeches by Wm. J. Bryan, General Wood and various others on both sides, it almost unanimously adopted a resolution that, without actually endorsing the idea, speaks tolerantly of the introduction of "such elements of military training as may seem wise and



TIME TO PAY THE FIDDLER

—Johnson in *Country Gentleman*

prudent," merely stipulating that such training "should be strictly educational in its aim and organization." Writing in the *Yale Review*, Hiram Bingham reminds us that when, a number of years ago, gymnasiums were first advocated for our colleges a cry of protest went up that we were about to sacrifice the development of the spirit to the development of the body. "The great majority of the American people were aghast at the thought that institutions of learning, founded to develop the mind and to train leaders in spiritual affairs, should give their sanction to the training of the body and the development of material health." To-day no one would wish to abolish college or Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums. We have learned that the development of the body gives a man strength of mind and self-control, instead of making a bully of him. "Why, then," he asks, "should we be afraid of having our nation learn the principles of self-defense?" He goes ahead at length to argue in behalf of "universal military training" as the fundamental need of to-day. We have adopted compulsory education. He believes compulsory military training should be added thereto. It is interesting to see how the advocates of such training, which was first urged almost solely as a means of national defense, have been more and more emphasizing its educational values. Major-General O'Ryan, head of the New York National Guard, for instance, writing in the N. Y. *Evening Post*, says:

"Is not the plan for universal military training a safe and at the same time an adequate plan? From what I have observed of the development of young men after two or three years of service in the regular army and the National Guard I know that in the vast majority of cases the training has made of them better men physically, more alert mentally, has promoted punctuality, thoroughness and attention to detail. It has infused into them a greater respect for law and order, and a realization and appreciation of the greater measure of accomplishment that flows from cooperative and disciplined effort under leadership. These are qualities needed by men in the every-day struggle for existence, and any system which will promote such qualities will make us a more efficient people."

**'Beauties of Military Training as
Roosevelt and Wood See It.**

OUR two foremost champions of universal military training are, perhaps, Mr. Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood. The latter, in his book, "Our Military History: Its Facts and Fallacies" (Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago), prefers to use the term "equality of service," and dwells upon the idea as follows:

"When this vital principle is generally recognized, and the rich and the poor stand shoulder to shoulder in the nation's service, there will be much less of class distinction and much solidarity and a better national spirit. Individuals with more intelligence than courage admit the general proposition that manhood suffrage goes hand in hand with manhood service, and still state that the country is not yet ready for it. If it is not ready it is because they and other of their kind lack the courage to state and urge their convictions. If there ever was a time in the history of this country when it is apparent that this great principle should be urged as the only just and equitable one—the only one on which we can safely rely—it is to-day, with the lessons of the greatest of all wars before our eyes."

The baked bean follows the flag.—*Boston Transcript*.
Republican and Democratic platforms to the woman suffragists: "After you get the vote come and see us."—*Toledo Blade*.

Many writers and speakers make the distinction between universal military training and military service, and avoid the use of the latter term. Mr. Roosevelt refuses to avoid or evade it. "I believe in universal service based upon universal training," he says in a newspaper syndicate article:

"The military tent, where all sleep side by side, will rank next to the public school among the great agents of democratization. The civilian training camp movement is the best civic movement for Americanism which is now actively manifest. Our young men need discipline. There can be nothing better for them than such training. It would set them up physically. It would give them advantage of sanitation, of cleanliness. They would learn regularity of habits, abstinence, obedience, self-respect, and respect for others. They would learn to handle and command men and to get along with them. They would become infinitely more competent for the daily tasks of American life."

**The National Guard as an
Object Lesson.**

MANY influential journals have taken up the cause of universal military training and are urging it on various grounds. The *Chicago Tribune* uses the mobilization of the National Guard as an object lesson. It speaks of this mobilization as a species of "compulsory volunteering" which has worked great hardship and injustice. It says:

"Under universal military training and in universal military service an efficient instrument would have been at the government's command, and it could have been used with a minimum of disturbance to the individual and national life, and with justice to everybody."

"There would be in training the youth of the nation. It would be efficient training, and the soldiers it produced would be efficient soldiers. Because of that their risks would be less. Back of them would be older men, also trained. In keeping with the need or the danger the government would call out its classes. In such a case as is now presented only the young men without family cares and business obligations would be summoned."

The rejection of thousands of the members of the National Guard by the army surgeons seems to the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* to point to the need of universal military training. In a broad sense, it thinks, "there is no more reason for making military service a voluntary matter than there would be for putting tax-paying on that basis." The N. Y. *Tribune* sees in compulsory training a safeguard against militarism. "It is not efficiency," it remarks, "but the development of a special military class which causes the evils of militarism," and the best preventive would be to "make every citizen able to take his share of the responsibility for national defense." The *St. Louis Star*, the *Toledo Blade*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Providence Journal*, the *Duluth News-Tribune* are among the more outspoken advocates of universal training. A writer in the *New Republic*—Malcolm W. Davis—analyzes the attitude of labor organizations toward the crusade for preparedness and finds it very doubtful and distrustful. He quotes John J. White, head of the United Mine Workers, and Samuel Gompers on the subject. Mr. Gompers lays down as one of the essentials that provisions for national defense "must be based upon voluntary and democratic principles."

It would be strange, but not impossible, if it were found that a line of airships were found to constitute the best blockade of submarine merchantmen.—*Columbus Evening Dispatch*.

GERMANY'S PACIFIC SUBMARINE INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES

PROBABLY no finer gesture was ever made by any nation than that made by Germany last month when the *Deutschland* emerged in the waters of Chesapeake Bay and proceeded to a dock in Baltimore. That was at 6.40 A. M., July 10th. Just two days before, the British and French governments had published their official decrees abandoning the Declaration of London and announcing new orders-in-council for stricter regulation of trade in contraband than has been found practicable under that Declaration. The visit of the submarine, with a cargo of 750 tons of dye-stuffs and medicines, formed a dramatic reply. For it is announced that the *Deutschland* is but the first of a fleet of merchant submarines being built or already built, and that a regular schedule of trips, perhaps one each week, may be looked forward to in the near future. Of course, fifty-two trips a year, with a cargo of 750 tons, or even 1,000 tons, on each trip would not go far toward restoring the normal conditions of commerce between the United States and Germany. But they might go far toward replenishing Germany's supplies of rubber and nickel and copper, and help her to continue the war indefinitely. And if six merchant submarines can successfully keep up a weekly schedule, 42 such ships might keep up a daily schedule. There are those who see in the visit of the *Deutschland* the beginning of the end to all sea-blockades, which have played such a determining part in great wars of the past. "In this extraordinary event," says the Springfield *Republican*, "do we not witness something that will in future wars render the old-fashioned sea-blockades utterly futile?" If merchant submarines can be made a success, the N. Y. *Telegraph* sees no reason why submarine transports may not also be made a success, and blockades will become a jest because, by the laws of nations, any blockade to be binding must be made effective. The N. Y. *Mail*, which has been quite

pro-German all along, sees in the new event, if it develops into a regular freight, mail and passenger service by submarine, "a shattering blow to the British claims to mastery of the seas." However that may be, it is worth noting that the announcement of the *Deutschland's* arrival safe in port was followed at once by a rise in German exchange.

The Trip of the World's First Merchant Submarine.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of the dock where the German submarine tied up, the first submarine that was ever fitted up with internal combustion engines made her first submergence less than twenty years ago. That was the *Argonaut*, built by Simon Lake. Only a few months ago Mr. Lake took out patents on a cargo-carrying submarine, "particularly designed," as stated in the application papers, "for carrying cargoes of various descriptions and which will be found of inestimable advantage in supplying blockaded countries with food-stuffs or war-materials during hostilities." He declares that submarines can be built and successfully operated that will carry 5,000 tons of cargo, and that the time is near when every nation will own fleets of such submarines. The larger the submarine, he asserts, the easier it is to control her when submerged, the stability being greater because of the greater metacentric height. The *Deutschland* is about 315 feet long and has a 30-foot beam. Awash, she draws from 15 to 17 feet. She is driven by two Diesel oil-burning engines of 500 horsepower each. Her speed on the surface is 14 knots, and under the surface $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots. She has three officers and a crew of twenty-six. Her net tonnage, according to her clearing papers, is 791, but it is reported that she can carry 1,000 tons. She cleared from Bremen on June 13th, but her real starting point was Helgoland, which she left on June 23d, arriving in Chesapeake



THIS SHIP CAN BE SUBMERGED IN A MINUTE AND A HALF

It can remain submerged four days. It has "a radius of action" of at least 7,000 miles. But it comes on a pacific mission, with a million dollars' worth of dye-stuffs, and with no guns or torpedo tubes. She ran the gauntlet of 5,000 British patrol-boats in the North Sea and English Channel, and is said to be the first of a fleet of blockade-runners.

Bay July 9th, sixteen days later. The distance traversed in those sixteen days was 3,800 nautical miles, 90 of which were traversed under water. She went through the North Sea and then straight through the English Channel, in which bodies of water there are said to be 5,000 British patrol boats. She carried two microphones by which, when under water, the whistling of a buoy six miles away could be heard, and the churning of another ship's screw at a considerable distance was so easily distinguished that the type of ship could be readily ascertained. All one night she remained on the bottom of the English Channel waiting for the weather to clear up. "It will be just as easy to go back," says her captain confidently, "as it was to come over." She started with 180 tons of fuel oil and had 95 tons left when she arrived at Baltimore—enough to take her back home. When she reached quarantine every man on board was found by the inspector in fine physical condition. "I never saw better set-up men than these," said the inspector. Captain König is a man of about forty and two of his seamen are "grizzled old tars," but all the rest are youths ranging from 18 years of age to 23. The *Deutschland* is built to stay under the water, if necessary, four days continuously and can be submerged to the depth of 300 feet. The men were always glad, so the Captain reported, when the ship was submerged, as she ceased to roll or pitch then and the clamor of her machinery, which was deafening on the surface, became deadened under the water. "When submerged," he said, "she moves along silently and we enjoy ourselves."

A New Chapter in the Romance of the Sea.

THE romance of this war has not come from France, as might have been expected, nor from Great Britain, which has in times past furnished most of the romance of the sea, but from Germany. The exploits of the *Emden* and other German cruisers on the seven seas, before the British ran them down; the new Odyssey of those rollicking young sons of guns who, left behind when the *Emden* put hastily to sea on her last voyage, made their way by a stolen schooner through the Indian Ocean, through the Gulf of Aden, over the Arabian Desert on camels, back to Turkey and then to Germany; the story of the first aviator who flew over Paris and of Captain Weddigen and the other submarine commanders who first developed the diabolical powers of the under-sea craft—all these have thrilled the imagination as Homer and Xenophon, Dumas and Verne thrilled us in the days gone by. The old forms of military romance, as is frequently remarked, have been killed by smokeless powder and long-range guns and wireless and trench-fighting. But the new forms of romance have had some-

thing far more epic in them, something far more wonderful, than the world ever saw in the years gone by, and the young German daredevils have furnished more than their share of these. Mixed with the admiration that their skill and courage have evoked has been too often a feeling of horror for the results. But the exploit of the *Deutschland* has been free from this feeling of horror. She has taken no bloody toll. She has violated no laws of warfare. She has not carried grief into any innocent homes. Even the severest of the critics of German methods of warfare seem disposed to pay ungrudging tribute to her achievement. Says the N. Y. *Evening Post* for instance:

"It is not merely the distance traversed that makes the great novelty. Submarines have sailed as far from home before, no doubt. But here is an under-sea boat which is not a war vessel, which was built especially for the purpose of resuming direct water-communication between Germany and the United States, and which successfully accomplished her maiden voyage despite two blockading squadrons and all the perils of the deep. It is an achievement which commands praise and congratulation from all the world."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* remarks that "Germany takes her credit this time clean of all innocent blood," and for the moment all feeling of belligerency can be forgotten "in the just pride of the human race." It adds: "This achievement is heroic because it is the work of a whole nation. It is the product of a system two generations old. In a strange way it turns men's thoughts away from war to the glowing future which lies before Germany when she forsakes the March madness of militarism and begins to plow again in the calm acres of peace."



"I CAN GO BACK AS EASILY AS I CAME"

So says Capt. Paul König, hero of one of the most romantic exploits of the war—the trip of the first merchant submarine across the ocean.

The *Deutschland* as a Lesson to Us on National Defense.

ONE reflection of a less pleasing sort has damped the joy of a number of editorial writers. To the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* the voyage of Captain König emphasizes the fact that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are no longer a protection in which the United States can place implicit confidence. That voyage should put an end to the anti-preparedness crusade, for "if a nation at war, under strict blockade and excluded from the surface of the sea, can send a vessel to American shores, what might be done with the rest of the world at peace and with the United States the sole opponent of a belligerent European or Asiatic power?" The German sailors have given us another romance of the sea, the Washington *Herald* notes, but "above all they have shattered that false sense of security which some have entertained because of the 3,000 miles of ocean between our shores and those of Europe." The N. Y.

Morning Telegraph remarks that with the development of submarine transports, the navy will cease to be the first arm of defense for a country situated as is the United States, "for warships of any type would find it impossible to discover where an enemy country purposed to land an expeditionary force." At least one British paper—the *Manchester Guardian*—points out the same moral for our edification, remarking: "It is unlikely that the moral of the appearance in American waters of a German submarine will be missed, after the threats of Count von Reventlow and the other Tirpitz writers last spring. They warned America she was not too far away for Germany's arm to reach her. Altho the *Deutschland* may be disarmed, she is none the less a threat to the American navy." Even before the war, according to the same paper, plans existed in both Germany and Great Britain for submarines of 3,000 to 4,000 tons, but such ships were not built simply because they were too large to be submerged in shallow water. Since the war opened, however, eight or ten submarines have made the trip from Canada to Great Britain, the A-E-2 went all the way from Australia to the Dardanelles and German submarines have made the long trip from Kiel to the Dardanelles: "There are said to be records of boats," says the *N. Y. World*, "that covered 10,000 miles and remained away from their bases for two months."

Vindication of American Neutrality
as Seen in the *Deutschland*.

WE may soon become accustomed to the sight of submarine cargo-carriers, the *N. Y. World* thinks, and it points out still another moral to be drawn from the voyage of the *Deutschland*. "As a lesson in neutrality," it says, "the appearance of a German submarine



GETTING HIS FOOT IN IT

—Brinkerhoff in *N. Y. Evening Mail*

merchantman in an American harbor is as important as the achievement in construction and navigation."

"The errand of this under-sea blockade-runner proves the falsity of all that the Junker press of Germany and its satellites in this country have said as to the nature of our traffic with Great Britain, France and Russia. The *Deutschland* arrives with a small but valuable cargo of



U. S.: "HAVEN'T A LUSITANIA SETTLEMENT ON BOARD, HAVE YOU, CAPTAIN?"

—Carter in *N. Y. Evening Sun*

dye-stuffs. It is said that she will return with nickel and rubber, commodities sorely needed in Germany. If conditions were such as to make it desirable that she should carry firearms and explosives, there would be no interference with such a shipment.

"One submarine merchantman has therefore put to rout the whole international clique which for months has maliciously misrepresented the attitude of the American government and people."

Since it was definitely ascertained that the *Deutschland* carried no torpedoes or torpedo-tubes, no mines, and no arms except five automatic pistols for the officers and a rifle for firing rockets, only one American paper, so far as we have noted—the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*—has raised any objection to her being treated as any other merchantman is treated. It queries whether, by so doing, we are not conniving at a trade "deliberately planned and directed" for the defeat of a blockade established by one of the belligerents. International law, it remarks, may have nothing to say on such a situation as this, but the principles of such law may apply all the same. "That question is likely to be raised and the answer may have serious effect upon the relations of the United States with one or the other of the belligerents concerned." The immediate effect, however, seems to have been to check the attempts in Germany, by Reventlow and von Tirpitz, to revive submarine warfare, and to have strengthened the Chancellor's position in acceding to American protests against such warfare.

MISCONCEPTION OF THE GENERAL OFFENSIVE OF THE ALLIES

IN their efforts to convey an orderly impression of the great military event of the month in Europe—the “big push” of the allies—experts in London as well as in Paris and Rome protest against a widespread misconception of Verdun. As a result of the streams of expert elucidation of that protracted struggle, the English appear to believe, complains the expert of the *Paris Matin*, that Verdun is of no moment; that the destinies of the place have no bearing upon the fortunes of the campaign now at its height; that, even if the Crown Prince reached the ruins of the town, he would hold a blank in a lottery. This, we are told now, is not the conception of the staff in Paris. It is not the conception of the chief of staff in London. It is beginning to lose its hold upon the popular mind in England itself, the *Manchester Guardian* being but one of various British papers to point out that “the possession of the heights of the Meuse which Verdun secures will always be important in any campaign in France, for her defensive power would be much weakened if they were in the hands of an enemy.” The possibility of the fall of Verdun should have been faced from the first as a serious factor, chimes in the military expert of the *Rome Tribuna*. If this point be not appreciated, to sum up much expert comment, the events of the past few weeks in the theater of the great war must remain confused as a picture in the mind. The forward rush of the British and even the advance of the Russians is directly related to the progress of events at Verdun.

What the Crown Prince Forced the British to Do.

NO mere boasting spirit prompted the military expert of the *Berlin Tageblatt* to long for the advance of the Allies in the west, says the expert of the *London News*. The Crown Prince pounded and pounded on the door of Verdun in the hope of bringing the British to the aid of the French there. The British did not go to the aid of the French because, as the expert of the *Paris Temps* explains, the French asked for no such aid. They knew that a rush of the British to Verdun would be playing the game of the Crown Prince. It would precipitate that general advance of the Allies in the west which Germany longed to expedite. If the Allies hurried on their advance lest Verdun fall, the “big push” would be premature. If, on the other hand, the “big push” were delayed, Verdun might fall and the event would be serious for France. The somewhat feverish assurances in British organs that the loss of Verdun could not matter much were based on the idea that when the British rushed forward they would make up for Verdun. General Roques, in the ministry of war at Paris, knew better. The Crown Prince, thoroly appreciating the relation of Verdun to the campaign of this year as a whole, pushed the place hard and the more candid experts of the Allies endorse his judgment as sound.

How the Germans Read the “Big Push” of the Allies.

GERMAN opinion has been for weeks confirmed in the view that the hands of the Allies would be forced by the tremendous assaults of the Crown Prince. The advance of the British serves, therefore, to con-

firm the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, for instance, in its theory of the situation. The western Allies will push their way through the outer network of wires, carry German trenches of the first line and be brought to a halt when the serious assaults of infantry are in order. The Allies cannot send their infantry against entrenched positions by frontal assault, says this authority, and the fact will be shown once more as the fury of the “big push” expends itself. All through the “big push,” we are reminded, there was that knocking at the gate of Verdun. The Allies are convinced that it is of significance to the Germans; but, observes the *Berlin daily*, it has completely disarranged the allied offensive. The “big push” is of the kind known to soldiers as the “offensive defensive,” something like the sally of a besieged garrison to forestall a breach in the walls of a town. Verdun represents the breach that is being made. Expert military opinion in Germany as a whole endorses this view of the big push as a vindication of the Crown Prince before Verdun.

Disaster to the Austrians from Russia's Offensive.

TURNING to the eastern theater of the war, it seems beyond cavil that in the first week of the Russian assault the Austrian left wing, as the expert of the *London Westminster Gazette* says, “went to pieces.” Then the Austrian right wing did the same. What happened to the Austrian center is a mystery still. The effort to save it brings a welter of contradictory official despatches which make certain the importance of the newly equipped Russian cavalry. The reappearance of cavalry as a decisive factor in operations has created a lively sensation among the military experts at Paris, the *Temps* going so far as to affirm that the



“THEY’LL BE SOUR IN A MONTH”

—Starrett in N. Y. Tribune

Cossacks on their horses are deciding the destinies of the struggle in the east. It is a kind of tactics which the Germans and the Austrians cannot cope with because their fronts no longer remain impregnable when shelled. German intervention had to be very active by the time the Russian offensive reached the Stochod river, where, at last accounts, a furious encounter is said to have compelled a transfer of troops from the Kaiser's west front. It certainly affected the destinies of the Austrian conflict with the Italians, who claim to have driven the enemy before them. At any rate, all the experts of the Allies insist that the Austrian offensive in Italy cannot be maintained any longer.

The Task of Pushing the Germans Back.

ON the whole, the month has brought infinite comfort to the Allies ashore because, as they argue, the German troops have been driven in everywhere by concerted action on all fronts. This consideration brings them back again to Verdun, which, as the *Tribuna* (Rome) has argued from the beginning, is the pivot upon which all events turn. Germany, we read, has paid a heavy price for the Crown Prince's obstinacy before Verdun, great as that prize is. The general staff had to keep von Hindenburg quiet in the Baltic provinces of Russia, much to his own discontent. He knew the Russians would take advantage of the pause in the east to push the Austrians. The push on the Austrians made it impossible for them to reinforce the line on the Italian front. The compensation to Berlin for these disasters was to have been a weakening of France so serious as to put her out of the war game altogether. She would be at best on the defensive, incapable of assisting the British. This is the result which in the light of German expert comment has actually been attained; but nothing of the sort is conceded by any expert at Paris. The French dailies, indeed, make the same statement regarding the Germans that is made in the *Kölnische Zeitung* regarding the French. Von Hindenburg is trying desperately to retrieve the fortunes of war in Russia, where he clamors vainly for reinforcements exactly as Foch comes to a halt in the north of France after breaking through barbed wire and coming within range of the heaviest German guns.

A New Type of Battle Coming in the West.

THE immediate future of the offensive in the west, according to the military expert of the *Paris Temps*, will be determined by cavalry. General Roques, who succeeded the lamented Gallieni at the war office in Paris, has always taken the view that the German retreat to the Marne would have been a rout if there had been effective pursuit. This pursuit was impossible because there was no effective cavalry. The war in the west has been an artillery war and an infantry war. The Germans used up their horses without mercy, for artillery is their mainstay. The experience of the Russians in the past month brings out afresh the importance of pursuit. The Austrians never once reformed when Broussiloff drove in their wings, a fact which explains, the *Paris paper* holds, the success of the first stages of the Russian offensive. The Germans are believed to suffer greatly from a shortage of horses. The Allies have bought horses all over the world. The

German theory that the allied offensive can be permanently halted overlooks this new factor in the situation. The "hour of the cavalry" is about to sound for the French and it will be an hour of doom for the Germans.



GERMANY'S FOOD DICTATORS

They won't let him finish a meal in peace.

—Evans in Baltimore *American*

A Key to the Big Pushes in Europe.

A LAYMAN following the military events of the month in Europe can safely ignore, as the *Giornale d'Italia* observes, drives here and retreats there. An army that can fight a rear-guard action and get away intact need not worry itself about the average river or the casual town. The star by which to steer for the moment is Verdun. If the Crown Prince gets there, the Allies will insist that it is a heap of ruins, useless. It is in reality a strategic point of importance. This is what the German papers tell their readers all the time. A permanent check there would destroy the credit of the Crown Prince forever, declares the expert of the *Paris Figaro*. If so, retorts the *Kölnische Zeitung*, why do the Allies belittle the enterprise? They are preparing their public, we are told, for the inevitable. On the eve of the big push in the west, the *London Chronicle* admitted that the slow but steady advance towards Verdun, if not diverted, could end only in the fall of the place. It longed for some diversion which would ease the strain upon the French. The diversion has occurred. If Verdun be saved as a result, the triumph for the Allies can scarcely be obscured by the expositions of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, organ of the court party at Berlin. On the other hand, as the more candid experts of the western powers concede, the loss of Verdun, its occupation even in ruins by the Crown Prince, will be the beginning of a new and more terrible strain upon France.

CHANCELLOR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S PREPARATIONS FOR A LONG SIEGE OF GERMANY

WHILE the organs of the Allies refer with such hope to the coming collapse of Germany and the impending end of the war, the imperial Chancellor at Berlin puts the empire in a state of siege. The readjustments and complications due to this great task explain the sensational reports of riots and incipient revolts with which London dailies and Paris dailies are filled. The significance of the episodes themselves varies according to the affiliations of the newspaper one is consulting, the London *Telegraph* reporting the situation as very grave indeed, while the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich) insists that the food crisis is passing completely. The newspapers of England and France can fill their columns with extracts from dailies in central Europe, indicating a revolt and a riot daily, adds the *Vossische* (Berlin); but this involves the magnification of a detail into an erroneous impression of the situation as a whole. Emperor William himself presided at the conference on the domestic crisis attended by the Chancellor, Doctor Helfferich, Herr von Batocki and Herr August Müller, the latter being the first avowed Socialist to become a member of the high administration of the empire. The decision at this gathering was to prepare the fatherland for a long siege—ten years, if necessary. That is the gossip in the Italian press, and the impression in Swedish dailies is to the same effect. The Allies talk of ending the war in a year or less, says the *Gazette de Lausanne*, but they have recovered from any such illusion in Berlin. The Chancellor is ready to "go on" indefinitely.

Steeling the German People to Fortitude.

FOR the past month or two, to follow the accounts of the situation that reach the Italian press, the now famous food dictator, Herr von Batocki, has been popularizing in Germany the idea that the country is besieged and that victory depends upon toleration of short rations. There is a period of privation before the German nation, as the *Vossische* puts it, but the people understand it. They are willing to endure everything for the sake of the fatherland, even if they state their objection to inadequate administrative measures which ill-informed officials adopt. This is the real attitude of the German people, according to a well-informed writer in the *Rome Tribuna*. The immediate object of German imperial policy is to let the allied governments perceive how undaunted the Berlin government remains. The Allies derive comfort from the idea that the masses in the fatherland are no longer with their rulers or behind their princes. That, says the Italian organ, is the critical factor. Even some German organs admit the disappointing character of the year's harvest. What sustains the people is the readiness of their rulers to endure every hardship, says the *Giornale* (Rome), it being a notorious fact that even the household of the Emperor is meatless except on two days in the week, while the Chancellor has become a vegetarian and the Vice-Chancellor has lived for nearly a month on potatoes and beans. The Empress herself is said to have tasted no butter for the past two months. The whole court circle has completely recovered from the first view of the war as a

short one, the German press itself taking the stand that a long war will pay Germany best. The strain of a long war on the Allies, according to the *Vossische* and the *Kreuz* of Berlin, would be ruinous. Germany can emerge without bankruptcy by sitting quietly at home. This, they agree, she means to do.

British Impressions of the Siege of Germany.

BRITISH opinion of the German domestic crisis is easily summed up. The masses in the fatherland are misled. They have no news from the outside world. From the Emperor William to the humblest clerk in a copying office, the imperial bureaucracy is in this conspiracy to mislead. As typical of this British impression, disseminated in one form or another in most English newspapers, may be cited the account in the London *Times*. "Since the days of mobilization in the summer of 1914," it says, "when a nation's manhood hastened cheerfully and with enthusiasm to the colors, there have been changes of temper and a gradual increase of inconvenience and actual hardship, but pride in German achievements and confidence in ultimate victory would appear to be still unshaken." The most striking instance of the extent to which the German masses are misled is their general and firm belief that the British fleet is at the bottom of the sea. The German press seems to be under perfect control. No one believes a word of any statement that comes from enemy sources. "Even when a reverse is discreetly admitted officially, the news is not taken seriously." There is no man or boy fit for service left in the German villages. Lads of seventeen have been "called up" and are in training. The accounts suggest that the whole manhood of Germany has been drawn upon for the war and that no unused reserves are left in the empire. Work on the land is done entirely by women.

Perfect Discipline of the German People.

HARD as may be the conditions for the masses in Germany, it is a mistake, avers the *Rome Tribuna*, to spread among neutrals an idea that revolution is imminent. There is not a sign of a revolution in the empire. The London *Times* also confirms the impression that the food riots are not typical or representative. They are isolated episodes and they do not result from any widespread dissatisfaction with the government. These reports do not agree with some accounts of the situation in the London *Post*, a cautious newspaper which has shown that it has some excellent sources of information regarding conditions in the central empires. The great English conservative organ declares that there is great anxiety in governing circles on the subject of the temper of the German people. "The poorer people, driven to distraction by ineffectual attempts to obtain food for their children after waiting for hours in crowds outside the shops are further irritated by the knowledge that food of all kinds can easily be obtained by anyone who can and will pay the extortionate prices charged for it." It has been supposed that the supply of potatoes would suffice until the new crops were in, but this expectation has not been ful-

filled. Hence, as the Leipzig *Volkszeitung* admits, the feeding of the population becomes more and more difficult as the new harvest is approached. The masses realize this. They feel that their sufferings will not endure. The schemes of communal feeding develop apace. Herr von Batocki has told the Reichstag that even the meat in private households will be drawn upon for the general consumption. He admitted that heroic expedients may be necessary in view of an expected shortage in the harvest.

Harmony at the Court of Berlin.

GERMAN political circles were beginning to be agitated by the campaign against the Chancellor, to give the gist of despatches in Italian dailies, when Emperor William brought about the new harmony among all factions, civil, military, bureaucratic and socialistic. From the versions of this episode in various European organs, it seems that His Majesty compelled a truce. It goes so far that the Socialist organs may be sold openly in the railway stations, altho the faction of Herr Liebknecht in the Reichstag still makes its characteristic demonstrations. There will be a campaign to disgrace Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, who, on his side, will cease opposing the Crown Prince and the military clique about that restless warrior. The functions of the military continue well defined as heretofore, but they are excluded from forming decisions regarding domestic policy. The authority of the Chancellor there is supreme, the Emperor himself giving out no edicts without conference in set form. The effect of the war so far, as the Roman dailies view it, is to convert Germany into a more constitutional state than has ever been possible before. The Emperor, indeed, makes no great decisions at all. Power has passed into the hands of the Chancellor, who shares it with the

minister of the interior, the latter having become a sort of subsidiary chancellor himself. The von Falkenhayns and the rest are devoting themselves to the war. The significance of this to the Allies, as the *Tribuna* observes, is the fact of the complete harmony thus demonstrated. The Allies have based many hopes upon the emergence of a Germany divided against herself. The fact is that Germany remains united, says a well-informed writer in the Italian daily. The people have the firmest faith in their army. They deem the navy invincible. There is nothing in the situation at Berlin, according to a military expert who gives his views to the daily mentioned, to indicate that the war may not last for years if the Emperor William and the men about him do not care to yield—and they show no real signs of yielding.

Secret Campaign Against the German Chancellor.

ALL dependence upon the economic difficulties of Germany by the Allies will prove deceptive, said Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg to the Reichstag in the latest and on the whole the most sensational of his speeches before that body. He defied the whole allied world in terms that evoked the greatest enthusiasm, admitting that Germany suffered privations but declaring that she would endure them to the end. The portion of his speech which attracted most attention at home had to do with the attacks upon his domestic policy. The Chancellor was apparently overcome with emotion, says the *Volkszeitung* (Cologne). It was understood that Doctor Bethmann-Hollweg was agitated by the flood of pamphlets against him. The censorship of the press has produced these pamphlets and they seem to be circulated stealthily. Powerful personages connive at this pamphlet literature, just as powerful personages connive at the indiscretions of Herr Harden in the *Zukunft*. It must not be inferred, according to the Cologne organ, that because German discontent finds expression in the political sphere, the fatherland is disunited in the military sphere. The Social Democrats and the Liberals alike uphold the Chancellor, altho the extreme Conservatives object to his policy as an abandonment of the traditional Junker supremacy in the land. This is interpreted, especially by Italian dailies, as the basis of the existing political situation at Berlin, a situation rendered possible only by the unprecedented world crisis. The Chancellor himself takes a very different view of the combination by means of which he holds power. He explained to a cheering Reichstag:

"Some statesmen in England and elsewhere have made attempts to feel the pulse of our people and by making contrasts between our different states have endeavored to paralyze our striking force.

"These gentlemen are indulging strange fancies.

"If they do not desire to deceive themselves, they will have remarked how firmly beats the heart of the German people. There is no foreign influence that even in the slightest degree could shatter our unity. We, too, certainly have had our differences of opinion and we have them now; but they will be fought out without regard to the personal consideration. We had very exhaustive discussions in committee and we had decided differences of view, especially on the subject of the submarine and our differences with America. The views were rough in their mutual antagonism, but I declare emphatically that all sides respected the convictions of the others and we remained always in the impersonal domain. . . .



NAVIGATOR TRIUMPHANS

—Cesare in N. Y. Evening Post

"I am attacked as an alleged contemner of the great and strong national traditions of which all parties in the Reichstag are rightly proud. As proof it is alleged that I flirt with the Socialists and with the spineless crowd. The charge is constantly made that this imperial chancellor sustains himself only on the Social Democrats and some opportunist politicians who wear the color of peace. Ought

I in this war, which knows only Germans, to think of parties? . . . Ought I to divide? Ought I not to unite? Should anxiety and care concerning the struggle of the future cripple the forces we need for the great battle of the present? No. Belief in my people and love for my people give me the certainty, firm as a rock, that we shall fight and conquer."

And as usual, the German U-boat gave no warning.—N. Y. *Morning Telegraph*.

Constantine is eligible for membership in the Sick Men of Europe club.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

ENVER PASHA AND THE REVOLT OF THE HOLY PLACES

HAVING returned from one more of his many expeditions to the remoter frontiers of the Sultan's empire, Enver Pasha spread a report from Constantinople that British ships bombard holy places near the shores of the Red Sea, not sparing even the mausoleums near Medina. The assertion is another of the Pasha's many tales, declares the *London Post*. Enver shot so many Arabs of distinction when he was last in the neighborhood of Mecca that the revolt of last month is the inevitable fruits of his tyranny. The Grand Sherif of Mecca has taken the field against the Turk in person. Enver did not dare remain for the storm to break and he seems safe now in the palace by the Bosphorus. Mecca threw off the Sultan's sway in June and Jeddah followed her example. There is no official confirmation of the news that Medina is captured too; but the *London Telegraph* feels certain that the report will be followed, if it has not been preceded, by the actual event. The Turks in Constantinople hope to spread disaffection among the Mohammedan subjects of King George by saying his fleets shell prophets' tombs. The truth is that holy places will be immune from British attack while there is no interference with pilgrims from India. With the port of Jeddah in the hands of the Grand Sherif, and Mecca and perhaps Medina taken from the Turk, there seems no reason to the *London* daily why these sacred tours should not be resumed at once by the piously disposed. Enver, of course, will not submit quietly to the expulsion of the Turk in this style.

Efforts to Pierce the Veil of Medina.

EXCITING as may be the news from Medina, the mystery investing it has not really been lifted at all, affirms the *London Telegraph*. "Even the opening of the Hedjaz railway from Damascus nearly eight years ago has made no difference in the jealous exclusion of all Christians from the city which contains the tomb of the Prophet." Perhaps the Germans have penetrated to the city of the veiled tomb, but it is not likely. The Young Turks themselves, the *London* organ suspects, would hardly choose to "run counter to the passionate feeling of the local population," which, because of its very inaccessibility, is much stronger at Medina than it is at Mecca. The Europeans not professing Mohammedanism who saw Medina in the last century did not equal six in all. "Lhasa itself was not more remote and unapproachable." Travelers still venture near Medina at the risk of their lives. Moslem feeling for Medina seems to our contemporary precisely what Christian sentiment was in the middle ages with respect to Jerusalem. Medina has a much better title

than Mecca to the dignity of the Prophet's city. At Medina he won his first spiritual victory. There he had his revelations. There he founded the faith. There he died. The tomb does not hang at Medina between heaven and earth, as the legend runs, but is in a mosque of magnificent domes and minarets, the most sacred spot in earth to Moslems. The revolt of the dignitaries of Mecca and the capture of the city of the prophet's tomb is thus a spiritual catastrophe of the first importance to Enver Pasha.

Enver's Relation to the Latest Arab Revolt.

STUDENTS of Turkish dynastic politics are well aware that revolt in Arabia troubled Abdul Hamid during his stormy reign. The uprising of the past few weeks is merely a prolongation of the Pan-Arab movement aiming, as the *London Times* explains, at the expulsion of the Turks from the whole Arabian peninsula. The British newspapers insist now that the new trouble is ascribable to Mohammedan resentment of the German domination of Turkey. The visit of Enver to the peninsula lately was attended by executions on a larger scale than the population had been accustomed to even in the most sanguinary period of Abdul Hamid's sway. Enver is accused of wholesale confiscation in the name of tax collecting. He haughtily enforced a theory of the Koran, based upon interpretations of the Sheik-ul-Islam in Constantinople, which affronted the brethren in Arabia by placing the house of Ottoman above all the other potentates in Islam. The Agha Khan had already denounced the Sultan at Constantinople to the holy cities for his betrayal of the trusteeship of Islam. Instead of subduing the fires of schism by his course in Arabia, Enver inflamed a sore that was running freely. His present plan seems to be to send Meissner Pasha by the Hedjaz railway with a strong force to retake the revolted towns; but the suppression of the revolt is pronounced by the *London Times* a practical impossibility, altho the Turks may retake Mecca.

The Allies and the Revolt of Islam.

MAHOMEDAN questions of a purely religious character will not be interfered with by the Allies, a policy announced from London and Paris early last year. This was wisdom, comments the *London Times*, "for clearly events of this kind, affecting the custody of the holy places of Islam, will profoundly stir the whole Mohammedan world and may lead into very deep waters." The ecclesiastical dignitaries of Islam outside of Constantinople are said to believe that Enver and the men about him have practically abjured the

faith. "As soon as the gang of gipsies, aliens and atheists who dominate the Committee of Union and Progress came into the daylight, it was certain that the orthodox Moslems of Arabia, of whom the Grand Sherif is the principal representative, would eventually thrust the Turks from Mecca." A very well informed writer adds in the *Manchester Guardian*:

"In spite of the considerable and incessant bribes distributed to the guardian of the holy places by the Sultan of Constantinople, and notwithstanding the numerous pamphlets circulated to prove his claim to the Caliphate, the local spiritual leaders seldom acknowledged as a true Caliph of God and His Prophet a Turkish ruler of Western Mongolia. Their books of jurisprudence, theology, and history are almost unanimous in their statement that a Caliph must be of the Arab tribe of Kuraish. The learned men among the Arabs know perfectly well that the present

claim of the Turkish Sultan is based on the power of the sword. . . .

"Another factor in the explanation of the recent events is economical. At least two-thirds of the income of the inhabitants of the holy cities of Islam come from the outside sources; the tens of thousands of pilgrims who throng their streets enrich them with the best products that a dry land can have, and give them the opportunity, which they could not otherwise get, of leading an easy life.

"The news which has leaked out is so far encouraging; but it would be premature to build our hopes too high on the announcement of the last few days. The intentions of the Grand Sherif must be better known, and his power to hold out and attract all other independent tribes more carefully considered.

"If those tribes do not lack cohesion, and really mean business, Turkey is doomed, wounded as she has been in her most vital spot."

Sometimes one wonders what in the world England would do if it didn't have Lloyd George.—*Indianapolis News*.

It may be observed that the Russian steam-rollerofsky continues to roll along.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

MR. REDMOND'S POSITION AS HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT IN DUBLIN

WHATEVER effect the policy may have upon the Asquith cabinet, it was decided "in principle," as the Ulster Nationalists were told lately, to set up a government in Dublin with Mr. Redmond at the head of it. There will be no election, it seems, until after the war, for the very good reason, as the *London Post* understands, that Mr. Redmond could not retain his following afterwards. He would have against him the growing Sinn Fein party, to say nothing of the passive sympathy with that party of a substantial section of Home Rulers themselves. Mr. Dillon, supported by high ecclesiastical authority, is discontented. Mr. William O'Brien says in his Cork organ that the people of Ireland must save her from dismemberment, that being the significance of the concession to the men of Ulster. For the moment, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon,

Mr. Devlin, Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien are pulled this way and that by excited followers, some clamoring for that united Ireland of which Ulster will not form a part, others contending that they will not allow the liberties of Ireland to be strangled in secret by a packed convention at Belfast. In London there are to be resignations from the Asquith ministry if the scheme as now placed before the Commons is put through. That scheme brings Home Rule into operation.

British Liberal Opinion of the Irish Settlement.

IF Mr. Redmond had not put through his plan at the great conference in Belfast the other day he would have given up his leadership. His chief colleagues would have gone with him into retirement. That would have ended the constitutional agitation for Irish freedom.



NO LINCOLN TO EMANCIPATE HIM

—Knott in *Dallas News*



UNCLE SAM: "IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO LICK HIM, BUT THEN I'LL HAVE TO NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH!"

Carter in *N. Y. Evening Sun*

Even yet the settlement may fail. "Nevertheless," comments the Manchester *Guardian*, fairly expressing the Liberal British sentiment, "the stiffest fence in the course has been taken." Ulster, both Unionist and Home Rule, has accepted the terms. "For the first time in history a formula has been found upon which Irish parties could, with however much reluctance, agree." For the first time a settlement agreed upon by both Irish parties is agreed to by English parties. There is the possibility that Mr. Redmond's plans will be upset by the dissensions among his followers in the south. He will be confronted in full force, as the British daily says, with the objection to a division of Ireland which, however temporary and provisional, appears as a sacrifice of the principle of national unity. The strength of Mr. Redmond's position is the fact that the only alternative to his scheme is government of Ireland by coercion.

Organization of the New Irish Parliament.

SINCE the holding at present of a general election throughout Ireland is out of the question, the new Irish parliament is to consist, apparently, of the present representatives of Irish constituencies in the Commons at London. On this point a mysterious interview with Mr. Asquith was had by Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy. Those gentlemen assured the Prime Minister that they would not hear of any exclusion of Ulster, being told in reply that the exclusion was for the duration of the war and a short specified interval after it. This "short specified interval" aroused Sir Edward Carson to the point of "frenzy," as the London *Chronicle* put it, nor was he pacified by the assurance that the question of Ireland would be submitted to the imperial conference of representatives from all the dominions of the British Empire to consider its future government. This plan puts Ireland at the mercy of the gathering that is to reorganize the dominions of George V. on federal lines. Sir Edward argues that Ireland is not an imperial question at all but a local issue between Belfast and Dublin. *The Freeman's Journal* of Dublin and its Home Rule contemporaries feel certain that an imperial conference would recognize the unity of Ireland and Sir Edward is accused of dreading that very possibility.

Wane of the Influence of Mr. Redmond.

WHAT complicates the Irish problem in its new aspect, in the opinion of the London *Outlook* and imperialist organs of the school to which it belongs, is the decay of the Redmond influence. "Mr. Redmond's failure to settle the Irish question," it contends, "is as complete as it is abject." No comparison, we are further told, can be drawn between Mr. Redmond's position and that of Sir Edward Carson. For the past ten years Mr. Redmond has had his way in London. Sir Edward has not. Moreover, Sir Edward can visit Ulster safely. "But Ulster does not particularly want Mr. Redmond and the rest of Ireland won't have him." He has done his best, "but the only man who ever gave any promise of solving the Irish puzzle was Mr. Parnell." By his outward contempt for the English people and their ways he created a bond of real sympathy between himself and the Irish. They followed him. Mr. Redmond showed sympathy with the English and therefore the Irish will not follow him. He has made his

settlement and the Irish will not have it at any price. They deem Mr. Redmond an Englishman in disguise. They have a feeling that the compromise represented by this new Irish scheme is a trap. It was stated before one of the innumerable Irish commissions that Mr. Redmond's life would not be safe in the streets of Dublin.

Mr. Asquith Undertakes His Final Irish Bill.

NOT many days after Sir Roger Casement had been sentenced to die, Prime Minister Asquith told the Commons that his ministry had been able to agree upon a new government for Ireland. This announcement does not mean that resignations from the coalition are no longer possible, says the London *Telegraph*. If some amendments desired by Mr. O'Brien are fastened upon the measure, Mr. Lloyd-George himself may go. London has been filled with rumors of the disagreements between Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Asquith over Ireland. These disagreements were never serious, avers the London *News*, which so many observers regard as the Prime Minister's personal organ. The trouble within the ministry, as the London *Times* infers, will come with the great debate on second reading. There are reports of a crisis affecting the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, which fears that the interests of religion are not sufficiently safeguarded by Mr. Redmond's scheme. On this point the authority of Mr. Devlin with the hierarchy is said to be very great and between now and next October he will show his hand. Mr. Devlin has a far firmer hold upon the political machinery of Home Rule, the English papers think, than has Mr. Redmond. If Sir Edward persists in his alleged intention to make the exclusion of Ulster a permanent feature of the Home Rule scheme, disregarding the present basis of settlement, another period of revolt if not of revolution will confront Mr. Asquith in Ireland. It is perfectly understood, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, that the exclusion of the six counties is provisional. "The Irish people are neither asked to accept it as a final arrangement nor expected to give up any of their very natural zeal for a united Ireland." Mr. Redmond, if all goes as arranged, will assume next year at the age of sixty-six the function of Premier at Dublin.



SITTING PAT

— Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

LI YUAN HUNG'S CHALLENGE TO PETROGRAD AND TOKYO

HAVING seated himself firmly in the presidential chair at Peking, Li Yuan Hung allowed the press of Europe to infer from his course that Tokyo is still the enemy's camp. The dailies of Berlin have been sure of this all along. They saw in the treaty between Petrograd and Tokyo an agreement to divide China in fact while keeping her integrated diplomatically. Li Yuan Hung, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* believes, understood the game from the start. He is no Napoleon, our contemporary observes, but he has strong men about him. They were not all put into the new cabinet. The power behind the president, for the moment, as the Manchester *Guardian*, very well informed, tells us, is Liang Shih Yi, "one of the most remarkable men in China." He has never traveled abroad but he is a genius in finance, a great administrator, a master of diplomacy. He guides and supports the somewhat quiet, self-effacing President. The liberal republican element controls the government. There will be no dreaming about ideals in the Sun Yat Sen style; but there will be no back-stairs intrigue for the restoration of monarchy. This is the theory, at any rate, of European organs which view the situation from the standpoint of inspired hints from local chancelleries. The uncertain factor is the United States. If German notions are sound, Washington distrusts the new Russo-Japanese combination. So does the President of the Chinese republic. He organized his cabinet on the basis of that suspicion. A fresh Chinese crisis impends. Official Germany watches it with breathless interest.

Washington's Relation to the New Chinese Crisis.

WHEN the new President of China took a view of the international field, he was dismayed, the Paris *Gaulois* believes, by the eclipse of Germany. The late Yuan Shi Kai played the German card only to find that it was no trump. Russia and Japan between them had swept the Chinese table. This idea finds expression in one form or another in those European organs which do not get their inspiration from foreign offices. Independent British dailies incline at times to it. Li Yuan Hung was forced to conclude, says the Rome *Giornale*, which follows Asiatic affairs attentively, that since Germany could not help him he should turn to Washington. This is said to be the policy of Liang Shih Yi, who, while not in office, decides measures to-day. America is to be urged to plead China's case in London. In fact, the press of the Allies seems to have an impression that the Department of State is protesting already to Great Britain against the inspired interpretations of the Russo-Japanese pact. Foreign Minister Sazonoff in Petrograd is believed to have signed this treaty against his better judgment only because Russia must not risk any interruption of the flow of munitions. It is true, observes the Berlin *Vossische*, that the Americans are supplying the Russians with rifles and shells, but Japan is an important source as well. Sazonoff argues that Russia can well afford to give Japan her way in Peking, provided the Czar decides what shall happen to Constantinople. Some kind of a bargain has been driven on this basis, the German daily believes, and Washington is trying to get to the bottom of it.

Peking and the Wilhelmstrasse in Conference.

GERMANY has been held responsible for so many Chinese complications since the beginning of the war and the interpretations of her press are based upon such totally different assumptions of fact from those of the Allies, that the gist of what Berlin says is difficult to give. There is a suspicion in the official mind, according to such organs as the *Kölnische Zeitung*, that the indirect effect of the European war has been disastrous to American policy in the far East. The elimination of Germany for the time being left no balance against the Russo-Japanese-Franco-British combination which is calmly dividing Asia. It dawns upon Washington, as German papers understand, that America can not gain diplomatically by the triumph of the Allies in Europe. The sound Washington policy is to favor a balance of one European combination against the other, as the late Yuan Shi Kai always did. The point is supposed to have been made by the Peking foreign office in the course of its exchange of views with our Department of State. Sound American diplomacy is foiled, the Cologne organ fears, by the skill of the British in feeding New York organs with a theory that England is fighting for democracy, liberty, freedom and all the rest of it. That is the theory, but the practical effect is that China is handed over to Russia and Japan, and Washington does not like it. There will be some friction in the chancelleries before the question is disposed of, for Washington will not be put off with any more rhetoric from the Allies about "democracy."

Gathering of the Chinese Parliament.

IF no palace crisis puts off the gathering of the Chinese parliament scheduled for the present month, Premier Tuan Chi Jui will enter upon a minute analysis of the domestic situation to the deputies; but, according to the Paris *Matin*, there will be no exposition of international relations. The well-known and diplomatic Tang Shao Yi has charge of the foreign office and he is said to declare that a truthful statement of China's international position just now would not only compromise the country's delicate negotiations but make all sorts of new troubles. Thus does the veil remain upon the face of diplomatic China in the teeth of protests in certain British dailies that all the crises grow out of secrecy. The Allies are said in the German press to be displeased by the selection of Tang Shao Yi for the foreign office because he regards the Russo-Japanese combinations as a menace to China. He is the peculiar champion of the policy of deference to American opinion. A good deal will depend, the *Vossische* thinks, upon the immediate future of Tang Shao Yi. If he goes, the episode will be glossed over with the usual official vacuities of verbiage, altho the well-informed will understand that he has been made a victim to the anger of the Allies. Petrograd, Tokyo and London are a unit in their opposition to Washington at Peking, says the German paper. The new Chinese President is to be taught that America can do nothing for him.

Many a true word may be spoken in jest, but a diplomatic lie is always preternaturally solemn.—*Washington Post*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE PH.B. AND THE LL.D. WHO ARE TO RUN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

IF a multiplicity of college degrees is any assurance of a high-toned political campaign, then the campaign of 1916 ought to give joy to the angels. Mr. Wilson has amassed nine LL.D.'s, one Litt.D., and one Ph.D.; Mr. Hughes has gathered in eleven LL.D.'s and one LL.B. If the campaign banners were to do full justice to their names, therefore, we should see on one set of them:

FOR PRESIDENT:

WOODROW WILSON, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.

On the other banner we should see:

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, A.B., A.M., LL.B., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D., LL.D.

The candidates for Vice-President would also require a good deal of space on such a banner. Mr. Marshall, beside his A.B. and A.M., has collected five LL.D.'s, and Mr. Fairbanks four. The Democratic ticket, therefore, is in proud possession of fourteen LL.D.'s and the Republican ticket of sixteen! Who says a democracy is not encouraging to scholarship?

It is therefore fitting that in choosing their campaign managers, these much-belettered presidential candidates should look around for men with college degrees. They found them. Mr. Wilson found his national chairman in Vance Criswell McCormick, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Mr. Hughes found his in William Russell Willcox. Each has an honorary A.M. attached to his name, one—McCormick—is also a Ph.B., and Willcox is an LL.D. So there you are, six men at the head of this campaign with a total of thirty-one degrees. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Of the two national chairmen, McCormick is 44 and Willcox is his senior by nine years. Each was country-born. Each seems to be in prime physical condition for a gruelling contest that will call for all the powers he has in reserve. Each has an established record for courage and a capacity for persistent work at difficult jobs. Each has known what it is to suffer defeat at the polls. The press without party distinction seems to recognize peculiar qualifications in each man for the management of a campaign

this year. An exceptionally clean and open as well as fascinating contest is promised.

President Wilson in picking out his national chairman, McCormick, acted entirely upon his own judgment and, so far as the public knows, consulted nobody else about it. McCormick first got officially into Pennsylvania politics by election to the city Council of Harrisburg from the Fourth or "silk-stocking" ward. Then a "clean up" city campaign put him in the mayor's chair for three years and he became known throughout the state as "the best mayor Harrisburg ever had." This was in 1902-05. McCormick was then independently wealthy, 30 years old, and a husky one to look at. The odor of unprecedented graft in the building of the state capitol at Harrisburg still tainted the air. McCormick had bought the Harrisburg morning *Patriot* for sanitary quick-firing. He now decided to go on the trail of the "bandits" of the old-party organizations who had for years divided the state spoils between them.

Battle was joined in 1910 when Col. J. M. Guffey's Democratic "regulars" put up D. Webster Grim for governor. McCormick charged both parties with being in collusion with the liquor interests, and he brought out Wm. H. Berry, who had exposed the capitol grafters, for gubernatorial candidate. Berry was beaten in the three-cornered fight, but the Republican, J. K. Tener, secured a plurality of only 30,000 in a state where Republican majorities had the habit of rolling up to almost anywhere this side of half a million. Within two years McCormick, A. Mitchell Palmer and George W. Guthrie superseded the old guard leadership in a re-organized Democratic party. McCormick went with a solid Wilson state delegation to the Baltimore convention of 1912. In 1914 McCormick himself ran for governor on the Democratic and Washington party tickets. Professor Wm. Draper Lewis, Progressive party candidate, withdrew in McCormick's favor and Roosevelt stumped for him. He polled 452,882 votes against 534,898 for Martin C. Brumbaugh, the present Republican governor. From these strenuous campaigns, with their intensive political training, McCormick comes to a national chairmanship.

Newspaper men who go to Democratic national headquarters in New York City these days to see an "idealist" in politics invariably rediscover the fighting football star of Yale '93. "If I had to describe him in a sentence," writes Henry N. Hall in the *N. Y. World*, "I should say Vance C. McCormick is a sportsman and not a sport."

"Clad in a dapper flannel suit of dark blue with tiny white stripes, he looks the picture of manly strength. The muscles of his arms and legs stand out in a manner that defies the tailor's art and gives him a peculiarly democratic look. A glance suggests that he could pick up any man fifty pounds heavier than himself and throw him across the room.

"But you know he wouldn't do it, because there is a twinkle in his blue eyes that tells of infinite good nature. He has a giant's strength, but will not use it as a giant. When first you meet him his eyes are about the only thing you notice in his face. They are sharp and piercing and look you right through, but they are eyes that laugh. The head, set low on an unusually powerful neck, is big; the forehead, fringed with thinning hair, is high; the jaw is square and shot right out like a bulldog's. His face is all strength and determination, but it is softened by the laughing eyes, the very gentle mouth—an almost perfect Cupid's bow—and the straight, refined nose that has a slight Roman arch and looks as tho it might have been disturbed in its osseous structure during the impact of a football rush. It is the face of a man who has character, of a man as clean in mind as he is strong in body."

McCormick wound up his football career in glory. Captain and full-back of the Yale team in 1893, he kicked a goal from the 40-yard line which won the game from Princeton. He is still an active member of the executive board of the Yale athletic committee, and recently became a member of the Yale corporation when Mr. Taft resigned to take a professorship. To-day McCormick weighs only five pounds more than he did in his foot-ball days. He stands 5 feet 7 inches, is stockily built, 170 pounds of bone, brawn and muscle, looking as if you could not hurt him with a club. He inevitably attracts attention among men. He has a self-reliant bearing, a radiant enthusiasm combined with a suggestion of reserve force, and the courteous manner of a country gentleman.



CONFIDENT THAT WOODROW WILSON WILL BE
REELECTED PRESIDENT

Vance C. McCormick, the new chairman of the Democratic National Committee, does not see how Progressives who sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," can change the song to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."



CONFIDENT THAT CHARLES E. HUGHES WILL BE THE
NEXT PRESIDENT

William R. Willcox, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, does not see how Progressives can fail to help save their country by supplanting an "utterly incompetent" Democratic administration.

Hardy Scotch ancestors who early settled near Harrisburg made Vance McCormick executor of an estate of twenty millions or so in Pennsylvania manufactures, coal, oil and farm lands, and he has perhaps five millions more in his own right. This led to banking connections and membership in the new Philadelphia Reserve bank, which is given up. He takes sincere pride in scientific management of farming, especially the improvement of stock-raising in the Harrisburg region. He is a trustee of Pennsylvania State College, which has done remarkable work in the extension of practical agricultural education. McCormick is president of the trustees of Harrisburg Academy, treasurer of the Associated Charities, member of the board of the Y. M. C. A., and an official member of the Presbyterian Church. Wilson, Marshall and McCormick are all Presbyterians.

Some of the things McCormick did when mayor, Charles Willis Thompson sets down in the *N. Y. Times* as reasons why Harrisburg thinks he "has the goods":

"When he took office, police protection was openly sold to prostitutes and pro-

fessional criminals. The park system was a joke. There were only four miles of paved streets in the town.

"Mayor McCormick shattered the alliance between the police and vice. He revolutionized the town. The fire companies were speak-easies. McCormick broke that up, and in one case took the apparatus away from the fire company. They sued him in court to get it back, and he beat them. He cleaned out the Police Department, took it out of politics, appointed men for fitness only, and set a pace that has been followed ever since.

"A park system which consisted of thirty acres, mostly forgotten and weedy, is now 900 acres, seeded and paved. Harrisburg has a first-rate filter and sewer system. The four miles of paved streets have been turned into forty."

Even his enemies call McCormick good-looking, according to William A. McGarry, writing in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. He is genial, companionable, and a good mixer. His public speaking is not oratorical but reflects a quality of level-headedness. His paper, the *Patriot*, has been kept sane, resisting temptation to make "yellow" attacks on the "old guard."

"Mr. McCormick has always been a busy man. He is a bachelor, and his

friends say he has always been too much occupied with business matters to get married. If he has a hobby, it is his prize live stock. He exhibits at all the county fairs, and frequently carries off prizes. His farm and summer home are near Harrisburg. The estate is known as 'Rosegarden.' Just to show that there is a strong touch of the idealist in the Democratic campaign manager, it may be mentioned that when McCormick bought this estate he found upon it the ruins of an old mill, the water-wheel broken and stuck in the mud. He cleaned out the stream running through the estate, repaired the mill-wheel, and there it is still turning to the music of the falling water."

Mr. Hughes took time following the Chicago conventions for conferences with Progressive as well as Republican leaders before he selected Willcox for National Chairman. Nobody doubts that he represents Hughes in the same personal sense that McCormick represents Wilson. Willcox first appeared on the political horizon in New York City in 1900 at the age of 37. As a candidate for Congress of the regular Republican organization, in the 13th Congressional district, he made a hard fight against O. H. P. Belmont. Willcox did not win, but he reduced a nor-

mal Democratic majority of 7,000 to 3,000. Since then party appointments to office have kept him in almost continuous and conspicuous public service. In 1902 Mayor Seth Low made him president of the Park Board, and he not only put the department on a business basis but inaugurated public playground extension and fostered public appreciation of the park system.

President Roosevelt in 1905 picked Willcox for postmaster of New York City, with carte blanche to make a business rather than a political province out of the administration of the office. He made good in this public business whose annual receipts place it in the \$15,000,000 class. His after-dinner speaking campaign in behalf of better modern mail facilities was an innovation that hit New Yorkers favorably. Pneumatic tube mail service between branches and plans for the new up-town office opposite the Pennsylvania R. R. Terminal are credited to him. Inside of two years Governor Hughes insisted on having him as head of one of the two newly created state Public Service Commissions, and President Roosevelt, in a note of praise, released him from the federal service.

Willcox served the term of six years from 1907 to 1913 as chairman of the Public Service Commission for the First District, which regulates the vast trolley, elevated and subway systems of Greater New York. He dug into the huge rapid transit problems of the city until nobody could deny that he knew them from the ground up. He believes in regulation of public utilities. He thinks the day of perpetual street franchises is past. Before the Civic Federation in 1909 he declared: "To those who oppose municipal ownership of public utilities, I can only say that in all the annals of municipal government nothing has equaled the tyranny and injustice, the absolutism and the selfishness, the graft and the looting of our greatest public utility by those who control it in private ownership to-day." He had a hand in the Interboro-Metropolitan investigation which some papers have called "the most amazing exposure since the downfall of the Tweed ring." He negotiated the new subway contracts for a dual system, which he jointly signed with his political suc-

cessor, Chairman McCall. Then he returned to his law practice, from which Hughes now drafts him.

Newspaper men who go to Republican national headquarters in New York to see a "harmonizer" invariably describe Willcox as an unaffected, self-made, steam engine sort of man, with legal bent and business aspect. He is somewhat stoop-shouldered and nervously active. He is likely to light a cigar as he talks. Standing 5 feet 9 inches, perhaps 160 pounds of well-knit figure, he has the swing and vigor of a man ten years his junior.

The same Henry N. Hall of the *N. Y. World*, whose picture of McCormick we reproduced above, says this is what Willcox looks like:

"His hair is slightly streaked with gray and the closely cropped mustache is growing white, the forehead is high, the ears small and the eyes are blue and inscrutable. Only at times under the stress of emotion they flash and are full of life. The most striking thing about Mr. Willcox's face is the very aggressive mouth. It is the mouth of a fighter, with teeth almost like Roosevelt's and a jaw that seems to hurl itself forward. The chin is very powerful and muscular, and altho there are remarkably few lines in his face, the cheeks are dimpled and modeled in a manner that leaves an impression of great character. It is a very unusual face, in which are combined great refinement and determination. But perhaps the thing that strikes one most is that it is the face of a man who has deep convictions, who has the strength of will to live up to them and the courage to fight for them on occasion."

The Union League Club figures romantically in the story of the rise of Willcox in New York. Much condensed from many newspaper accounts, the tale runs thus: Upstate country village lad, of rugged English stock, born at Smyrna, Chenango county. Graduate of Brockport Normal School. Student at University of Rochester. Left to teach school for pay at Webster and Spring Valley. Dreamed of New York. Arrived with \$800 in hand. Taught in city school by day, studied law by night. Got his Columbia law school degree, clerked in law offices, then set up for himself. Sought creditable acquaintances and joined the exclusive Union League Club, "altho this

was really more than he could afford at the time." Those were the days when the tariff on sugar was much discussed at this Republican sanhedrim. The new and unposted member took two weeks off to "cram" on the subject of sugar. Then he reappeared and got into the game one day. What he knew about sugar amazed himself and, incidentally, a member of the Havemeyer family of sugar refiners, who thereupon introduced himself to the knowing young man. Whether he ever taught younger members of the Havemeyer family, as some narrators say, or not, Martha J., daughter of Wm. F. Havemeyer, one of the wealthiest sugar men, became Mrs. Willcox in 1904.

To most sketch writers, Willcox, above all, is the man of tireless industry. John Temple Graves writes in the *N. Y. American*:

"He worked 18 hours a day in the post-office, and he frequently works 20 hours a day on the Public Service Commission. He literally revels in work. It is his chief delight. . . . Tho loyal to each of his political benefactors, he is most enthusiastic over Roosevelt and most resembles him. He has the Roosevelt teeth, to an incisor, and shows them in the Rooseveltian way. They gleam and snap his humor and his emphasis, and point his pleasure or his protest in white and orthodox intensity."

With the exception of a game of golf, Mr. Willcox takes little exercise. Neither tennis, dancing, or billiards allures him. Recreation he takes in work or reading. Fond of a novel, he prefers history and biographies of men who "have done things." He has no extended private business interests.

In office, Mr. Willcox has the reputation of getting good service from subordinates by giving them responsibility and holding them to it. His genial handshake and indication of personal interest are remembered even by casual acquaintances. A *N. Y. Herald* man says, "His usual form of greeting to an acquaintance calling on business is to slap him on the shoulder and seize his hand and grasp it firmly. Then, if he is rushed for time, he disposes of him with neatness and dispatch, but so politely that no matter if the interview has yielded nothing to the visitor, he feels too friendly to complain."

LEONIDA BISSOLATI: THE SOCIALIST WHO REALLY RULES ITALY

WHEN that most brilliant of living Italian lawyers and journalists, Signor Leonida Bissolati, announced his intention of abandoning his great career to serve as a soldier in the ranks, the venerable Signor Boselli, now nominal Prime Minister, observed:

"You have formed this purpose after cool reflection. Wait until the next time you are excited. You are a man who is never really great except when excited." In twenty-four hours Signor Bissolati was so excited that he enlisted and Signor Boselli did not know what had become of him until he was as-

certain to be lying wounded in a hospital. Bissolati was brought back to become the real head of the new ministry of which Boselli is the titular chief. Boselli is officially the premier. Bissolati has had a title made for him by parliament which may be translated as "political minister for war services."

The combination of Salandra and Sonnino passes into eclipse and that of Boselli and Bissolati emerges. Boselli is the grand old man, dean of the chamber. Bissolati is a sort of Lloyd George with a dash of Briand. This is the judgment of the *Paris Matin*.

Bissolati, now approaching his sixtieth year, has been one of the Socialist leaders in the parliament at Rome for a long time. He early acquired a position of authority owing to what the *Figaro* styles the profundity of his studies, the geniality of his conceptions and the elegant precision of his ideas. Bissolati is not only a lawyer of ability and learning, but an orator in the beautiful, dignified Latin manner. A tremendous success at the criminal bar seemed to await him. He had gesture, the flow of rhetoric, emotion, overwhelming temperament, explains the *Tribuna* (Rome). Whether, as the *Figaro* thinks, he scorned the melodrama of the special pleader or, as the *Giornale* thinks, he burned to display his intellectual gifts, he chose the civil practice. He distinguished himself at once by the thoroughness of his researches into the state of the law and the strength of his logic. He blends the abundant, facile speech which is so delightful to the masses and the depth of thought which seduces the choicer intellects among mankind. By the use of these gifts it was an easy thing for him to create within the socialist group a galaxy of glittering minds who reject the theoretical excesses of the demagogues and have brought into being the "reformist" section of the party.

The intellect of Bissolati, in fact, as the French daily feels persuaded, is of the rare, exquisite and powerful kind to which the crude and the artificial would be alike intolerable. His mind can not stoop to the effects of a brilliant verbosity, nor to the quest of that kind of popularity which comes from catering to the passions and prejudices of the working man. The crisis of his career as a Socialist came ten years ago when at the Bologne congress of his party he suggested an "anti-revolutionary socialism." Whether he had caught his cue from Briand or, as the *Stampa* infers, rebelled against the internationalism of such French leaders as the late Jean Jaurès, he preached evolution, a peaceful acquisition of rights for the proletariat of toil, the tactics of legality and of acceptance of public office.

The pandemonium that once greeted the apostasy of Briand in France, according to the *Giornale*, a Roman daily by no means friendly to Bissolati, was a zephyr compared with the storm that broke over the head of the Italian. It is no secret to the well-informed press of Europe, indeed, that Bissolati, within the inner circles of European socialism, has led the revolt from the tenets

of Guesde, of the elder Liebknecht, of the late Bebel, of Jaurès. Briand was the first to put the Bissolati principle into practice. He headed a ministry. A moral influence less potent than that of the Italian could not have withstood the strain upon his popularity at home. He is neither materialist nor atheist except in the narrow, clerical sense of those terms. Bissolati is that unusual type, the man of emotion dominated by intellect. In his moods of fiercest excitement on the platform or in the chamber, he conveys an impression of perfect self-control. He is very Roman in the popular sense, having the proud bearing, the severe dark eye, the deep-toned voice and the affability of manner that become the men of the eternal city. He represents the Quirinal division of Rome and has been in the chamber for many years. His oratory is called locally Ciceronian-poetical, that is to say, but not florid; addressed to the reason rather than to the passions, yet elegant, flavored with literature. His speeches read beautifully in print. He is a practiced writer as well, his articles in the *Avanti*, the famous socialist organ of Rome, having long been devoured by the intellectual youth of the Latin countries. In fact, it seems surprising that gifts so striking as Bissolati's should be disclosing themselves so late in life. To be sure, he has been beset from boyhood by dire poverty and lack of influence due to humble birth. He never wore a dress-suit or a silk hat until he had passed the age of forty. To this day he subsists mainly on local macaronis washed down by a wine palatable only to the very poor.

The absolute disinterestedness of Bissolati, his extraordinary gifts associated with his no less extraordinary poverty at a time when he was seen to be one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom, and a perception by the abler Socialists that he was "practical" as well as "orthodox," together with the object lesson set by Briand, won the day for Bissolati in the long run. He managed to form his particular Socialist group in the chamber and to give it a growing importance. When Signor Giolitti took it into his head to offer Bissolati a portfolio some years since, it turned out that many high functionaries at the Quirinal had been voting for him in the constituency with the approval, it is hinted, of the King himself. Bissolati has always until now, however, declined to assume office. It must be remembered, too, that the "official" Socialists frown upon him "officially," altho it is an open secret that some of them support him at the polls unofficially. His position is thus very like that of Premier Briand in France, Briand being a disciple of his, the most enthusiastic supporter of the Bissolati theory.

Nothing was more characteristic of Bissolati than his refusal of an officer's commission in the Italian army at the time of his enlistment. He declared that he had no knowledge of military science. He has an expert's knowledge of mountain climbing all the same, and practice has perfected him in the use of the rope and staff. He has had his bad falls. He risked his life on two occasions in the work of rescue. Groping in mists along dizzy ledges exhilarates him, remarks the *Giornale* sarcastically, the recreation symbolizing to it his economic heresies. Bissolati is also famous as a swimmer and he has a passion for cycling. The athleticism of his nature found expression in his gallantry at Monte Nero, where he was twice wounded and was for some two hours an Austrian prisoner, until he escaped by climbing out of a cave in the darkness under the nose of a sentry. He got the silver medal for valor and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. In a version of his experiences supplied by the *Avanti*, war brings with it an exhilarating consciousness of death. "The thought of it, when one can spare the time for it at all, is like going to communion." Then comes the longing for sleep. The volleys of the kind of fire peculiar to mountain warfare made him drowsy. In the end he could not sleep at all if the night was quiet. The stillness made him nervous and by comparing notes he found others were in a like condition.

The qualities enabling Bissolati to dominate a ministry presided over by another are referred to in the *Débats* as a combination of sweetness with power. He has the fierce courage of the Italian peasant, his fire, his vitality, and he evinces in thought the subtlety of the Italian diplomatist, the miraculous aptitude for what they call in Rome "combinazione." The ministry is a combination. Bissolati is deference itself to the Roman Catholic leader. He enjoys the perfect confidence of the "Giolittian." He never affronts the liberal "left." Sonnino champions Bissolati in his organ. Boselli, who gives his name to the ministry, describes the "reformist" socialist most happily, in the opinion of the French daily, by comparing him to an Aeolian harp. Every wind of doctrine brings sweet echoes from him, altho he retains always the note that is his own. He has the will that bends without breaking. He sums up in himself the quality of mind that made Mazzini great, the strength of Cavour, the courage of Garibaldi, the diplomacy of the last Leo on the pontifical throne. Bissolati is, for the moment, Italy, says the *London Post*—one of the rare politicians who preferred the trenches to office and who came wounded from a hospital to assume direction of his country's affairs.

THE GREAT PEER WHO WILL BECOME THE NEXT GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

NO life has been so completely revolutionized by the great war as that of the head of the Cavendish family—"the" Duke of this period as Wellington was "the" Duke of an elder day. Victor Christian William Cavendish—officially, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire—has all sorts of titles besides, from that of baron upwards, and in no long time he will reside in Ottawa as governor-general of the great dominion across the border. He is emphatically the territorial aristocrat of the British islands, on whose 186,000 acres are mines of princely yield, great forests, herds of deer. His most famous seat is Chatsworth, where the picture galleries are, to say nothing of the library with its rare editions and the statues, for one of which an offer of two hundred thousand dollars was refused with something like disdain. No home in London is statelier than Devonshire House. It is nothing at all for a whole theatrical company to leave London in a special train for a special performance of "Hamlet" at Chatsworth before a special audience, including royalty, in return for a special reward. The Dukes of Devonshire have prided themselves on their generosity, their munificence to a tenantry established on their estates for generations. The Dukes make a sort of glittering progress through the realm from one splendid "seat" to another, princes as they are in all but name. The house of Cavendish, in short, is the supreme glory of the British peerage. The head of it, to repeat, is "the" Duke.

War has stripped the Duke of every grandeur and at this hour he is but the nominal owner of Chatsworth and Hardwick. More than a half of his immense income is taken from him in the form of a tax. His stately homes, as the readers of the *London Mail* have long been aware, are hospitals. The perfect Italian gardens have been plowed for wheat, the deer have in some cases given up their domain to the dairy farmer. The Duke has no more festivals. Even his heir, a mere stripling, has gone to the front, where he got a nasty burn, according to one story. There is another boy in training at a camp and in addition there are five little girls. The Duchess, who belongs to the family of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has for months been a nurse, practically, making gruel for men in hospitals, knitting socks, and, it seems, even learning how to make beds and bandages. Her guests have been the wounded of all ranks brought over from France and Flanders. Before the war she was, in her capacity as Mistress of the Robes, a dazzling social

figure. In the past year her uniform has been that of a nurse. She was Lady Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice, and she inherits the somewhat sprightly and esthetic Puritanism of the women of her family, resembling in this her aunt, the "famous" Duchess of Buccleuch, who was long an intimate friend to Queen Alexandra. In character and temperament, indeed, the Duchess of Devonshire affords a marked contrast to the women who surround Queen Mary, herself a Puritan of the grave and austere type, to whom life is at best a grim business, mitigable by regular church attendance. Court gossip, distorted doubtless, and perhaps inaccurate in the versions of the society organs of London, indicates that it was the Duchess who interceded for the Prince of Wales when, before the war, he got into disgrace with the Queen through abstention from church for six weeks.

The personality of the Duke who is so soon to hold sway at Ottawa emerges in London studies as faithful to the Cavendish type. The type began with a successful lawyer back in the fourteenth century. The wealth came from that spoliation of the monasteries which gave Britain her territorial aristocracy at least in part. The first James made earls out of the Cavendishes and they became dukes when they helped to dethrone a subsequent monarch. There have been nine dukes in the Cavendish line, including the present head of the house, and they get the "garter" invariably, altho the honor is not quite so rare a glory as it was. The men of the family are clean, honest, strong rather than brilliant, reflecting in their characters, whenever there is picturesqueness, Bess of Hardwick, Christian Bruce and Georgiana Spencer, to name the most famous feminine personalities in the long line. The historian of the house of Cavendish, Mr. Francis Bickley, thinks certain factors run like an unbroken thread all through the strain. These people dislike extremes of all kinds. Their ideal is public service. They are administrators. They have modesty. They are courteous and dignified. They have held the highest offices in the state with honor to themselves. "Think of what the Cavendishes have done in days gone by," said John Bright, "think of their services to the state."

Such is the background against which the personality of the present Duke has to stand out, and all the newspapers in London, in their comments upon the character of the man, agree that he does not stand out in any original or dramatic fashion. He is not "slow," like the great duke who died several

years ago, but he showed no particular brilliance at Eton or Cambridge. When he was sitting as Liberal-Unionist he made no powerful impression either with his ideas or with his speech. He filled the offices that ordinarily go to such an exalted aristocrat, such as treasurer of the King's household and chancellor of a great university. His mind is of the kind called by the British "whiggish," which implies a very old-fashioned kind of liberalism. His intimates have, on the other hand, not been aristocrats and clubmen. Indeed, the Duke is deemed a remarkably good companion in mixed gatherings of business men, radicals, labor unionists and Home Rulers, and he is a true Cavendish in his dislike for solitude. There was only one solitary Cavendish—Henry, the immortal chemist, who was not a scientist in a merely nominal sense, like the late Marquis of Salisbury, but a great figure, like Mendeleeff or Berthelot.

If, however, "the" Duke does not overpower with his intellect or stagger with his brilliance, he does reflect the indescribable, intangible quality of his famous ancestress, that Georgiana who was a born gambler, the "empress of fashion," patroness of the theater, who, when England was threatened with invasion, could not be kept away from the camp over which her husband presided. Like his ancestress, who at election time rushed among the roughs of Covent Garden to plead for votes, the Duke finds it a temperamental difficulty to keep out of any kind of a scrimmage. The essential characteristic of the famed Georgiana was charm. The Duke has that. In his earlier years his hair had the suspicion of red which distinguishes the famous portrait of Georgiana, and in feature he suggests her pleasingly. He has her ardor, her capacity for enthusiasm and, in the opinion of a writer in the *London News*, the paradoxical shyness that overcame her with such pretty confusion in her most daring escapades. Without being a genius herself, the great Georgiana sympathized with all manifestations of genius and the Duke is in this respect exactly like her. Inheriting her fine sense of humor, he may make no epigrams of his own but he keenly enjoys those of others. Chatsworth under him, before the war, was vivacious, a resort of men distinguished in the arts and sciences as well as in politics and society.

All the Cavendishes have prided themselves upon their patronage of science and the Duke maintains the tradition, especially as regards chemistry. Their family gave England her great chemist, and their eighth Duke was famous as



"THE" "DOOK"

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who will soon be the central figure in social life at Ottawa, loves to shoot, to fish and to golf. He is the richest and in lineage the most distinguished of the British Dukes, his ancestry including one of the world's supreme belles, one of the world's supreme statesmen, and one of the world's supreme scientists.

the patron of that synthetic chemistry which passed from the British to the Germans in the closing years of the last century. The Duke of to-day has fostered the laboratories which may be deemed the creation of his illustrious uncle. Not so many years ago these were not taken at all seriously, but recent experience has modified that attitude altogether. The ambition of the Duke is said to be the association of his name with some discovery ranking in importance with that of nitric acid, made by a Cavendish—the Henry who ascertained the composition of water and determined the density of the earth. When the war confiscated so much of the present Duke's annual revenue, the laboratory had to be dismantled in part but the project has not been abandoned. The house of Cavendish is behind the present agitation to wrest synthetic chemistry from the Germans and to make England the home of the new industrial efficiency that is to come with the close of the war.

In explaining the choice of the Duke as governor-general of the great do-

minion, London organs dwell much upon his charm, upon the fact that he is "nice" and yet, as the *London Chronicle* says, a man's man. It is the supreme Cavendish gift, the trait detected by Disraeli, who strove to sketch it in one of his most famous novels. The Duke has this intuitive comprehension of human nature, this really amazing adaptability to his fellow creatures. His recreations are all of the companionable kind, like shooting, or dinners, and he is accused of some irreverence for the ancestral glories of his seats, assembling mixed companies at Hardwick, for instance, to occupy the bed and use the furniture of Mary, Queen of Scots. There is a famous room at Hardwick still haunted by the hapless Queen, it seems, and at midnight a secret door opens to admit the ghost of Queen Elizabeth. The Duke abets or is said to abet various dramatized travesties of these episodes for the amusement of mixed companies. He has horrified critics by suggesting that many of the ancient portraits of kings and queens in his palaces are rubbish. In a word, his

mind is of the modern, utilitarian, irreverent kind. He is said to have agreed with Mr. Balfour when that statesman once insisted that the most useful word in the English language is "Hallo!" The tendency illustrated by this anecdote, harmonizing with much in the Canadian character, to say nothing of the Duke's companionable charm, indicated him for a position necessitating such tact as that of the governor-generalship. The Duke may be relied upon, London dailies agree, to avoid extremes of either democracy or aristocracy, faithful in all things to the family motto: Cavendo Tutus. He deserves the praise accorded in a former age to his ancestress Georgiana, says the radical organ in London, the most amiable and the best bred person in England.

The temperamental failing of the Duke is said to be melancholy. He has fits of abstraction during which he seems to be unaware of the existence of anyone or anything around him. Here once more is a family trait, for Cavendish, the chemist, had the same propensity. The Duke, like his ancestor, the chemist, tends to a monotonous uniformity of domestic habit. The great chemist dined for years in a poor little club at a poor little table off a poor little mutton chop and a drink of ale from a mug. The Duke evinces in his eating and drinking the same simplicity, and his favorite dish is said in London to be roast beef.

Many an anecdote illustrates the tendency of the Duke to chafe at the limitations of his magnificent position. For instance, he is fond of going about the country on walking tours or on shooting tours with a friend or two. In the course of these excursions there is never a hint of the Duke's rank. He wears on tour the sack suit and knickerbockers of the ordinary Londoner and when he puts up at an inn he uses the every-day accommodations of the place and even shaves himself. In his own county these traits of his are well known. He took dinner, it is related in the *London Mail*, with a party of commercial travelers in a rural hotel at a time when the Lloyd-George campaign against the Dukes was at its height. Nobody knew him, for the neighborhood was not his own. A dealer in furniture deplored the lack of business from which he suffered, affirming that when the estates of the Dukes had been cut up every man in England would be able to afford a new parlor suite. A grocer declared that the vast estates made it impossible for him to prosper. The village tailor pointed to the shabby clothing of his Grace and drew general attention to it with the remark, in effect: "You wouldn't be wearing such things if the land hadn't passed into the possession of the few." The Duke makes no epigrams but he paid his bill with a smile and agreed heartily with the tailor.

MUSIC · AND · DRAMA

"A LADY'S NAME"—CYRIL HARCOURT'S NEW COMEDY OF "COPY" AND A KITCHEN

THERE are few dramatists writing in English to-day, notes the N. Y. *Evening Post*, who are able to grasp the spirit of true comedy; but the little plays of the Englishman Cyril Harcourt contain humor, invention, a sprightly style, and a good practical sense of the theater. He was first presented to American theatergoers with his immensely popular "A Pair of Silk Stockings," wherein he revealed a sense of comedy that was never limited or curtailed by any undue respect for probability. These same qualities are now revealed in "A Lady's Name," which has proved so successful a vehicle for Miss Marie Tempest. "A Lady's Name" is farcical both in spirit and action, as the *Evening Post* critic notes; but it rarely touches the borders of extravagance. "It is written with a deftness of touch and sustained vivacity which are the plane of true comedy. And it is fresh in design and treatment, altho piquant and adroit use is made of old material."

Seeking new types for the purpose of "copy," Mabel Vere, an aristocratic scribbler of popular novels, advertizes for a husband. For advertizing purposes she uses the name of "Miss X." She had been engaged for years to an unsympathetic man of affairs, Gerald Wantage. The first act takes place in the London flat occupied by Mabel Vere and her friend Maud Bray, who is an ardent suffragist, feminist, and exponent of physical culture. Mabel has received several answers to her advertisement, and has responded to two or three which seem most interesting from a "literary" point of view. Now these applicants begin to call. One of them, a rough colonial, decides to tame Mabel by physical force. Maud Bray enters, and with a jiu-jitsu movement has the doughty colonial headlong on the floor. As he is leaving, Gerald Wantage enters and demands an explanation of his literary fiancée. Mabel Vere reads him the advertisement she had inserted in a daily paper:

MABEL. (*Reading.*) "Wanted: A gentlewoman of marriageable age, with moderate income, excellent health and very good looks, desires to correspond with a clean, attractive bachelor of artistic tastes and intelligence, with a view to matrimony. Apply, Miss X, Box 1742, etc." I am Miss X. And this is a new method of providing myself with a plot for a new book. What do you think of it?

GERALD. Do you mean to say you've descended to this sort of thing, Mabel?

MABEL. Obviously. Here is the advertisement.

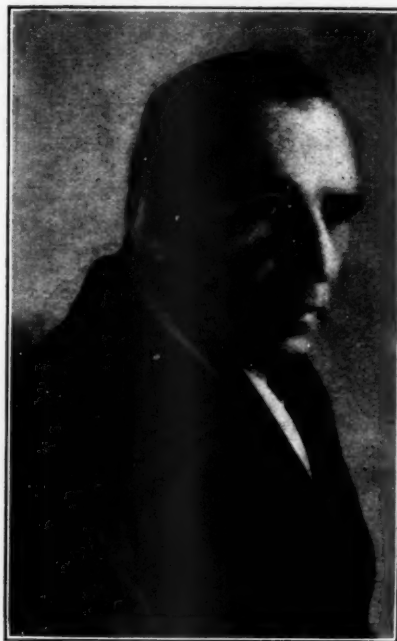
GERALD. Let me look at that, please. (*She hands the paper to him.*) I thought so. I've seen this advertisement before.

MABEL. Where?

GERALD. At the Club, and I consider it simply preposterous!

MABEL. Preposterous or not, it's effective. You haven't answered the advertisement by any chance, have you? This righteous indignation rather points to it.

GERALD. (*Angrily.*) I have not! But men of my acquaintance have.



HIS COMEDY IS ADROIT

Cyril Harcourt is one of the few playwrights now using the English language who grasps the spirit of true comedy.

MABEL. What? Oh, I say, *what* a lark! Who are they, Gerald?

GERALD. Men at the Club. . .

MABEL. (*Rising—smiling.*) Gerald, you ought to have open pews and have high tea on Sunday. That's what you'll come to. Who are these men you know who've answered my advertisement?

GERALD. Men at the Club, I tell you. They were all making bets about you.

MABEL. Men at the Club? Bets?

GERALD. Yes, about the sort of woman you were—and whether you'd answer their letters.

MABEL. (*Amused.*) Oh, did they think I wasn't proper?

GERALD. I leave that to your imagination.

MABEL. Thank heaven I haven't got the

imagination of a man! Where did they write from?

GERALD. (*Contemptuously.*) I haven't the remotest idea. Post offices, I should imagine.

MABEL. Oh! I've replied to *one* man who wrote from a post office.

GERALD. What's his name?

MABEL. I don't know, he didn't say. And he doesn't know mine. But it wasn't the man who suggested Paris or the man who thinks so highly of Brighton.

GERALD. I know the three men who wrote. (*Trying to get letters.*)

MABEL. You don't know which one I've answered and I forbid you to try and find out. They may be bounders; but I'll play the game by them and I won't give them away.

GERALD. But the man himself will give you away.

MABEL. How?

GERALD. He'll have to produce your letter if he wants to win his bet.

MABEL. As a matter of fact, I've only replied to three letters altogether up to now. I'm going to do it gradually. I can't have too many men coming here—a crowd would really cause more talk than even I care for.

GERALD. It must stop. I won't have it. Fancy if someone at the Club got hold of one of your letters—it would be an awful scandal. I'd have to resign—I couldn't face it.

MABEL. Gerald, dear, if you really feel that way about it, I won't write again. I promise. I'm sorry. I only did it for a lark—and, honestly, it will make *corking* good copy.

GERALD. (*Hands on shoulders.*) That's a promise, then? Copy! Good God! I believe you'd sell your soul for copy. Don't ask me to read your wretched book.

MABEL. If you're not very careful I'll put you into it. (*Imitating Gerald.*) "I do not approve of dancing in Lent."

GERALD. Thank you. I think that's about as much as I can stand for to-day. Good-by.

Shortly after the departure of Gerald Wantage, another applicant calls. This is Mr. Adams, a snug, hypocritical and amorous butler. He is awed by the surroundings of elegance and refinement. Mabel Vere cajoles him into a complete revelation of his oily personality. This scene is perhaps the most preposterous and amusing of the whole comedy.

MABEL. I suppose we'd better come straight to the point, hadn't we? And perhaps you'll tell me just why you answered my advertisement, will you?

ADAMS. Well, Miss, it read very sensible-like, in a manner of speakin'. What with me being a man wishful to settle

down, as you might say! But I don't know as you're quite the sort of young person as I expected to see.

MABEL. Oh, dear! I'm sorry if I'm a disappointment as soon as this. That's a *very* bad beginning, isn't it?

ADAMS. A young person in business I expected to see, or something o' that.

MABEL. Ah, I'm not in business. I do—well, I do writing work.

ADAMS. Ah, Secketary, I s'pose, or something o' that. Referrin' to your advertisement, Miss. (*He does so.*) I see you sez "an attractive man."

MABEL. Well, yes, I believe I did. What I meant was—

ADAMS. In answer to that, Miss, I may say as I've been popular with the ladies from boyhood, in a manner of speaking.

MABEL. (*Weakly.*) Oh, yes!

ADAMS. Tho perhaps I shouldn't be the one to say it.

MABEL. Oh, well—

ADAMS. Then you sez clean—

MABEL. Well, yes, I believe I did. But of course I only meant—

ADAMS. Well, Miss, I 'ope I'm clean.

MABEL. I hope so, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. As for details—

MABEL. Perhaps we needn't go into them.

ADAMS. Forty-two years tho I be, come February, I takes a hot bath of a Saturday night year in, year out.

MABEL. Oh, yes.

ADAMS. Shirts and collars, three a week—unless 'ot.

MABEL. I see.

ADAMS. And that seems to me, speaking reasonable, to be as clean as a person can get. There's fanatics, of course, but I don't hold with them.

MABEL. Would you mind if I took a few notes, Mr. Adams? Other gentlemen have answered my advertisement too, you see, and I don't want to get confused. (*She writes in a note-book.*)

ADAMS. Very pleased, I'm sure, Miss.

MABEL. (*Making notes.*) Every Saturday, I think you said.

ADAMS. Winter and summer. Except when suffering from a cold in the 'ead.

MABEL. Oh, yes, and then?

ADAMS. (*Emphatically.*) Then I wouldn't put water to the body if you was to offer me a ten-pound note.

MABEL. I see. And what are you, Mr. Adams, by profession?

ADAMS. Me? I'm butler, Miss.

MABEL. (*Interested.*) Butler? Are you, indeed?

ADAMS. I'm along with a bachelor gentleman at present—arf butler, 'arf valet, as you might say. In a small way, he is; but he pays 'igh, very 'igh, owing to the small accommodations. Four servants kept. Away a goodish bit he is, mountaineering and such like.

MABEL. And when you leave, Mr. Adams, what do you propose then? If we—if we married? If it came to that.

ADAMS. (*Confidentially.*) It's my idea to set up a little apartment 'ouse, Miss, near the Clubs.

MABEL. Oh, but—should I do for an apartment house, do you think?

ADAMS. Well, there's comfort in it and there's money in it.

MABEL. Is there? Yes, I suppose there would be.

ADAMS. There's pickings. A bit on

here and a bit on there. *They never notices.* A bit on the washin', a bit on the breakfasts. And now what about you, Miss? When I come in I sez, "Oh! this is a bit too grand for you, Adams!"

MABEL. Oh, but you mustn't think I'm conceited. Well, now, what can I tell you? I live here—with a lady.

ADAMS. A companion, like?

MABEL. Well, yes, I suppose I am sort of companion.

ADAMS. Parents living?

MABEL. No.

ADAMS. They give you a good education, I can see that. And I daresay you has a little bit put by, as a saving young woman should.

MABEL. Well, I *have* saved a little money, yes.

ADAMS. I'm not one to object to anyone keeping themselves smart and decent. I don't hold with an untidy woman. And what would you say, Miss, to walkin' out?

MABEL. Walking out? You mean—

ADAMS. Them as hopes to *live* together should understand each other.

MABEL. Of course.

ADAMS. There's chairs in 'Ide Park of an evening.

MABEL. Yes, or perhaps I—perhaps I could come and see you, Mr. Adams, at your house. Would that be possible?

ADAMS. (*Dubiously.*) Yes, miss, I daresay—if nothing was *said*. Would it be tea or a bit of supper?

MABEL. Oh, well, I think tea perhaps would be best.

ADAMS. And a nice afternoon in Kew Gardens later on, perhaps.

MABEL. Er—yes. Perhaps that *could* be managed as well.

ADAMS. And when would you think of coming to tea, Miss? It's only a bit of a house. Self and cook is obliged to take meals with the lower servants on account of the accommodation.

MABEL. (*Looks at tablet on table.*) I see. Well, would to-morrow be too soon?

ADAMS. No, Miss. He's dining out to-morrow, Master is. I'm took with you, Miss, tho I sez it.

MABEL. Oh, that's very good of you, I'm sure, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. No, Miss, it's jest nature.

MABEL. Then at what time to-morrow?

ADAMS. We takes our tea at five.

MABEL. Five o'clock. Very well.

ADAMS. (*Confidentially.*) I wouldn't have it mentioned, Miss, till the ring is passed, on account of the talking.

MABEL. I see. Very well, Mr. Adams, I won't say a word.

ADAMS. A terrible one for gossip, cook is.

MABEL. Is she?

ADAMS. And the others the same.

MABEL. It's to be a secret then. I quite understand.

ADAMS. Is there anything you'd fancy to your tea, Miss? Fish? Eggs?

MABEL. (*Reflecting.*) Well, no, I think not, thank you. It's *very* kind of you.

ADAMS. Nothing at all.

MABEL. Oh, well—might I have a few—a few shrimps?

ADAMS. Shrimps it shall be, Miss!

The last applicant is no less a personage than Noel Corkoran, a famous mountain climber and experienced man of the world. He fences with the clever society authoress on her own ground,

proves more than her match, and provokes her curiosity and interest. The first act concludes with a dialog between Noel Corkoran and Mabel Vere. The latter, finding Noel too dangerous an applicant, finally begs him to leave and to forget her foolish advertisement.

Noel Corkoran stops at a florist's shop nearby and sends back a box of flowers with his card enclosed. His address is "72 Halfmoon Street." Mabel shouts to Maud: "It's the same address, Maud! That man Adams is his butler!"

Mabel, nevertheless, runs around into Halfmoon Street to have tea with Adams the next day. The second act reveals the kitchen of Noel Corkoran's house. There we find Adams ruling over the household. There is the cook, the portly Mrs. Haines; Margaret, the anemic parlor maid, and Emily, the Cockney kitchen-maid. Class distinctions do not cease in a London kitchen, and Emily is quite beneath the contempt of the other servants. Into this atmosphere the fashionable and daring Mabel Vere presently enters. The lugubrious tea begins. Mabel soon discovers that the perfidious Adams has been making love to Mrs. Haines. Mrs. Haines and Margaret are puzzled concerning the status of the visitor; and their snobbishness is given a blow when Mabel insists upon the smudgy kitchen maid, Emily, having tea with them. Then she proceeds to give the unctious Adams a well-deserved lesson.

MABEL. Then you mean— (*Reproachfully.*) Oh, Mr. Adams, I thought you wanted to marry me. (*A pause.*)

MRS. HAINES. (*In consternation.*) You!

MABEL. (*Innocently.*) Well, we— (*Another pause. Mrs. Haines realizes the situation and becomes majestic.*)

MRS. HAINES. (*Rises.*) Adams! What have you been a' doing?

ADAMS. (*Weakly.*) There's no plans made, Mrs. 'Aines, no plans at all.

MRS. HAINES. 'Ow long am I to stand here askin' what you been doing? Adams! 'Ave you been perfidious? (*The telephone bell rings.*)

ADAMS. Telephone bell! (*He escapes hastily.*)

MRS. HAINES. (*To Mabel.*) Now, then, Miss whatever-your-name-is, I'll have it out with you. What's a' going on between you and Adams? Per'aps you'll kindly speak.

MABEL. (*Half amused.*) Well, really, it's rather difficult to tell you, Mrs. Haines. I thought—well, I certainly thought Mr. Adams admired me.

MRS. HAINES. (*In a horrid voice.*) Admired you!

MABEL. Yes. He said so.

MRS. HAINES. Has any letters passed?

MABEL. Letters? Between Mr. Adams and myself? Well, yes.

MRS. HAINES. Then you holds him to it! You got the letters. You could do it, you could do it—legal. (*She breaks down.*)

MABEL. Oh, but you mustn't think—

MRS. HAINES (*Sobbing.*) You could do it, legal.

MARGARET. (*Encouragingly.*) There, there, don't take on, Mrs. 'Aines.

MRS. HAINES. And me and him nearly settled on the little apartment 'ouse! Boo-hoo-hoo!

MABEL. But, really, Mrs. Haines, you mustn't think—

MRS. HAINES. Boo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!

MABEL. I had no idea at all—of this. Mrs. Haines, when Mr. Adams comes back we'll have a proper understanding.

EMILY. Shall I run and fetch 'im?

MARGARET. You hold your noise.

MRS. HAINES. (*Through her tears.*) Fetch her a box on the ear, do. (*Margaret rises.*)

MABEL. No, no, please! Margaret, please!

MRS. HAINES. Boo-hoo-ooo! (*Enter Adams, endeavoring to carry off the thing with a brisk and breezy air.*)

ADAMS. Telephone from Master. Dinner for four wanted early, previous to the theater. The best you can do in the time, he sez.

MRS. HAINES. There won't be no dinner cooked to-day.

MARGARET. No, and no wonder at it.

ADAMS. (*Forcibly.*) The best you can do, he sez, in the time.

MRS. HAINES. (*Sobbing.*) There won't be no dinner to-day.

MARGARET. I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Adams, that I am—you and your cruelty.

ADAMS. (*Desperately.*) It wants 'arf past five now.

MARGARET. You've drove her into the 'istericks with your carrying on, that's what you've done, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. There's no use for the 'istericks, no need at all.

MRS. HAINES. Boo-hoo-oo.

ADAMS. (*Sternly.*) Take and see about the dinner, Mrs. 'Aines, like a sensible woman. The best you can do, he sez, at 'arf past six.

MARGARET. She can't do nothing while she's in that state, as anyone might see. And I know one as'll speak about it. Shall I help you to your bed, Mrs. 'Aines? Lay down on your bed and have your cry out. You ain't fit to be up and about. (*Mrs. Haines develops wild hysterics under the sympathy of Margaret, who assists her from the room with soothing words—assisted by Emily. Mabel looks on, amazed and perplexed. Adams is frantic.*)

ADAMS. 'Ere's a pretty mess! 'Ere's a nice thing to 'appen! On my word! who ever would a' thought he'd dine at home to-night? Said most particular as he'd be out. Oh, most particular he did. Everything at once! It's always the way! Drat the woman, drat 'er!

MABEL. Well, really, I think you've only yourself to thank for it, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. Why ever did you go and speak, Miss? It was that what done it. (*Enter Emily.*)

MABEL. Well, Mr. Adams, you couldn't expect me to know that you had two flirtations. You're the guilty person.

ADAMS. (*To Emily.*) You keep your eyes to yourself, Em'ly Blake. (*Emily ducks as he tries to box her ears.*)

MABEL. Come, you're not behaving at all well, Mr. Adams. I'm surprised at you.

ADAMS. (*Frantically.*) But the dinner! Who's to cook the dinner?

MABEL. Perhaps Mrs. Haines will recover herself in time.

ADAMS. Not if I know 'er, she won't. Not a revengeful woman like *her*.

MABEL. Well, then, I don't know *what's* to be done. I'm afraid it simply serves you right. When he learns the facts, of course your master will blame *you*.

ADAMS. And 'is muscles like iron bands! (*Enter Margaret. Adams questions her eagerly.*) 'Ow is she? 'Ow is she?

MARGARET. She won't cook no dinner, she sez, not if she was to be struck dead.

ADAMS. (*Losing all control.*) Then what the 'ell's to 'appen now?

MARGARET. (*Rubbing it in.*) She's laying on her bed like a *dead* woman, she is. It's fair got the best of her. I never seen *anyone* in such a state.

MABEL. (*Calmly.*) Well, then, Mr. Adams will have to cook the dinner himself. That's the only thing for it. (*Adams stares at her incredulously.*)

ADAMS. *Me! Me* cook the dinner?

MABEL. Well, you can't expect Margaret to do it. It isn't *her* work.

MARGARET. (*Contemptuously.*) Not likely it isn't.

ADAMS. Oh, my poor 'ead! Oh, my poor 'ead! And the company comin'!

MARGARET. Double-faced feller!

ADAMS. (*Hotly.*) You hold your noise, Margaret Davis!

MARGARET. Hold your noise yourself, Mr. Adams, and speak to anyone civil.

MABEL. Please! Please! We must try and arrange something. I daresay it's not impossible. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll cook the dinner myself.

Mabel industriously sets about cooking the dinner. The little kitchen maid, Emily, grateful for her kindness, helps her. But Mabel is by no means a cook. Hearing that the "master" thinks every woman should be able to make a rice-pudding, she proceeds to make one herself. But it is a failure. The fowl burns. And in the midst of it all, in walks Noel Corkoran himself. He discovers Mabel, and decides to help her with the dinner. They sit down to peel potatoes together, both doing it very inefficiently. The conversation turns inevitably upon Mabel's advertisement. Gerald had forbidden Mabel to answer any more of the answers to the advertisement, and is so confident of his authority that he has waged bets with his friends at the Club—of which Corkoran is a member—that they would receive no more replies from "Miss X." Now, seated before the kitchen table, Corkoran discusses the matter with "Miss X" herself.

MABEL. Let me understand. You say if I reply he'll lose money?

NOEL. Lots!

MABEL. You won't tell me who he is?

NOEL. No, I will not.

MABEL. Oh, how I'd love him to lose—*whoever* he is!

NOEL. That's nice of you. I say, change your mind and come and dine with me.

MABEL. Certainly not.

NOEL. Well, ask me to dine with you.

MABEL. Perhaps—some day.

NOEL. That's a promise.

MABEL. Tell me. You said just now that Mr. er—this gentleman—likes to bet on a cert. What does that mean, exactly?

NOEL. It means you're a bit of an outsider. It means, you know you can't lose. It isn't a particularly sporting thing to do. It knocks out the whole idea of sport—and gentlemen don't do it.

MABEL. I see. Thank you! I—I wasn't quite sure. (*Enter Margaret.*)

MARGARET. If you please, sir, there's a gentleman to see you up-stairs. Says he's come to dinner.

NOEL. Come to dinner? Who is he? What's his name?

MARGARET. Mr. Wantage, sir.

NOEL. Mr. Wantage! But I put him off. I put them *all* off. Has that fool of an Adams missed him? I suppose he has. I must go up-stairs and tell the man. All right, Margaret. I'll come up. What's to be done now?

MABEL. Oh, well, now that someone's come to eat the dinner I don't mind going on cooking it.

NOEL. Really? That's most awfully good of you. But I'd much rather go up and tell the man my truly cook has died the death.

MABEL. Is he a great friend of yours, this Mr. Wantage?

NOEL. Good lord, no! I know the man, that's all. He plays a decent game of bridge. One sticks a bit for decent bridge.

MABEL. Bring him down here, will you, and make him help me cook the dinner!

NOEL. Make him what? He'd have a fit.

MABEL. Yes, but what splendid copy that would be for *me*! I mean, to watch his face.

NOEL. (*Hesitating.*) That's true.

MABEL. Ask him to come down here. You needn't say who I am. Say it's—say it's a crisis.

NOEL. Right you are!

MABEL. Mr. Wantage is the man I'm engaged to.

NOEL. (*In astonishment.*) What! But, I say, does he know about this advertising business of yours?

MABEL. *All* about it, except,—well, not about *you*.

NOEL. Yes, but, he's the man—! Oh, damn!

MABEL. Exactly. He's the man who made those bets. (*A pause.*)

NOEL. (*Deliberately.*) He *isn't* the man.

MABEL. On your honor?

NOEL. On my—

MABEL. Be careful. Don't chuck away your honor, too. (*Noel looks helpless.*) You've confirmed my own suspicions, that's all. And I'm grateful. It was quite an accident. You needn't mind.

NOEL. But look here—

MABEL. It isn't necessary to discuss it.

Noel Corkoran, having put off his guest for dinner, had intended to dine alone with Mabel at a restaurant; but she escapes in the confusion, dismayed and chagrined that her fiancé should have taken advantage of his position to

bet with his clubfellows. She expresses her displeasure immediately by answering several more of the letters of the clubmen, insuring Gerald Wantage's loss. Two or three days later he calls upon her, angrily declaring she has broken her promise. Two of the joking applicants from his club are just leaving Mabel's apartment when Wantage enters. His appearance indicates to them his lack of sportsmanship in betting. Wantage is caught. He is revealed as lacking in the best of breeding. Angrily he turns to his fiancée.

GERALD. Oh, that's it, is it? I've felt for some time that you've been wanting to break off our engagement. I suppose you've got some other chap and that's why you've played this dirty trick on me. You might have chosen a nicer way of chucking me.

MABEL. You're a bad loser, Gerald. You always were. I've given you a good many years of my life and during that time I've met dozens of men who would have married me and given me a nice home; but I stuck to you, partly because I was genuinely fond of you and partly because you gave up your indolent life and started in to work like a man. But you've neglected me now for the past year and I've realized our affair was dead. You've gone your way and I've gone mine. Oh, but it's no use talking—let's shake hands and part good pals. See, here's the little symbol—you're free. Give me a kiss and go. I think I'm going to cry.

GERALD. The woman's last weapon—it doesn't touch me. You want your freedom. All right, but don't try sentiment on me, it doesn't work. I don't write books and I don't like scenes. Good-by. (At door.) I must congratulate you on being off with the old love before—oh, well— (Mabel breaks down.)

But Mabel's troubles are not ended with his departure. The hypocritical butler, Adams, visits her, attempting to blackmail her. He begins to be insulting just as Noel Corkoran appears and dismisses the man. Inevitably the stage is left to Noel and Mabel. The concluding scene is typical of Cyril Harcourt's adroit dramaturgy.

NOEL. I do like privacy. Don't you?

MABEL. At times.

NOEL. Of course. Everyone does. You're not wearing your engagement ring, I see.

MABEL. No, I—I've given it back.

NOEL. It was pearls and diamonds, wasn't it? (Mabel won't answer.) I think sapphires and diamonds would suit you better, perhaps, if ever you were to think of—

MABEL. Would you mind ringing the bell again, please! Franklin's being rather a long time with tea.

NOEL. Ah, nothing ever seems to come as fast as one wants it to, does it? Even tea. (He pretends to ring the bell.) And how long am I to wait, I wonder, before I'm invited to dinner.

MABEL. Would you think it very horrid of me if I asked you to let me cancel that dinner?



HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

With the aid of a "cookery book"—the scene is a London kitchen—Miss Marie Tempest as a popular lady novelist in search of "copy" attempts to cook a fowl.

NOEL. Cancel it! Why do that?

MABEL. Do you remember what I told you about—about knowing strange men?

NOEL. Yes.

MABEL. Well, I don't like it. I don't like dashing into intimacies. Men may write rude letters to me and servants may say I'm not respectable, but that isn't to say that it's true—or that I'm to be stuffed with food in restaurants by every man who asks me.

NOEL. As for this dinner, I merely reminded you of it because you suggested it yourself.

MABEL. I suggested it.

NOEL. In my own kitchen.

MABEL. (Remembering.) Oh.

NOEL. (Playing with her.) But it isn't of the least consequence. We will cancel it. And with regard to being intimate, I dare say you're quite right. In fact, I'm sure you are. After what you said, of course I ought not to have come. I'm sorry—and I'll go. Good-by. (He rises to go—Mabel is rather taken back.)

MABEL. Oh, but I didn't mean that you couldn't have some tea—now you're here.

NOEL. Thanks! But if dinner is to be regarded as such an insuperable objection, I think tea must be looked upon in the same light.

MABEL. (Coldly.) Oh, just as you please, of course. (She picks up a book.)

NOEL. Then good-by! (He goes to door.)

MABEL. I think you're extremely rude—considering that I ordered tea specially for you.

NOEL. (Cheerfully.) Oh, of course, in that case, if you make a point of it, I will stay.

MABEL. I didn't ask you to be condescending.

NOEL. No, no, of course not.

MABEL. There's a fitness in things.

NOEL. Oh! there is.

MABEL. I didn't say I wouldn't ask you to dinner.

NOEL. I understood— Oh. I'm very

glad. Am I to understand then, now, that we are to dine together?

MABEL. I don't know. Perhaps.

NOEL. Perhaps, when?

MABEL. When?

NOEL. When. This day—three weeks?

MABEL. (Reflectively.) I don't know that there's any objection to—to this day three weeks.

NOEL. This day fortnight would suit me equally well, if you—

MABEL. I don't think I have any engagement for—for this day fortnight.

NOEL. Then we'll say this day fortnight. In the meantime I think I shall run over to Paris.

MABEL. (Blankly.) Paris?

NOEL. Yes.

MABEL. (Suddenly.) Oh! I've just remembered. I may not be in town this day fortnight.

NOEL. H'm. That's awkward, isn't it?

MABEL. This day week wouldn't suit you, I suppose?

NOEL. Well, it would mean putting off Paris, of course. Still—

MABEL. Oh, I wouldn't dream of asking you to do that. What day to you think of going to Paris?

NOEL. I was rather thinking of going on Saturday.

MABEL. And to-day's Thursday, isn't it?

NOEL. Yes. I suppose to-morrow wouldn't—

MABEL. I believe I'm dining out to-morrow. Yes, I am.

NOEL. (Goes up to her.) That only leaves to-night. And, of course, to-night—well, it might be a little soon to dine together to-night, mightn't it? (Pause.) H'm—that's a pity.

MABEL. Of course I—I don't want to break my word to you.

NOEL. No. I'm quite sure you don't. You're not that sort of woman.

MABEL. Well, then, shall we—(desperately) shall we say to-night?

NOEL. I'm in your hands entirely. But if you're engaged—

MABEL. (*Hurriedly.*) Oh, no, I'm not engaged. (*Hand on his arm.*)

NOEL. Very well, then, to-night. *Sapphires* and diamonds I think you said, didn't you?

MABEL. (*Desperately.*) Oh! do be quiet!

NOEL. Spinks is the best place. You know Spinks, don't you? Shall we go now or after tea?

MABEL. (*In confusion.*) Do you want to make me—?

NOEL. Yes. You advertised for a husband. Here I am. Will you have me?

MABEL. I—don't know.

NOEL. Will you have me?

MABEL. I tell you I don't know.

NOEL. Yes, you do.

MABEL. (*Pouting.*) I don't.

NOEL. Well then say no.

MABEL. (*Hurt.*) No?

NOEL. When a woman says no she means yes. Say no!

MABEL. I won't say no. Yes, I will. (*With all her heart.*) NO!

AN AMERICAN NEGRO WHOSE MUSIC STIRS THE BLOOD OF WARRING ITALY

AMERICA seems destined to supply musical as well as material sinews of war to the Allied cause. "Tipperary" was the creation of a New York Jew, tho written in England. Now, according to advices from Italy, that traditional land of song is throbbing to the accents of a song by an American negro who has probably never set foot on Italian soil. Harry T. Burleigh's "The Young Warrior," in its Italian guise as "Il Giovane Guerriero," is to-day sung all over Italy. Maestro Riccardo Zandonai, the foremost of the younger Italian school, and the composer of "Conchita" and "Francesca da Rimini" (to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera House next season), has orchestrated the song and dedicated the score to his American colleg.

This is high honor for "a negro-boy from Erie, Pa." "The Young Warrior" is not to be classed with "Tipperary," which is of a pretty cheap order. Burleigh's song is the product of a fine musicianly imagination, a talent not of mushroom growth but of thoro artistic development. When Amato sang the song at the Biltmore, in New York City, for an Allied benefit, it proved, according to the *New York Tribune*, to be "the sensation of the evening." It is, adds this newspaper, "a splendidly spirited martial song, and ought to thrill many an Italian crowd in after-years."

It usually needs some such sensational, tho relatively unimportant, occurrence as this to bring genius to light, as far as the public is concerned. Needless to say, "The Young Warrior" is not the only thing that Mr. Burleigh has done. He has been producing and publishing music of high quality for years. He has written many songs, some of them of racial significance, some of universal interest, but all of intrinsic musical value and genuine appeal. "Jean," one of his earliest creations, is a favorite in many thousand homes and vocal studios, and his settings of native negro melodies are perhaps the most faithful in spirit of the many that have been made. There is also, Mr. A. Walter Kramer, writing in *Musical America*, reminds us, his cycle of "Saracen Songs," his five Laurence Hope set-

tings, his "Passionale," his deeply-felt musical tone-paintings of Arthur Symonds's "Memory," "A Prayer," the *scena* "The Gray Wolf," his superb setting of Walt Whitman's "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors" and his "One Year," a musical mood of the war from 1914 to 1915. Of more recent origin still is the setting of Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier," and concerning this Mr. Kramer says:

"I think that this Burleigh setting of Rupert Brooke's inspired lines will be among the important art-products of the Great War, when the record is made. It is a composition that will stir deeply those who hear it; and best of all it is vital, because it is not a contribution to a cause but a spontaneous musical reflection of Brooke's sublime sentiment."

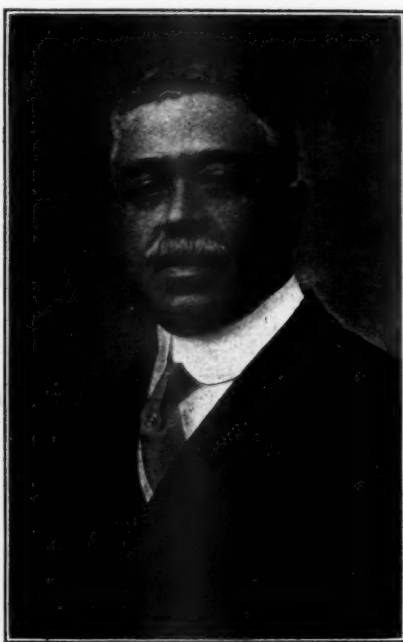
Harry Burleigh's career is nothing if not romantic. It reads like a tale from a child's story-book. To begin with, according to *Musical America*, he is a "self-made musician." That is to say, while of course he had teachers, he had no material help from any source and had a serious handicap to boot—the much-discussed "color line." It is indeed rare that a negro is recognized among musical artists as a

fellow and a peer. Outside of America it has happened just once, and the sobriquet, "the American Coleridge-Taylor," which Burleigh has earned for himself, is significant. When Burleigh was a child his parents were in the service of a family named Russell, in Erie, Pa., and it was from hearing the great artists that visited the Russell home that the little negro lad got his ambition. Once, we learn from Mr. Kramer, he heard that the great Rafael Joseffy was to give a concert there.

"He would hear it at any cost; so he stood in the snow up to his knees outside the window of the drawing-room of the Russell house. There he heard the great Joseffy in his fullest powers. The lad was taken ill, pneumonia threatened, and, in answer to his mother's inquiries, he told of the hours in the deep snow. The mother, realizing that such a happening ought to be prevented for the future, went to Mrs. Russell and asked if Harry might not help in the house when artists performed. Mrs. Russell was moved by this plea and arranged that he might 'open the door' at the next visit of a concert artist to Erie.

"At the next concert Teresa Carreño was the visiting artist. In those days she was making her early American tours. With her was a kindly lady, of whose identity the boy had no knowledge. But she played an important part in his musical life. The day Mme. Carreño played Harry Burleigh opened the door of the Russell home for the arriving and departing guests and helped the maids wait upon them. He saw the kindly lady and remembered her. He saw nothing more of her until 1892. It was then that he came down from Erie to New York—he said nothing about his mission to his family—for he had heard of the scholarships that the National Conservatory of Music was offering. He had studied voice in Erie and had sung in the churches there. The examinations were on and he entered the lists in voice."

He finally secured a scholarship with the help of Mrs. MacDowell, the mother of the great composer, Edward MacDowell. She was no other than the "kind lady" of Mme. Carreño's party, and proved to be the secretary of the Conservatory. He now studied voice, harmony and counterpoint. He played double bass and tympany in the orchestra under Frank van der Stucken, was librarian of the orchestra and—most important—met Dvorák. Altho not directly under the master's tuition,



A SELF-MADE MUSICIAN

Harry T. Burleigh has been aptly termed "the American Coleridge-Taylor." His new song, "The Young Warrior," is said to inspire the soldiers of Italy.

Burleigh knew Dvorák better than he was known by many of his regularly enrolled pupils. He copied many of the orchestral parts of the "New World" Symphony from the original score to get it ready for the first performance. He is able to give testimony as to the authenticity of the negro "material" in this famous work, and, indeed, he himself frequently played and sang the old negro songs for Dvorák, who at once recognized their beauty and individuality. To continue the story:

"Obstacles confronted the young man who was getting his musical education at the conservatory. His tuition was free, to be sure, but his living expenses were an item that caused much concern. Dur-

ing the summer following his first year at the conservatory he went to Saratoga, then the American summer resort *par excellence*, and served wine at the leading hotel. But the second summer he had advanced; this time he went to Saratoga as baritone soloist at the Bethesda Episcopal Church. And from that time things went better.

"In 1894, competing with sixty applicants, he won the position of baritone soloist at St. George's Church in New York."

Shortly after, he was engaged at the Temple Emanu-El. He has toured in Europe and in this country as a concert baritone and has won much praise for his gifts as a singer.

Concerning his compositions this man is so modest that he refuses to

talk about them. He contends that he is merely a singer; but it seems inevitable that the world will assign to his work a place of permanence, for discerning critics are already eulogizing him as a composer. Mr. Kramer's concluding words are well worth noting:

"This man is a composer by divine right and, what is more, he is a thinker, a man who writes music not because he enjoys seeing his name on the program of some singer but because he feels deeply, profoundly, in the language of tone. I left him with my firm conviction that H. T. Burleigh is contributing to American art-song examples of creative music that deserve world-wide attention and respect."

THE OBSCURE PIONEER OF THE NEWEST ART IN THE THEATER

LIGHT is becoming the dominating force in the revolution of scenic art in the theater. The new school of stage-setting exemplified in the work of such artists as Granville Barker, Léon Bakst and Joseph Urban is not, if we may believe illuminating experts, the last word. These men have emphasized backgrounds and scenic accessories at the expense of the actor. They have made wonderful color harmonies, and have rivaled painters with their huge canvas "drops." They have forgotten, however, the three-dimensional nature of the stage. They have subordinated the actor and the drama, often completely obliterating our interest in the action by reason of their extraordinarily sumptuous and brilliant settings. The masters of lighting, on the other hand, are able to give atmosphere instead of definite locality, and to concentrate interest upon the action. Their scenery is plastic.

The new art is still in an experimental and potential stage, as Bassett Jones pointed out in a paper on the possibilities of stage-lighting recently presented to the Society of Illuminating Engineers. However rapid developments in the new art may become in the next few years, it has already taken more than two decades for the theater to wake up to the tremendous possibilities of plastic scenery. This amazing fact is pointed out in the *Musical Quarterly* by Carl Van Vechten, who directs our attention to the true pioneer of the new movement, Adolphe Appia.

In 1893, Appia published his book "*La mise-en-scène du drame Wagnérien*." The book attracted but little attention until it was translated and published in Germany in 1899. Mr. Van Vechten declares that Appia's influence on artists working at stage dec-

oration has been greater than that of any other single man, not excepting Gordon Craig. Yet his career has been strangely obscure. Mr. Van Vechten by diligent inquiry learned that Appia was Swiss-French. Loomis Taylor reported as follows: "Five years ago I was informed by Mrs. Houston Stewart Chamberlain that Appia was slowly but surely starving to death in some picturesque surroundings in Switzerland. I then tried to get various people in Germany interested in him. . . . Two years later, before his starving process had reached its conclusion, I heard of him as collaborator with Jacques-Dalcroze at his temple of rhythm on the banks of the Elbe, outside of Dresden, where, I think, up to the outbreak of the war, Appia was doing very good work; but what has become of him since I do not know." Mr. Taylor wrote in addition: "By being one of the first—if not *the* first—to put in writing the inconsistency of using painted perspective scenery and painted shadows with human beings on the stage, Appia became the fighter for plastic scenery."

Mr. Van Vechten, who for some time has championed the ideas of Adolphe Appia in this country, finds the most adequate explanation of this pioneer's work in H. K. Moderwell's "*The Theater of To-day*" (Lane). He quotes from this book:

"Appia started with the principle that the setting should make the actor the all-important fact on the stage. He saw the realistic impossibility of the realistic setting, and destructively analyzed the current modes of lighting and perspective effects. But, unlike the members of the more conventional modern school, he insisted that the stage is a three-dimension space and must be handled so as to make its depth living. He felt a contradiction between the living actor and the dead setting. He wished to bind them into one

whole—the drama. How was this to be done?

"Appia's answer to this question is his chief claim to greatness—genius almost. His answer was—'By means of the lighting.' He saw the deadliness of the contemporary methods of lighting, and envisaged with a sort of inspiration the possibilities of new methods which have since become common. This was at a time when he had at his disposal none of the modern lighting systems. His foreseeing of modern practice by means of rigid Teutonic logic in the service of the artist's intuition makes him one of the two or three foremost theorists of the modern movement."

For Appia, lighting is the spiritual core, the very soul of the drama, says Mr. Moderwell. The whole action should be contained in it, "somewhat as we feel the physical body of a friend to be contained in his personality." He continues:

"Appia's second great principle is closely connected with this. While the setting is obviously inanimate, the actor must in every way be emphasized and made living. And this can be accomplished, he says, only by a wise use of lighting, since it is the lights and shadows on a human body which reveal to our eyes the fact that the body is 'plastic'—that is, a flexible body of three dimensions. Appia would make the setting suggest only the atmosphere, not the reality of the thing it stands for, and would soften and beautify it with the lights. The actor he would throw constantly into prominence while keeping him always a part of the scene. All the elements and all the action of the drama he would bind together by the lights and shadows.

"With the most minute care each detail of lighting, each position of each character, in Appia's productions, is studied out so that the dramatic meaning shall always be evident. Hence any setting of his contains vastly more thought than is visible at a glance. It is designed to serve for every exigency of the scene—so that a character here shall be in full light at

a certain point, while talking directly to a character who must be quite in the dark, or that the light shall just touch the fringe of one character's robe as she dies, or that the action shall all take place unimpeded, and so on. At the same time, needless to say, Appia's stage pictures are of the highest artistic beauty."

Evidently with the development of the art of illumination, Appia has realized even more fully the possibilities of lighting. Through its use he has been able to dispense more and more with "representative" scenery, since Mr. Moderwell is able to inform Mr.

Van Vechten that Appia "by this time . . . has hit his 'third manner.' It's all cubes and parallelograms." Yet it would be a mistake to think these cubes and parallelograms remain merely such and such only under the magic art of an Appia.

ENGLAND'S NEW DECLARATION OF MUSICAL INDEPENDENCE

THAT the great war will have some sort of permanent effect upon art seems to be a general belief. What that effect will be is largely problematical. As regards music, we have heard a great deal of nonsense about the boycotting of one nation's music by another, of assertions by eminent Frenchmen that all German music is barbaric and should therefore be avoided, of apparently serious utterances to the effect that in the music of Wagner and Strauss, as in Nietzschean philosophy, is to be found an underlying cause of the war, and so forth. These outpourings are not perhaps given serious considerations, yet they are not unlikely to affect the course of national musical art in various countries.

It is an accepted historical fact that the modern French school of composition practically owes its existence to the Franco-Prussian war, for it was then that France threw off the German influence in musical matters. Now we hear from England the first echoes of a similar "declaration of independence." Not only is the German yoke to be abandoned permanently, but the nation is warned equally against the acceptance of another threatened tyranny, against the substitution of the yoke of a friendly power. We learn from the London *Musical Times* that in Russia a committee has been formed, under the patronage of highly-placed personages, "with a view to encouraging the introduction of Russian music into the United Kingdom," and this news is taken by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, writing in the same journal, as the basis of an argument for the creation of a bulwark against foreign influence. The nucleus of such a bulwark has, in fact, already been created in the form of an English Music Society, which is to attempt "the consolidation and furtherance of a national outlook on our own music." To quote Mr. Scott:

"At a time when we are defending our political existence, it is opportune to consider whether we should not fight for other things also—things even more precious to us than—material possessions. We are aware of foes without. Are we sufficiently alive to more insidious, disintegrating forces which lurk within?"

"We own an imperium over, I believe, a third of the globe. Where is the musical

soul, proudly-poised, clear-eyed, alert, which should parallel such a gigantic phenomenon, or adequately reflect, even, the spirit of that more limited but not unimportant area which we call England? In truth it might have been said (it is fortunately less true now) that we had gained the world only to lose this soul."

The writer goes on to say that England had "such a soul." He recites the glories of English music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when in some respects it led the world and supplied other nations with a source of inspiration. He claims that the fashion set for foreign music under Charles II. was responsible for the following of "false gods," and that hence the English persuaded themselves that the genius of France was their genius, that Handel was their Messiah, and that Mendelssohn was their prophet. But fortunately, in the meantime an enthusiasm for the old madrigals was maintained by isolated individuals, and, more important, the English village life stored and treasured for the country "a wealth of native song, unsullied by foreign elements, the very spirit of England and her folk." Now the country is "moving towards happier conditions." Mr. Scott sounds the clarion call, "the time is propitious and must be taken by the forelock":

"It may be said at once that with the complex developments of modern life, the easy intercourse of one nation with another and the almost overwhelming resources of present-day art (through which sincerity of utterance may well fail), it is difficult to arrive at a *rationale* of nationalism that will stand every test of criticism. A musician of undoubted excellence, like Delius, tho born in England, may be hard to place in any national category; another, like Cyril Scott, may seem to have no predecessor among his own countrymen in the line of his special style. In short, individuality must be reckoned with as well as nationality; and much discussion will turn upon the relative claims of these two factors.

"But this much is certain: Individuality, however great, cannot be independent of influence. The mightiest artist, as someone has said, has always a thousand others behind him—and this not only in the matter of artifice but of spirit; and the problem for us is so to organize our musical life that the right influences pour in upon us,—on composer, executant, and public alike.

"What should those influences be? To answer this we may ask another question, What is art for? Different replies may be given. This is surely the most commendable: To interpret national life; to raise national feeling into a religion, so that *vox populi* becomes for us, in very truth, *vox Dei*."

After arguing against the hybrid growth of international art, an art which has drawn its inspiration from the whole world as a sort of huge "no-man's land," and condemning such an art as "unstable," Mr. Scott continues:

"How different it is with the firmly-rooted forms of national music; with that very music of the Russian school (the merits of which appear to be so evident to the English public, but its origins so unapprehended). Based upon the language of a people, upon its folk-song, it becomes a way of thinking characteristic of that people, and an influence molding the character of each successive generation that arises to represent it, so that, altho we may not know the artist, we know whence the art came."

High esthetic standards are of course necessary for English music, and beauty must be the ultimate test; but "these standards," says Mr. Scott, "will best be discovered by developing our own resources rather than adopting those of a foreign habit." He concludes:

"Yet it were better for us even to say of our music, 'It is a poor thing, but mine own,' than 'It is a splendid thing, but, effectively, my neighbor's.' From which this policy emerges: Let our musical heritage be made clear to all; let the Church music of Tallis and Byrd sound in our ears; let our Elizabethan madrigals be witness to the fact that, in the words of Ravenscroft (of that time), we could 'surpass the tuning of any string' which the foreigner 'ensampled' to us; let us know of Purcell and of any of our musicians who have produced beautiful work, and reflected in any vital way the English spirit . . . But, above all, let us drink deep of the pure waters of our folk-song; let it be taken in by our children almost with their mothers' milk; let it be remembered as a sort of spiritual standard in our musical institutions and throughout the whole range of our musical activities.

"What the result will be no man can foretell. But that it would yield finer fruits than we were able to gather during the centuries when we forgot such principles as these may safely be predicted."

"O'FLAHERTY V. C."—BERNARD SHAW'S SUPPRESSED PLAY DEPICTING THE HORRORS OF HEROISM

NOT even in Dublin has George Bernard Shaw's "war play" been produced. Altho it was originally intended for the Abbey Theater there, not even the influence of Lady Gregory was strong enough to secure a single performance of "O'Flaherty V. C." In London, owing to the temper of the public and to the censorship, a production was manifestly impossible. Shaw depicts in his play what we might term the horrors of heroism and the atrocities of peace. Managers feel that this is not the time to juggle with the paradoxes of life and death. Shaw's play evidently offends both the Irish and the English. Even American producers, we are informed by Henry T. Parker, of the Boston *Transcript*, have not been keen to risk a production of Mr. Shaw's "interlude in the Great War." Lady Gregory, we are informed, brought over a privately printed copy of the play last winter, and only a privileged few have read this amusing "dialog" in one act. Mr. Parker, one of these few, gives us an excellent summary in the *Transcript*.

The scene is the lawn of Sir Pearce Madigan's country house in Ireland, one summer afternoon in 1915. O'Flaherty is a private of the English service, who had come back on furlough from the trenches in France to receive his Victoria Cross from the king himself. Thus, for a time he is enabled to play the hero in his native Irish town, and to encourage recruiting in the neighborhood. A contrasting figure is Sir Pearce, a retired officer of the British army, landlord of the neighborhood, and an exemplar of all the traditions of British soldiery. Then there is O'Flaherty's mother, and Tessie, the maid-servant, to whom O'Flaherty had formerly been engaged, but who is now not quite the sort of person the "V. C." is interested in. "Mr. Shaw animates and characterizes O'Flaherty into a vivid, vital and believable figure of life and the theater in the present hour," to quote Mr. Parker, "and he enriches him with more than one quality of what may be called the new Irish temperament."

The play opens practically with young O'Flaherty's confession that the business of being a hero for the benefit of recruiting is beginning to bore him. "What with the standing on my legs all day, and the shaking hands, and the making speeches—and what's worse, listening to 'em—and the calling for cheers for king and country, and the saluting the flag, and the listening to 'God Save the King' and 'Tipperary,' and trying to make my eyes look moist like a man in a picture-book," O'Fla-

herty begins to long for the peace and quiet of trenches anywhere in France. Sir Pearce discusses modern warfare with the young hero, and we learn that the Irishman's reasons for fighting are in no respect those which the pompous British officer ascribes to him. O'Flaherty does not hesitate to voice his reactions:

"That was what I got to know, that fighting was easier than it looked and that the others were as much afraid of me as I was of them and that if I only held out long enough, they would lose heart and give up. . . . I know quite well why I killed 'em—because I was afraid that if I didn't, they would kill me. . . . I've learned more than you think going into the wide world as a soldier. Don't talk to me or to any soldier of the war being right. No war is right and all the holy water that Father Quinn ever blessed couldn't make one right."

Sir Pearce Madigan voices those opinions which we may assume are representative of Mr. Shaw's opponents on the British press. "The war has uplifted us in a wonderful way," protests Sir Pearce. He drags out all the old shopworn shibboleths, such as "the world will never be the same again." To all of which O'Flaherty's reply comes with strength and freshness: "That's what they all say, sir. I see no great 'differ' myself. It's all the fight and the excitement, and when that quiets down, they'll go back to their natural divilment and be the same as ever."

Presently the young soldier's mother appears. The "V. C." explains that she is very much like the English and the German women. "They think there's no one like themselves. It's the same with the Germans, tho they are educated and ought to know better." Mother O'Flaherty is quite sure that every illustrious figure in history—"from Venus to Gladstone"—is Irish. She believes that single-handed her son overthrew the German Emperor himself and no less than twelve of the Imperial guardsmen. Mrs. O'Flaherty knew that her son was going to fight with the French and Russians, but it never occurred to her that they could not be fighting against the English. When she learns that her son's Victoria Cross was bestowed by the King of England himself, she is amazed and angry, exclaiming, "You'd take the hand of a tyrant red with the blood of Ireland!" But presently she forgets her wrath in her curiosity about the Queen. O'Flaherty replies: "She didn't know what to say to me, poor woman, and I didn't know what to say to her, God help me!" A quarrel between mother, son and Tessie, the maid, en-

sues. O'Flaherty comes to the conclusion that the women want him back at the front in order to enjoy his pension. "If I ever marry, I'd marry a Frenchwoman," he exclaims. Finally, in reply to the question, "What's come over you?" he breaks out:

"What's happened to everybody? That's what I want to know. What's happened to you that I thought all the world of and was afear'd of? What's happened to Sir Pearce that I thought was a great general and that I now see to be no more fit to command an army than an old hen? What's happened to Tessie that I was mad to marry a year ago and that I wouldn't take now with all Ireland for her fortune? I tell you the world's creation is crumbling in ruins about me, and then you come and ask what's happened to me!"

Thus, after all, we are led to conclude, does the soldier return from the front with a new backbone under his tunic, to quote Mr. Parker, new horizons before his eyes, new notions of living in his mind and heart. He begins to see men, women and things as they really are. This infuriates both his mother and Tessie, until they turn upon each other. The climax comes in a wild and whirling Irish "scrap," which is, to quote the Boston writer, "a duel of Irish volubility, vehemence, reproach and recrimination, a very bombardment of epithet and assertion, that rends the circumambient air." The women are finally thrust into the house.

O'FLAHERTY. What a discontented sort of animal man is, sir. Only a month ago I was in the quiet of the country out at the front, except the ducks and the bellow of a cow in the distance as it might be, and the shrapnel making little clouds in the heavens and the shells whistling, and maybe a yell or two when one of us was hit. And would you believe it, sir, I complained of the noise and wanted to have a peaceful time at home. Well, them two has taught me a lesson. This morning, sir, when I was telling the boys here how I was longing to be back, taking my part for king and country with the others, I was lying as you well know, sir. Now I can go and say it with a clean conscience. Some likes war's alarms and some likes home-life. I've tried both, sir, and I'm all for war's alarms now. I always was a quiet lad by natural disposition.

SIR PEARCE. Strictly between ourselves, O'Flaherty, and as one soldier to another, do you think we should have got an army without conscription, if domestic life had been as happy as people say it is?

O'FLAHERTY. Well, between you and me and the wall, Sir Pearce, I think the less we say about that until the war is over, the better. . . . (*The thrush sings; the jay laughs, and upon this note of tranquil irony, the curtain falls.*)

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

THE PARADOX OF THE SOIL AND THE PLANT

MAN'S control of nature's cycle involves a paradox of soil and plant which only now begins to be appreciated. Any process which, generally speaking, is fatal to life proves ultimately beneficial to fertility of the soil, whereas any process beneficial to life proves ultimately harmful to the soil. The point is elaborated by Dr. E. J. Russell in a bulletin of the Royal Institution in London dealing with the fact that the upper layer of the soil alone is well adapted for plant growth.

This distinction, says Doctor Russell, did not always exist. When the soil was first laid down it was all like the subsoil. Something has happened to bring about a change. Observations on land slips and cliff falls, and direct experiment, all show that whenever subsoil is left exposed to the air it begins to cover itself with vegetation, the seeds of which are blown or carried about. The first plants that come up draw some of their food materials from the soil and they build up their leaf and stem tissues partly out of this and partly out of the carbon dioxide in the air. The process requires that energy should be put into it. In this case the energy comes from sunshine. As neither energy nor matter is ever destroyed in natural processes, they are added to the mineral matter of the soil after these plants die, and their leaves, stems and so forth become mingled with it. Direct experiment shows that this addition of plant residues is beneficial to plant growth, and it is now beginning to be known that the difference between the surface and the subsoil lies largely in the presence of residues left by generations of plants that have lived and died there. The problem is to find why the plant residues are so beneficial.

These plant residues contain carbon and oxygen in large proportions, hydrogen and nitrogen in smaller proportions, and lesser quantities of phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium and so on. The chief reaction in the soil is an oxidation. Oxygen is absorbed and carbon dioxide given out in approximately equal volume. The carbohydrates of the plant disappear very rapidly. Some of the cellulose takes longer and gives rise to the black humus familiar to all gardeners. The nitrogen appears as nitrate. This last is not quite what one would expect.

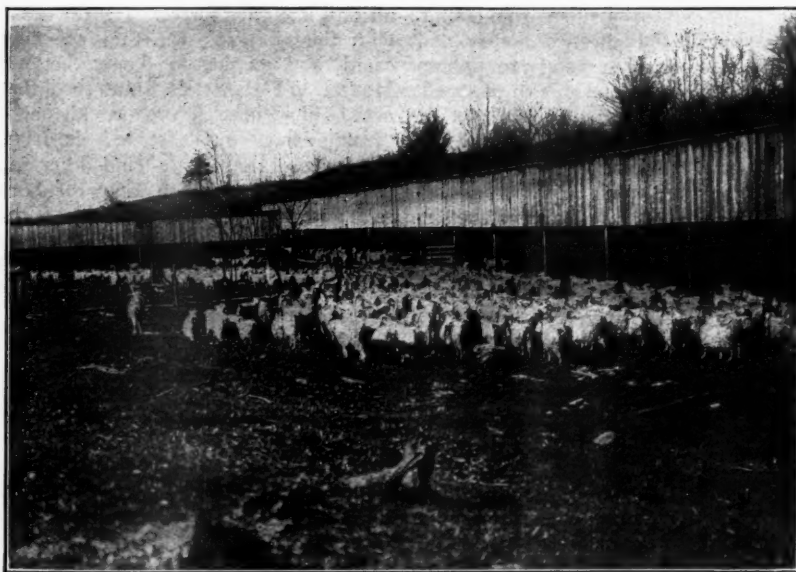
In the decomposition of protein as studied in the laboratories the result is always a mixture of amino-acids. Under the action of putrefactive bacteria the decomposition is carried a stage further, yielding ammonia and other bases; but nitrates are not found by the processes of the chemist. At first sight, therefore, the laboratory decomposition appears quite distinct from that in the soil; but closer study now shows that this is not so. Representatives of the groups isolated in the laboratory can be found in the soil and, what is still more to the point, if a trace of chloroform or toluene be added to the soil no nitrate is formed, but ammonia accumulates instead. When a trace of untreated soil is added the process starts again, and nitrate is found as usual. Doctor Russell, as *London Nature* reports him, proceeds:

"Thus it appears that ammonia is the precursor of nitrates, and is itself preceded by the usual amino-acids. The distinguishing feature of the soil decomposition is simply that it is carried several stages further.

"This decomposition is absolutely indispensable to the plant; the initial products—the proteins—are useless for plant nutrition; the intermediate products are not much good; the ammonia is considerably better, while the final stage—the nitrate—is the best of all."

It must not be supposed, says Doctor Russell, on the other hand, that the organisms bringing about these changes are the only ones in the soil or that they lead their lives quite independently of the rest of the soil population. Indeed, they could scarcely do so in any case, for there is only a limited store of food and energy and whatever is not helping them is hindering them. Numerous experiments tend to show that there is some factor—neither food, air, water nor temperature—which is operating to keep down their numbers:

"As it is put out of action by heating to 55° C., or by traces of volatile antiseptics, and can be reintroduced by adding a little untreated soil, it is presumably biological, and the evidence shows that it consists in part at least of certain amoebæ; it is quite possible that other forms are involved as well. But whatever the detrimental organisms may be, they impede the work of the organisms producing plant food in the soil. Fortunately they are put out of action more easily, so that we get the apparent paradox that any process fatal to life (but not too fatal) proves ultimately beneficial to fertility, while any process beneficial to life proves ultimately harmful. Long frost, drought, heat, therefore, benefit the useful makers of plant food, while prolonged warmth, moisture, and treatment with organic manures lead to deterioration or to 'sickness,' as the practical man puts it."



THE AMERICANIZED GOAT IN HIS MILKED GLORY

Every experiment at this great station in the state of New York justifies the claim made for the goat as the safest source of the milk supply of the future.

RECENT DAIRY TRIUMPHS OF THE GOAT OVER THE COW

MANY years have not elapsed since Professor Micard, in speaking of the 130,000 goats and kids which at that time were brought to Paris every spring for slaughter in the shambles of La Villette, declared that amongst all these animals the meat inspectors had never found a single case of tuberculosis. In that statement, observes the *London Lancet*, lies the essence of the argument in favor of goat's milk as a substitute for cow's milk, an argument brought forward by a very numerous body to-day. Despite all efforts of the legislators, the danger of infection through the milk of diseased cows still exists. Goats, if not actually immune, are very refractory to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus. It is a curious fact, all the same, that goat's milk, in spite of its manifold advantages, does not become really popular in Great Britain or the United States. Energetic efforts to popularize the use of this valuable and healthful article of diet do not have an appreciable result. In many countries, however, it is a common article of diet. In some parts of France and Switzerland the goat often takes the part of the wet nurse, to the great satisfaction of all parties.

Once the initial expense of its purchase has been met, a goat, when circumstances are favorable, may cost

very little to keep, as a considerable part of its food may consist of garden waste or of what the animal itself may find in its browsings along the roadside and hedges. Many goats thrive well when stall-fed; but this, of course, costs a great deal more money. The animal can be kept in health if it has a clean, dry, well-ventilated shed to serve as a stable and a small yard or enclosure in which it can take occasional exercise. A goat, in fact, if it be hand-fed, does not require more space than a St. Bernard dog, and if well treated the goat may yield as much as four to five pints of milk a day and even more. The milk is believed to be more easily digested than cow's milk, the curd being more soluble and the fat in finer emulsion. The goat will not touch dirty food and is far cleaner in its person and habits than a cow. Its milk need not be boiled nor Pasteurized unless it has to be kept in very hot weather. Summarizing the reports of the National Goat Club and in the light of experiments conducted under the auspices of the British Goat Society, we have the *London Lancet* concluding:

"The keeping of goats might be expected to do something towards the solution of the milk question, especially in suburbs or the outskirts of small towns,

and especially in country districts, where it is often particularly acute. The great merits of the goat from the medical point of view are, first, that it is very rarely affected by tuberculosis, and, secondly, that if the animal is kept by the consumer himself the necessity for manipulating the milk in various ways, for storing it, and sending it long distances by train, as happens commonly with cow's milk, is obviated. On the other side is the liability of the goat to undulant fever, which in this country is not at present, at least, a serious risk, and the uncertainty of the yield and of maintaining a steady supply, unless several goats are kept.

"If goat keeping is to do anything of importance towards solving the milk difficulty it is clear that a good deal of organization will be necessary. It does not seem that it would be prudent to expect a goat to be in profitable milking for more than one year out of eighteen months, or perhaps fifteen months out of two years, remembering the period of gestation and allowing a reasonable interval after the animal dries off. For a regular supply, therefore, two or more she-goats must be kept and a he-goat must be available. These considerations seem to lead to the conclusion that a system of cooperation in areas is essential if the goat movement is to be put on a practical basis and to have the important and far-reaching results, especially in regard to the health of infants and children, which its enthusiastic promoters believe it capable of achieving."

INADEQUACY OF ANGLO-SAXON CHEMISTRY TO THE SYNTHETIC DYE CRISIS

ADYE factory, observes *The Scientific American*, may be transformed within so short an interval as one week or, say, ten days into a factory for the production of high explosives. The same materials are used and, up to a certain point, even the same processes. In the light of statistics very recently collected, we are now, after eighteen months of feverish activity, in a position to produce thirty-three tons of carbolic acid a day. This is equivalent to about eighty tons of picric acid a day. This, again, is the equivalent of about 53,000 shells per day. Our expert contemporary recalls that, in a single day of fighting, the western allies in the European war consumed approximately a million shells.

Were the United States not equipped with the temporary plants now in service and were it at the same time suddenly confronted by a great war, it would have to spend eighteen months to get into a position to produce 53,000 shells every day. Moreover, the United States would have to continue this production for three weeks in

order to prepare for a single day of real battle.

It has not occurred to many of us, says the *Scientific American*, to look upon the process of making delicate tints and shades as one capable of being turned almost over night into a powerful factor of defense.

"Viewed in this way, is there not every reason why your dye industries should receive the protection they require? It is impracticable to lay by large stores of high explosives. Far better is it to have our ammunition plants kept ever ready for war service by using them in time of peace to manufacture commercial products. If our dye industry were developed to such a point as to produce all the dyestuffs used in this country (estimated at 60,000,000 pounds per year), we would be capable in time of war of producing 100 tons of high explosives, such as picric acid and trinitrotoluol. At an average of three pounds of high explosive per shell, we would be able on a week's notice to produce 67,000 shells per day, which, while not at all sufficient for a battle such as that of the Marne, would at least give us a nucleus of formidable proportions."

There is no reason, we are assured,

why we should not produce all the dyes we need in this country. Raw materials are plentiful. Only a very few of the processes are hedged about by patents.

But *London Nature* views the subject from a different angle. It suspects that the Germans have attained by long study and through much practical experience a first-hand knowledge which the Anglo-Saxons will not easily compete with. The certainty of producing the best modern synthetic dyes can never, it says, be lifted to the German level until the utilization of numerous by-products is placed upon a sounder basis. The solution of a problem so intricate demands years of patient and unproductive research, systematic organization of chemical investigation and the training of experts. The trouble with the synthetic dye field in the Anglo-Saxon lands, we read further, is persistence in the "business" theory of a department of science. The higher policy is always dictated in England and America by directors representing finance, whereas in Germany the chemical expert is supreme.

AN INVENTION WHICH CARRIES TELEPHONE CONVERSATION OVER LONG DISTANCES

ALTHO the invention of the "Pupinized" telephone line was made some years ago and is often mentioned in papers relating to electrical matters it has rarely, if ever, been described, says Francis B. Crocker in *The Scientific American*. There have been descriptions in technical terms, of course, but these for the purpose of the layman do not count. By this invention a problem of great practical importance is solved in an entirely scientific manner. In fact, it is a notable instance of obtaining great practical results from purely theoretical reasoning beforehand. The problem was conceived and largely worked out by theoretical calculations before any experiments were made, even in the laboratory. In spite of its great importance and peculiar interest, the principles upon which this invention is founded and its real nature are often misunderstood even by those well informed in electrical matters. Mr. Crocker's description is presented in as popular language as the subject permits:

"The principal object of the invention is to conserve the amplitude and form of the electrical waves corresponding to human speech when they are transmitted to considerable distances by conductors, especially underground and submarine cables. In this way the distance at which intelligible telephone conversation may be carried on is increased. The Pupin invention of 'loaded lines' is often supposed to depend upon the neutralization of their electrostatic capacity by introducing inductance coils along such lines. This principle does apply to his pioneer work in electrical resonance, and in tuning circuits to make them responsive to a particular frequency of alternating current. But it does not, however, apply to 'loaded' or 'Pupinized' conductors. Indeed, the condition of resonance is avoided in the latter case, and a relatively large amount of inductance may be advantageous, especially for long lines, provided excessive resistance, hysteresis and eddy current losses are not introduced at the same time."

The simplest analogy to Pupin's invention is the fact that a projectile must have considerable mass in order to overcome the mechanical resistance of the air and travel a long distance. Similarly, a conductor must have electromagnetic mass or inductance, in order that an electric impulse or wave may overcome the electrical resistance and travel a long distance. It is necessary in the case of the conductor to distribute the inductance along the path of the electric impulse or wave. Hence the phenomenon is more closely analogous to that of a long cord stretched between supports, which must have dis-

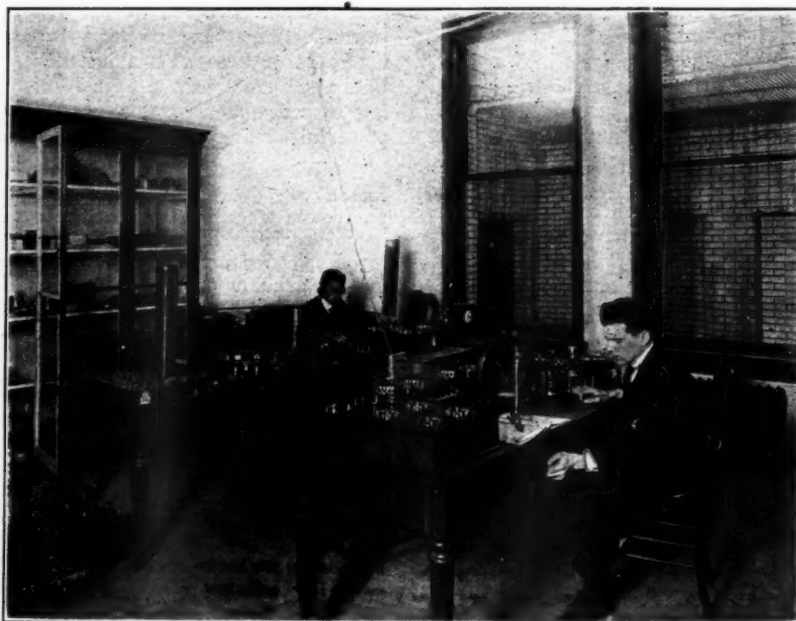
tributed mass—that is to say, it must be a fairly heavy cord in order that mechanical vibration or waves may be propagated to a considerable distance along it.

"In the case of the electrical conductor, for example, a telephone line, it is not convenient to distribute the electromagnetic mass of inductance *uniformly*, so that it is introduced in the form of inductance coils placed at certain intervals throughout its length. This corresponds to the mechanical fact that a light cord with distributed weights attached to it is practically equivalent to a heavy cord. Pupin determined by calculation and by experiment that the distance between the coils, like the distance between the weights, must not exceed a prescribed amount in each particular case. That is to say, there must be at least a certain number of coils per wave-length in order to approximate a uniformly distributed inductance, otherwise they may do more harm than good. Moreover, the shortest wave-length must be considered. In telephony the highest frequency necessary to transmit articulate speech is about 1200 waves per second. This corresponds to the upper harmonies or overtones in some of the consonant sounds. Hence the wave-length at this frequency is calculated for the given conductor, together with the loading coils, which have a certain total resistance, capacity and inductance that is assumed to be uniformly distributed. As demonstrated by Pupin, in a conductor having not less than eight or ten of his coils per wave-length, this assumption is approximately correct. To arrive at these facts Pupin devised new mathematical methods, and solved the various problems in a most thorough and exact manner. He also made experimental tests

upon artificial as well as actual telephone lines and underground cables which fully confirmed his theoretical investigations."

Pupin further showed how to design the coils for loading lines in order to obtain maximum inductance with minimum resistance. He also threw light upon other obscurities of the subject. In fact the practical success of Professor Pupin's system requires that losses of such kinds as are thus hinted at be reduced to a minimum. This was accomplished by ingenious and careful construction.

"The Pupin 'loaded line' permits higher voltage to be applied to it, whereby the electrical waves may be transmitted to a correspondingly greater distance. In the transmission of electric power it is sufficient to use 110 or 220 volts to supply motors locally. For long distances electrical pressures are raised to 100,000 volts, or even higher. In an analogous manner higher voltages applied to 'Pupinized' lines increase the distance at which telephonic communication may be practically carried on. If the voltage were raised on an ordinary unloaded line the current would be proportionally increased and the losses would rise in even greater proportion. The losses would also be aggravated if resistance were introduced to limit the current. On the other hand, the introduction of inductance coils adds to the reactance of the line so that the current is not excessive even with a higher voltage. This reactance simply stores the energy momentarily and returns it, but does not itself increase the losses. There is a certain amount of loss in the resistance and iron cores of the coils, but this is relatively small compared with their reactance."



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PUPIN LABORATORY
The Pupin loaded line permits higher voltage to be applied to it, whereby the electrical waves may be transmitted to a correspondingly greater distance.

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLODE A POPULAR DELUSION REGARDING THE FORESTS

WHO can predict how many hundreds or thousands of years it will take before the forests will be felled and the streams will be dried and this great, fertile continent of ours, like the plains of ancient Iran, where civilization began, will become a desert? The question is put into the mouth of Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler. It echoes much that has been said on the same subject. In a magazine not so very long ago it was said, for example, that when our forests are gone the rivers will cease to run, the rain will fall no more and America will be a desert. To these citations, writes that well-known authority upon the subject under consideration, General H. M. Chittenden, U. S. A., whose paper we copy from the *New York Times*, might be added hundreds upon hundreds of others to the effect that the disappearance of the forests is responsible for the great floods of this and other lands. For example, again, Senator Newlands recently said in Congress that our floods are due to the fact that the rains which used to be "drunk up by the thirsty roots of the trees" are now "hurried on into the creeks and rivers." Now, insists General Chittenden, after much careful study and investigation, there is no stranger fact in the scientific world to-day than the persistence of this myth—for that is all it is, according to him. Its almost universal acceptance until quite recently in this country is undoubtedly due to the propaganda of the forestry service some years ago—a propaganda in which both fact and theory were stretched too far. General Chittenden summarizes the salient features of this forest-and-stream-flow question:

"As a general rule the forest soil is not in itself more receptive of moisture—probably less so—than soil under cultivation. Undisturbed for ages, pressed down by the weight of great trees, it is as hard and firm as it could well be unless artificially compacted. Soil under cultivation, on the other hand, is loosened by plow and harrow, while the annual succession of crops fills it perennially with decaying roots, which still further increase its porosity. Soil in that condition has as great a capacity for absorption as its particular quality is capable of. Even turf of long standing is very absorptive, as any one who has ever sprinkled a lawn knows. Taking the cleared land and the forest as a whole, it is an entirely gratuitous assumption, unsupported by any evidence worthy of the name, that the forest soil has the greater absorptive and retentive capacity.

"It is now generally accepted in scientific circles the world over that forests do not prevent nor appreciably mitigate

great floods. This was officially recognized, even by the forestry service of France, following the great flood of 1910 in the valley of the Seine. In briefest statement the reason for this is that, whatever retentive influence the forest cover may ordinarily have, it becomes practically exhausted by the rains which lead up to great floods, and is of no effect when the crisis arrives.

"The popular belief in the effect of deforestation upon low-water flow is equally fallacious. It is said that springs and wells dry up more than formerly. So far as this is true, it is not due to the destruction of forest storage, but to the enormous demand for water that comes from human occupancy of the soil. Quick-growing crops undoubtedly absorb as much water in the growing season as did the forest before them; while to this must now be added the vast requirements for industrial use."

The water consumed by the locomotives of the United States is considerably more than the extreme low-water flow of the Ohio at Wheeling. When, too, we consider the demands for mills and factories and steam plants of all sorts, for domestic use, for watering vast herds and for a multitude of other uses—much of which comes from these same springs and wells and little streams—is it any wonder that these sources become more and more depleted? Can we doubt that the same depletion would take place in the virgin forest if the same demands should exist there?

"In some respects man's work positively increases the low-water flow. Drainage has this effect. Summer showers which might be lost in evaporation are in some situations more readily carried into the streams. This is particularly true of road ditches, pavements, and roofs. The drainage of swamps has a like effect, for it conveys into streams water which would otherwise remain in the soil or be evaporated from the surface. Examples of increase in low-water flow from this cause have often been noted. And a most interesting result of this same drainage pertains to the high-water flow. It creates ground storage where none before existed and when flood storms come more of their waters are absorbed than formerly. This is simply one of the many compensating effects upon the flow of streams which clearing and cultivation have produced."

The same tissue of fallacy, says General Chittenden, runs through the popular theory in regard to the effect of forests upon snow melting. It is argued that because the forest shade delays melting from sun action, it prevents floods from such melting and strengthens the later low-water flow. The facts are quite otherwise:

"Among the most effective of natural reservoirs are great snow drifts. In the

mountains they last far into the summer, or clear through, giving out a continuous supply. The forests, by breaking the wind, prevent drifting and the snow is spread out in an even blanket over the ground. When the heat of Summer comes, it finds a maximum possible surface to act upon, melting takes place with great rapidity, floods ensue, and then the summer supply is gone. So far as snow melting is concerned, therefore, forests do not promote uniformity of stream flow, but just the reverse.

"The forestry enthusiast constantly treats us to pictures of denudation and erosion resulting, as he affirms, from forest cutting. He never presents along with them views of the myriad beautiful farms and villas nor attempts to explain why these areas, once covered with forests, are not now desolate and waste places. The truth is he scores the country for examples of erosion which, in their combined aggregate, are insignificant as compared with the rest of the cleared land. And he never tells us that erosion has always been going on, evidently in much greater volume in the past than at present, and that it is really one of the most beneficial processes in nature. It is upon this very debris of erosion that the majority of the human family dwell and the larger part of human activity is conducted. The carving down of the hills and the spreading out of the debris over the low places have done more than any other one thing to make the earth a suitable abode for man. And it is well known that even the floods of to-day have a benign influence in this respect through their wonderful fertilizing agency upon lands subject to overflow. An unfortunate, but unavoidable, drawback to schemes of flood control is that they eliminate to a large extent this beneficial function."



THE CARRIER OF TALK

Professor Michael Idvorsky Pupin has conferred distinction upon the Laboratory at Columbia over which he presides by his experiments in the transmission of sound waves.

The records of stream flow, whether in the form of gauge readings or reports upon flood and low-water conditions of the past by travelers who have left records of their observations, show conclusively that there has been no radical change as a result of cutting off the forests. Reforestation in Europe shows no marked ameliorating influence in these respects, floods being as frequent and high, and low waters as low, from forested areas as from cleared areas otherwise similarly conditioned. The deeply rooted idea that forests are essential to the life and control of our streams is thus seen to be in the main fallacious.

"If that were their only virtue, forests would inevitably disappear, because the space they occupy could be better used for other purposes. The claim of the forest, however, rests upon other and thoroughly sufficient grounds. These are both useful and sentimental. Of all the products of nature, wood is among the few of highest importance to human existence, and there is no reason to think that this importance will disappear. The forest will remain a necessity to man. From a sentimental point of view forests are perhaps the most ennobling and inspiring of nature's works, and their contribution to the pleasure of

human life transcends all estimate. These considerations are sufficient, without any extraneous support, to insure the maintenance of forests in all civilized countries."

General Chittenden comes finally to Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler's picturesque allusion. It was made a great deal of in the forestry propaganda of a few years ago but we do not hear so much of it now. The truth is that it has no more support than the other arguments General Chittenden has considered:

"Works on climatology assure us that the alleged changes of climate in those regions have not taken place within historic times. And there is absolutely no proof that such changes as may possibly be detected are the result of deforestation. The Bible record, as far back as Moses at least, makes it perfectly clear that the climate and soil conditions of all southwestern Asia were essentially the same then that they are to-day. Population has diminished, it is true, and poverty, desolation, and ruin prevail where once were veritable hives of human activity. But this is wholly due to changes in systems of government and the character and spirit of the inhabitants. No one doubts—rather every one expects—that the ancient prosperity of Mesopo-

tamia, Syria, Asia Minor, and other sterile regions will yet be restored, and when this time comes trees will grow there, not as a cause but as a result of such restoration.

"China is constantly cited as an example of vast devastation wrought by floods as a result of deforestation. Yet the testimony of history is that the floods of the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River—the great flood stream of China and known from of old as 'China's sorrow'—were as destructive and frequent 2500 B. C. as they are to-day. The forests which Marco Polo is said to have seen in China, we know nothing of. But from all analogy they cannot have been more than are the scattering woods of our own semi-arid regions. Whatever they were they never prevented floods in that country, and forests will never prevent them there in the future, no matter to what extent reforestation may hereafter be carried out.

"The sombre prospect which Dr. Butler has drawn of the future of America may yet come true. The picture of the lone fisherman on London Bridge in Macaulay's vision may typify the future fate of our own New York. These possibilities we neither affirm nor deny, though we very much doubt. But this much we unhesitatingly affirm, that, whatever the wreck and ruin of the future, they will be the result of other causes than the disappearance of our forests."

A WARNING AGAINST THE NEW DELUSION OF SIGHT FOR THE BLIND

ELABORATE accounts in some widely circulated newspapers of certain experiments which promise the production of an apparatus to be used as a substitute for sight prompt *The British Medical Journal* (London) to issue a warning against what it considers a dangerous delusion beginning to be widespread. Everyone knows, it remarks, that the sun may be felt as well as seen. Probably not a few schoolboys have experienced the torment of being subjected to the effects of the focussing of a "burning-glass" upon their skins. Now this has become the basis of a popular delusion on the subject of sight.

It is proposed with every appearance of seriousness that a burning-glass should be placed in such a position in relation to the breast of the blind subject that the light focussed by the lens falls accurately upon the skin. Means would be taken by the interposition of screens to prevent burning. By a process of training the subject would learn to see by means of the feel of the warm picture on his chest. The educational process would be carried out by placing a series of stencils on the chest, which would leave slits, circles, and later on letters and signs exposed to the heat rays. The sense of heat

perception would become acute by its cultivation.

All this sounds to *The British Medical Journal* very much like the tale that an ingenious schoolboy might write in emulation of Jules Verne. That newspapers of importance serve this sort of thing up to their readers as serious science indicates to the great organ of the English medical profession that a new evil is creeping into the practice of "newspaper science." That kind of science too often takes the form, we read, of some fact long familiar to experts in a branch of physics or chemistry doing duty in a morning despatch as a great discovery of the day before. The delusion regarding sight for the blind belongs to the kind of science which grows out of the great European war. It is supposed to be something German. Nothing is too preposterous to serve some newspapers as a "discovery," provided it comes from Berlin with a German name to sponsor it. Whether the German name be known to experts in the particular department of science concerned does not matter. Some times the German name is that of an expert dead long since. In this special instance, the delusion is built up about an article in the *Tägliche Rundschau*. This Berlin daily based its account

upon what was said in the *Deutsche optische Wochenschrift* by the well-known Professor L. Zehender. There is no basis at all for the statement that the professor in question claims to have discovered a substitute for sight.

The publication in a popular newspaper of this so-called substitute for sight, we are told, may not do any particular harm, because it is so crude. But it is otherwise with some of the schemes which from time to time are published in newspapers without any attempt at criticism.

"A few years ago a healer fleeced a maid servant of nearly fifteen pounds on the promise to grow her a new eye to fill the place of one she had lost; either he was less cunning than most of his kind or the girl more resolute than ordinary; by exception he got his deserts in a term of imprisonment. In the last few months we have known of two cases of children whose parents, refusing the care of the hospital physician, have resorted to quacks, with the result that these two children are now blind from the grossest effects of interstitial keratitis.

"There is another evil, and that is the publication of garbled versions of genuine forms of medical treatment and operation. Recently an unfortunate man, whose sight was nearly lost from progressive disease, came from the other side of the world in search of a cure that he had

heard of through an American newspaper. He brought with him a scrap of paper that he handled like a talisman of hope. It was a typical American 'wonder paragraph,' and the effect of its words, which he knew by heart, was too strong to allow him to depart as he came. He could not be brought to believe that the cure would be for him a danger. He must needs put his hope to the test. When seen again, as he was about to return to his distant home, he had lost his hope and had exchanged the remnant of his sight for two blind and painful eyes!"

Notwithstanding the warnings issued in the medical and scientific press against the growing delusion that sight is now possible for the blind, London

Nature is inclined to fear that the misconception in the public mind can not be corrected. Experience shows that errors of this kind persist among the classes who suffer most from them. Nor need we wonder if the laity swallow the nonsensical idea that the blind can be made to see by human agency. The laity have been taught in recent years, owing to the revolutionary nature of certain discoveries, to attach faith to almost any absurdity that masquerades as science. The bewildering variety of the discoveries of this century would seem to encourage the quack, the charlatan and the lunatic to pose as an expert in some freshly

invented science. The blind are the latest victims, that is all:

"Occasionally the daily papers deign to insert a paragraph of what they think to be scientific news. If the public prefers its sensational tit-bit of science-gossip, culled from the pamphlet of some pseudo-scientific charlatan and served up hot by an anonymous paragraphist, to more sober and informing articles written by men whose authority is indisputable, the public has itself to thank. Editors and sub-editors do not know enough science to suppress the twaddle; and, consequently, blunders which would be thought amazing if perpetuated in a like fashion in the domains of literature or art or history, are put into gratuitous and harmful circulation."

PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF AN INFANTRY DIVISION IN OUR ARMY

UNDER the requirements of a real war, our small standing army will be expanded to ten or twelve times its peace strength. It was hoped that the militia laws of recent years would provide for a first line of regulars and organized militia of at least 250,000 men. The chief of the coast artillery requires for reinforcement of the forts 20,000 infantry, for land defense 30,000 infantry. This leaves for the first line a total of 139 infantry regiments, 13 artillery regiments and 17 cavalry regiments—240,000 men or thereabouts. The infantry strength points to the formation of 15 divisions. To round these out would require the immediate raising of 17 regiments of field artillery and a similar immediate increase of cavalry or the reduction of the force of that arm assigned to the infantry divisions in order to provide the necessary independent cavalry divisions. The first line thus provided would number less than 300,000 combatants and it is apparent that a second line equally strong would have to be formed at once, while a third line would probably be forming by the time the first line was in the field. These details we take from an article in *The Journal of the Military Service Institution* by Captain E. D. Scott of the fifth field artillery. In round numbers, he says, 2,300 field officers will be required for this army of 600,000 men. And what, Captain Scott asks, will be the personnel of a division of the second line of the so-called national army?

"One chance in three or four that the commander is a professional soldier, the other chances being that he has not even the experience of a National Guardsman, but is a politician who knows nothing of war or things military; about an even chance that one brigadier is a professional tho not in all probability a

trained commander; a dozen staff officers, about half of whom are trained; sixty field-officers, of whom a dozen at most are from the Regular establishment, and most of whom will for the first time be handling anything larger than a company; 135 men with double bars on their shoulder straps, to whom the rudiments of the business of the infantrymen are as yet unknown; twice that number of lieutenants whose only reason for not being captains or higher is that the other fellows had a little greater political influence; twenty-five captains and forty-four lieutenants of artillery whose knowledge of explosives is in general limited to giant firecrackers and the old nine-pounder of Independence-Day fame and who have dreamed of glory on the battle-fields with such masterpieces of the ordnance maker's art as the old bronze gun of Mexico or Manila in the town park; a dozen of them can ride after a fashion, one or two know something of the care of horses; fifteen captains and thirty lieutenants, in the cavalry because it sounds dashing and has a halo of romance about it—curvetting horses, flashing sabers, thundering hoofs, the hostile army flying in utter rout, the glad acclaim of the grateful nation, and all the rest of it—a few can ride, the others think they can; none are cavalrymen except in their dreams. Engineer officers with a vague idea that there is something about bridges in the business and with dim recollections of how a Sapper Bold won the V. C. and the thanks of his countrymen somewhere by blowing in a gate by a bag of powder hung on it. Signal-officers with the idea that whatever their business may be, it is the staff, and therefore must be desirable. And what a motley crowd they are! Enthusiastic youths with no thought of the responsibility their commissions carry with them; quiet, capable citizens who left home and business because they honestly felt they owed it to their country in her time of need; scapegrace sons and nephews of politicians who see a chance to be somebody and to cheaply get, by holding unearned commissions, the social and public status they could never gain in other ways; the failures at other things

who see in the army at least a comfortable livelihood with an apparent minimum of work, and all enrolled with the same qualifications."

No use, declares Captain Scott, to turn to the European masters of military science in this case—the various gentlemen whose military works are held in such high esteem did not write for conditions such as these. They could not have fancied such conditions existing in a civilized state. Most of them would have replied to a request to take command of such a heterogeneous mass after the outbreak of war and prepare it for the field with a polite refusal. Their knowledge and their skill are that of the chess-player who knows how to manipulate his finished pieces. The United States government turns over to its subordinates, themselves trained only in the rudiments of the game—or not at all—a mass of timber, unseasoned, untested, full of knots. The chief of staff must make the chessmen and play them afterwards.

What sort of a man should the chief of staff be to handle such a situation properly? Preferably, replies Captain Scott, a man physically and mentally strong, of forceful character, and will that bends but does not break, self-disciplined in body and in mind, a trained tactician and organizer but also a man who has by long service with the troops acquired a true appreciation of the human and brute elements, the capabilities and limitations of the different arms, not alone the finished product but in the various stages of recruit up. No amount of schooling will supply the lack of this latter training and, other conditions being equal, the practical soldier who never saw a school will do better with the raw mass than the officer whose knowledge of men is confined to those of his own

class and whose ideas of training men and horses are gleaned from books.

And now for the personal equipment of Colonel X, chief of staff:

"Colonel X will find himself confronting a condition of total unpreparedness and lack of equipment and should therefore take what measures he can to supply the lack of things useful or necessary in instructing new troops. His sketching outfit, duplicating pads, field-service regulations, army regulations, drill regulations of the different arms, manuals of the different supply departments, of courts-martial, of the Medical Department, of the engineer and signal corps—these are indispensable. Books of tactical and fortification problems and war game sets will be valuable, the former not alone as books of reference for his own use, but to loan to untrained officers, many of whom will be only too glad to borrow, and who will be greatly benefited thereby.

"His dress, personal, and horse equipment should comply in every particular with War Department orders, and his example of their care and use will go far to establish correct standards in the division. In the absence of prescribed camp furniture he will please himself, always remembering that here, too, his example will be followed and that maximum efficiency with simplicity, lightness and minimum bulk should be sought.

"Finally, he should be well supplied with personal funds.

"Under our system tables of organizations will not be published until war is imminent, or perhaps declared, and there will be little time for preparation. 'In time of peace prepare for war' applies to nothing more than this, and every officer should be able to at all times pack and tag for shipment his complete kit at an hour's notice.

"On arrival at the place of assembly of the division Colonel X is likely to find that the only preparation for the arrival of troops is that made by the inhabitants of the surrounding country—the merchants to swell their fortunes, the farmers to protect their fruit and poultry.

"It is unlikely that he knows what troops are to compose the division, who their commander will be, or when they will begin to arrive. One thing is certain, preparations must be made for their reception, and Colonel X must not hesitate to incur expense to the Government, or pay from his own pocket, until the necessary authority is asked for and received. Many questions are likely to arise which only cash or its equivalent will solve, and he should act at once, remembering that in time of war is the one time that Congress is generous, and that reasonable payments made or debts incurred will be honored.

"He should at once see to the detrainment facilities of the railroads in the vicinity, and if they are insufficient induce the railroad authorities to increase them."

Preliminaries arranged, if time permits, Colonel X should make a map, say six inches to the mile, of the camp area and lay off on it the approximate positions of the camp of each unit. Great care should be exercised in this. The camp is to be the home of at least

20,000 human beings for three months or more. Concentration lends itself to convenience of administration and supervision makes it possible to assemble the whole command in a short time and spares the transport. Large camps quickly become dusty and correspondingly muddy when it rains. Rarely can bathing and washing facilities be good or equally available to all. Epidemics are less easily handled than in smaller camps and the general headquarters is just as well off not to have the efforts of subordinates always under its immediate supervision. Other advantages of smaller camps are that the smaller units have not far to go to find suitable drill grounds while, if a concentration be desired, the units get shaken down in their march to it. Brigade commanders get experience in their management and so develop their own abilities. The commander of the whole is not tempted to interfere with the petty details that do not concern him and so learns his proper place as director of the whole.

A suitable arrangement would be given to each infantry brigade, the artillery brigade, the cavalry regiment, the medical department, the supply and ammunition columns, the engineers and signal troops and division headquarters, separate camps or a total of ten. Each commander should be responsible for the police, discipline and instruction of his own camp, under the direction and supervision of division headquarters, all matters of administration and supply remaining with that headquarters. Water supply, drainage, accessibility, convenience and comfort of the greatest number are the considerations that should govern in that order of importance. Too often the convenience of the few is the only consideration.

"Colonel X was wakened by the voice of the porter, 'Your station in twenty minutes, sah,' and then the usual scramble after baggage, paying of tribute, and he stepped upon the platform of Billville, with the realization that the dream of the night was over and that he, the infantry major of yesterday, was the colonel and chief of staff of to-day, and the hopes rose in his heart that the dream might be as easy of realization of as—

"A short drive took him to the camp area, where he soon got in rapport with conditions as they were up to date.

"A couple of engineer officers were on the ground with a small detachment of enlisted men, the nucleus of the battalion; also a newly appointed quartermaster with a civilian clerk, a relative whom the quartermaster had appointed. They are at a hotel and so far have secured authority to contract livery bills. A regiment of National Guards has arrived and is making camp. They have brought their heavy tentage and, half in uniforms and half in civs, are wondering why the quartermaster is not ready to issue uniforms and when they will be able

to draw rations and stop spending their private funds for the necessities of life. The engineer commander and the quartermaster are already at loggerheads and the militia commander is intent on providing for his own command, regardless of the rights or requirements of those fellows.

"The division commander has not arrived—it is rumored that he is in Washington endeavoring to show his appreciation of the friends who got him his appointment. Nothing is known of the rest of the staff. Back to the railway station, and there the operator tells him that two troop trains are due during the night, but that a train of freight for the camp occupies the whole siding and that the troop trains must wait at the junction twenty miles down the line until the freight is unloaded. A civilian in rough garb who has been listening to the conversation decides that this is someone in authority, comes up and in vigorous language demands that something be done to relieve him of the trainload of mules which arrived under his care twenty-four hours ago. 'Nobody to receipt for them, yards only hold half of them and the rest were shunted off to the next town to make room for the freight.' The animals have nothing to eat since their arrival, and he and his men are anxious to get away.

"Colonel X sees trouble coming in plenty and that his work begins at once. First he must go to the camp of the National Guard regiment and report to its commander, who is certainly camp commander—division commander, in fact, for the time being. Arrived there he notes with misgivings its position. Evidently the colonel has an eye for camp sites. But it is just the place where headquarters should be, and is so disposed as to operate to the direct or indirect disadvantage of every organization to come later."

The senior engineer officer is summoned and directed to make a map of the camp sites at once—"finish before night, must have the camp sites located nearly enough for all incoming troops that they may have a minimum of shifting afterwards." The engineer officer is waiting for material—"nothing on hand to do anything with"—and Colonel X saves future trouble and presents a useful object lesson to the militia officer by directing that the work be done on a piece of wrapping paper. The quartermaster and his clerk arrive in their carriage, and a few minutes' conversation shows that neither knows anything of his business!

It should be obvious from all that has preceded, avers captain Scott, why the American commander can glean little to aid him from the details supplied in the text-books of European experts on the subject of organization. The text writers like Jomini and Clausewitz have never had to confront the problems facing the American division commander. They have had to deal with an army really prepared for the stern reality of war.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE BIBLE OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER TO-DAY

THE modern Japanese soldier is generally admitted to be inferior to none. It is said that he possesses the dash of the Frenchman, the self-reliance of the Englishman, the steady endurance of the Russian, the subjection to discipline of the German, the indifference to death and the insensibility to pain of the Turk. "He endures fatigue, hunger, cold or heat without a murmur. He is taught to observe, when in the field, the strictest principles of military hygiene, and he is, above everything, saturated with the most fervent and loyal patriotism, devoted alike to his sovereign, the descendant of the Gods of Heaven, and his country, the divine land, the fairest on earth and the first to be created, which makes him think death upon the field, while fighting his country's battles, the noblest crown of a well-spent life."

This type is produced, according to Joseph H. Longford, formerly British Consul at Nagasaki, by ethical training, as well as by physical and professional training in accordance with the most modern principles of military science. Japan has national conscription, under which every male in the empire, without distinction of rank, class or means, becomes liable for military service. The system, after its introduction in 1872, eventually supplanted the *samurai* or professional military caste. There was danger that the new plebeian army, flushed with victory over the Satsuma *samurai* in 1882, would become in turn a menace and terror to peaceful citizens. It was then that an Imperial Rescript of Emperor Meiji was issued, which, Mr. Longford says, is the Holy Bible of both officers and men, cherished and obeyed with reverence and loyalty far exceeding that given to their Bible by British soldiers or citizens. Every officer and man of both services carries a copy of it in his service book, from which he never parts, and his first duty is to study it and master its contents. One must remember that to the Japanese an Imperial Rescript represents an expression of the will of the Gods of Heaven as manifested through their Vice-Gerent on earth. Hence the extraordinary influence upon the character of the Japanese soldier and sailor of this Rescript

which sets forth the "true-heartedness" that must forever be his highest attribute.

A translation of this Rescript when issued was made in the British Legation at Tokio; but Mr. Longford, in now giving it to the *Nineteenth Century*, says that it has never before been published in any form in any European language. This "Bible" establishes the tenet that the Emperor holds the whole civil and military power, and declares:

"We are the Commander-in-Chief of all of you, military and naval men. And hence, while We esteem you as Our members, you must regard Us as your head; and thus our relations will always be closely intimate. It depends upon your faithful discharge of your duties that We, protecting the country, can be able to render account to the grace of Heaven and the favor of Our ancestors. You ought to be as concerned as We are for the extension of Our national prestige. If Our military organization be perfected and its honor assured you will participate with Us in the fame acquired. Should you, carefully attending to your duties, conform to Our desire, and do your best for the protection of the country, the people will enjoy happiness and tranquillity for ever, and Our national influence will be brilliant. We have good hopes of you, military and naval men; and have some matters about which We wish to give you further instructions."

The remainder of the Rescript is divided into five parts, devoted to the five duties of Loyalty, Discipline, Valor, Integrity, Frugality. Each of these five parts we reproduce in full.

First, Those serving in either branch must consider loyalty their principal duty:

"Of all those born in the Empire, are there any who would not do their best for its welfare? But naval and military men should specially take this to heart, as otherwise they will be wholly useless. Without patriotism they are no better than puppets. They must also be familiar with the arts and well versed in science. However well drilled and systematically organized, troops destitute of loyalty must resemble mere disorderly mobs in the time of active operations. The safeguard of the country and the maintenance of the national prestige are entrusted to the soldiery; and, therefore, you must remember that the development or decadence of your organization is synonymous with the

rise or fall of your country's fortune. Unattracted by the opinions expressed by the public, and regardless of politics, you should devote yourselves to your allegiance as your principal duty, esteeming fidelity weightier than mountains, and death lighter than a feather. Maintain your integrity; suffer calmly unexpected misfortunes; and thus preserve your fame unblemished."

Second, Both land and sea forces must observe the etique of discipline:

"The Commander-in-Chief and the lowest soldier have their functions one towards the other. And all the military relations are not simply those of command on the one hand and obedience on the other; but among men of the same grade there are distinctions of age and youth, long service and new. Recruits should respect the older soldiers, and all inferiors should obey their superiors as they would Ourselves. And this respect should be extended to officers and men of older service, even tho belonging to another corps. For their part, superiors should not be haughty and overbearing. Except when the strict exercise of authority is necessary in the discharge of duty, the higher in position should be kind and courteous to those below him; and thus those of all ranks will work together for the imperial cause. Anyone bearing arms who is regardless of this rule, rude to his betters or arrogant to his subordinates, must be deemed a poison to his service and an offender against his country."

Third, Military men should hold valor in the highest esteem:

"From remote ages heroism has been adored in Our domains; and, therefore, every subject in Our nation should be staunch. Still more should those whose duty it is to be always ready for battle constantly remember that they should be valiant. But of valor there are two degrees. Aggressive and boisterous behavior is not courage. Hence those who serve should keep guard over their temper, and always act with due reflection. They should invariably do their duty with precision, neither despising a weak nor dreading a mighty foe. This is to be really intrepid. Hence those who have gallantry in true reverence will cultivate suavity in their intercourse with others, and endeavor to secure for themselves affection and respect. Should they be rough and violent on trifling provocation, people will come to dislike them and regard them as wolves. Attention must be paid to this matter."

Fourth, Military men should be inspired by mutual integrity and fidelity:

"This principle is applicable to the whole community, but more stringently to soldiers, who are impotent among their fellows without it. We may explain 'integrity' as the performance of one's word, and 'fidelity' as assiduity in the discharge of one's duty. To be thus just and faithful one must consider, from the very commencement, all one's actions and one's ability to do what one has promised. If one thoughtlessly pledges his word to anything which he is not certain he can perform with integrity and fidelity, he is liable to expose himself to great trouble. Subsequent repentance will be of no avail. Therefore it is well to deliberate beforehand; and, if one finds success unattainable, to relinquish the project soon. From ages past there have been many men—brave and great—who have left their names sullied to posterity because they have pursued trifles and private aims, in defiance of great and public principles. Profound respect must be paid to this subject."

Fifth, Soldiers should be frugal:

"Otherwise they are liable to become

effeminate, selfish, luxurious, and lastly, greedy and mean-minded. Virtue and valor must then fade, and come to be despised, which would be a great calamity. Should such an abuse once obtain, it will spread like a canker, and corrupt even the chivalrous. Dreading such a result, We, some time ago, framed the 'Regulations for dismissal'; and being still anxious We address you a caution which We warn you not heedlessly to disregard."

All persons bearing arms are ordered not to neglect the observance of these five rules for one moment; and to their effectual discharge, a true heart is necessary:

"These five articles should express the spirit of the soldiery, and 'true-heartedness' is the spirit of the articles. So long as the heart is not true, good speech and good conduct are mere outward show and valueless. On the other hand, anything can be achieved by a true heart. The above five articles expressing, as they do, tenets of universal application should be easy of observance."

"Should you, Our military servants, regard them in conformity with Our instructions, and do your best for the Em-

pire, not only will We, but all Our subjects also, be gratified."

The whole foundation of *Bushido*, the Japanese national cult, observes Mr. Longford, rests on the "true-heartedness" whose principles and spirit are embodied in the articles of this Rescript. Its effect has been as speedy as it has been universal. Complaints of the conduct of Japanese soldiers ceased; "they became as orderly, as self-respecting, as dignified, as the English Life guardsman." In a single generation the results have been marvelous. He adds: "Japan, which had no national army at all in 1872; which could only muster 50,000 men when fully mobilized in 1877; which fought her first great foreign war against China in 1894-5 with 220,000 men, was able to mobilize over a million men in the Russian war in 1904-5, and if not already able will, within a very few years, be able to put, at very short notice, over 1,500,000 men in the field and have another million men qualified for garrison duties and home defence."

CHURCH UNION IN CANADA, GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

METHODIST, Congregational and Presbyterian churches are now committed to the "United Church of Canada."

The movement for union began in 1902. Presbyterians, who held out longest against it, voted, 406 to 88, at their recent General Assembly, in favor of the union after the close of the war. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches—about equal in number and strength—are by far the two largest Protestant churches in Canada. The last census of 1911 reported 1,079,892 Methodists, 1,115,324 Presbyterians, 34,054 Congregationalists.

The *Continent* expresses the general opinion that the united churches should be "an immense power for evangelization and national righteousness." The *Congregationalist* welcomes this clearing of the way to much-to-be-desired union of Christ's forces. "The decision will be especially welcome in Western Canada, where the new settlers wish to avoid the evil of over-churching which has been apparent in older sections of the country." Correspondents point out that the Presbyterian minority immediately set up the claim to be the only true Presbyterian church to whom Presbyterian property belongs, and a contest for status before the Canadian Parliament is expected. In the propaganda for union considerable influence is attributed to a novel of Canadian life, "Looking Forward," by Dr. Hugh Pedley of Montreal, portray-

ing the upbuilding efforts of a united church in this new young nation.

In Great Britain, Rev. J. H. Shakespeare is giving new life to the movement for a union of the Free churches, widely discussed as a need forced upon Christians by the war. Dr. Shakespeare is president of the Free Church Council, which must work for closer organic unity, he insists, in order to become effective. He proposes definite action to overcome the growing evil of "over-lapping," declares that it is not convictions but "illusions" that keep the denominations apart, that the real issues of the times are not in the issues that divide the churches, that there is not the slightest chance to save England while so divided, that denominationalism neither appeals to the nation nor accords with "the mind of Christ." President A. T. Guttery, of the Primitive Methodists, is advocating a system of common control over those religious activities in which all Free churches are equally concerned: ministry, missions, organized philanthropy, and church extension.

Repeal of the Act of Uniformity, which puts up "an invidious bar between Anglican clergy and Free church ministers," is necessary as the first step toward genuine cooperation between Nonconformists and Anglicans, the London *Christian Commonwealth* observes. But that representative journal believes that the union movement will now find means of linking up.

"While we believe that the total spiritual experience of mankind would be diminished by attempts to force a corporate mechanical union upon the Churches, we feel strongly, however, that existing rivalries and divisions and lack of cohesion must be overcome. . . . The Free Churches are now thoroughly awake to the evils of secular rivalry, the Established Church is no less conscious of the lesion in the whole Christian society, and this awakening will only quicken and cannot retard the recognition of a mystical unity beneath every difference of doctrine and polity."

In the United States the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, unanimously and with marked enthusiasm, voted for reunion with the Methodist-Episcopal Church South. Other Methodist bodies are invited to join this union, which a joint commission will frame for final approval within two years. Newspapers and the religious press emphasize the far-reaching significance of such action by the largest Protestant group of churches in the country.

The Methodist Church split over the question of slavery. The *Crisis*, edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, sees discrimination against the negro in plans for the reorganized church which call for jurisdictional conferences of colored membership. Under the caption "The Methodists" an editorial in the *Crisis* reads:

"One of Bishop Asbury's servants, Harry Hosier, developed into a powerful

preacher. The growing Methodist Church for a while welcomed the slaves, but, after a generation of experiment, discrimination crept in and in 1796 the first lot of Negroes withdrew, founding the present African M. E. Church. In 1820 a second lot withdrew, forming the present Zion Church. In 1844 the Church split on the subject of slavery, and the Southern branch, after carrying its slave membership in the gallery for a generation, set them aside in 1870 as the Colored M. E. Church.

"In the Northern M. E. Church a colored annual conference was established in 1852, and four years later most of the Negro Methodist churches were segregated in colored annual conferences. In 1860 these conferences were given full power and the system after the war was extended throughout the South.

"Now comes, in our day, the question of the reunion of the Southern and Northern white Methodists. The Southern Methodists are delightfully frank. They wish a reunion with the Negro left

outside. The Northern Methodists are not as frank. One wing proposed bishops for particular races, but more subtle counsels prevailed, and at the last General Conference a further step was taken so to segregate the colored conferences that their entire separation from the white churches, within the next few years, would be an easy matter."

"Thus white Methodism," concludes this magazine for colored people, "leads us toward the Brotherhood of Man."

WOMAN AS THE SOURCE OF THE FRENCHMAN'S STRENGTH IN THE TEST OF WAR

RECENTLY I heard it said in public by a notorious German, writes Karen Bramson, that "the strength of Germany lies in the lack of beauty of the German woman." While saying this the speaker emphasized the danger to the French as represented by the French woman. "Germany," he said, "is thoroly disciplined, and as hard as iron. France is frivolous and light. What is the deep-seated cause of the contrast? Woman."

This utterance provokes an extraordinary and brilliant defense of the French ideal of woman by Madame Bramson in the *Figaro*. One must look to woman, not to the State, for the secret of the strength of French manhood in this war, according to the keen and subtle analysis of Karen Bramson. Madame Bramson is a Danish writer of novels and dramatic works widely read and highly esteemed in Denmark. Her drama, "The Power of the King," was successfully played in Paris. In a recent romance she portrays life in a little neutral country during the great war, presenting an analysis of the pro-French sympathies of an intellectual Scandinavian. Her article in the *Figaro* opens with the German claim, quoted above, that "woman" makes the difference between Germany's strength and the weakness of France. She challenges the claim with amazing power and skill of feminine analysis.

As far as Germany is concerned, says Madame Bramson, the man who expressed such an opinion may be right. It is his sincere belief that, since the creation, woman has been man's greatest danger. She has been so much the more dangerous because it is impossible for man to get along without her (both from physical reasons and because of his duty to the state and to society, whose human material he must maintain).

He has learned from the Bible as well as from history, from literature, from the daily record of misconduct and dramas caused by the passions, that a deadly peril besets man in the

continued presence of a beautiful and seductive woman, who is a constant temptation—a temptation which cannot fail to weaken him and to cast perturbation into his domestic finances.

"As a citizen mindful of obligations, and as an atom of society created for 'the struggle,' he must exact from himself an orderly arrangement of his sentimental life. Consequently, he must not have near him any creature but the innoxious creature, no woman but the harmless woman. In a word, he must have no woman near him but the companion who will resign herself patiently and systematically to give him children, to guard his house and to assist him in his efforts to preserve an economical balance. Given such a companion, and so prepared for the struggle of life, mill by mill, he will amass a fortune, and his movements will be so felt that he will be able to strike his little individual hammer-blow on the national anvil, in the great forge of the Fatherland.

"What does it matter when he is doing his appointed work, whether his companion has silken hair or harsh and stiff hair, a smooth skin, or a rough skin, or overflowing fleshly proportions? If she is ugly she holds no siren's power to rebut the aim of the patriot. On the other hand, she will satisfy him, because she will be useful to him, and because she will save him from the greatest of dangers. More than that, he has learned that if it is necessary a man can habituate himself to everything, even ugliness; and habit is in itself a value.

"As regards the State, life as a pair, a life based on custom or habit, is the surest and the most to be recommended, because it lends itself easily to the general discipline and to a mechanical management of life, while an ardent passion or a persevering tenderness leads to a region full of abysses, where duty to society holds no better than a spider's web."

What proof has France given of weakness? Karen Bramson asks. France was not ready for war. But, from the human-life point of view, lack of preparation for war is a virtue. The belligerent countries have protested that they have consented to all the sacrifices exacted by this war solely in the hope of dealing the death-blow to an ignoble appetite for conquest and

murder, and that, for that reason, their aim is the highest aim conceivable.

The nation least prepared for this butchery, the nation which showed its instinctive horror before the war began—did it not stand on the highest round of the ladder of moral values? It is very probable that this French result is, in great part, due to woman.

While the strength of Germany lies in the profoundly collectivist sentiment of its citizens, the French woman will always be a powerful obstacle to the extension of that sentiment among the citizens of France.

The devotion and the cooperation that the German State exacts from every one of its subjects as its right, as a sacred tax, a tax levied in view of the common interest, a tax that the Germans furnish as mechanically as bees furnish honey, the French citizen reserves, and will always reserve, for the woman whom he loves.

"Territorial conquest, the will to power, is not the fundamental instinct of the Frenchman. His pride flourishes without that. He is proud of his country just as it is, he is proud of its history, he is proud of its beauty. But more than all else, he is proud of the woman whom he loves. He thinks that all the women of civilization are trying vainly to imitate her charm. No other woman can represent his ideal, the ideal of a man. She has sweetness, passion, intelligence, and the power to captivate. Who could so excite in him the feeling of art, of beauty, of refinement, and—perhaps to the Frenchman this is most important—who could do all that and while doing it make him believe that he is master?

"For the Frenchman the indispensable condition of life is liberty. The French woman accepts submission for his sake. She is beginning to think of her rights, the rights of woman, but her idea is to have man give her those rights as a present. The little feminine ruse is profoundly natural to her. To her it seems by far preferable to acquire what she desires as a result of her all-powerful charm, than it would be to acquire it as a result of her power to make man feel his chain. It pleases her to hold man in a position where he is never sure that he has conquered her; it is pleasanter to her to foster his impression that he is inde-

pendent than it would be to govern him and to exact her rights as one of the organized body by force of a feminine organization acting under law. She knows him so well! He is never more fully in her power than when he feels that he has mastered her.

"He does not attempt to defend himself against her because he does not consider her a danger, and so she takes him captive by his love. She is the joy of his life; she fills his existence; she is the most powerful motive of his labor."

It is by love that the qualities of the Frenchman are developed. He is the chevalier, the "happy warrior," who has but one ambition—to lay his laurels at the feet of his lady fair. And that is his ambition whether he is a day laborer babbling some praise of his "boss," or the poet whose dreams are of a name. She too, the French woman, is a dreamer. She is his—the Frenchman's—comrade. Before the war she cared for nothing but his progress, and to have the world see him as she sees him. They two, alone, formed their world, and their love and sympathy gave them their strength.

"And then war came. War has filled them with horror and with anger. *There is no danger!* he says to her. But in his heart he trembles. *The enemy! . . . and she at his mercy!* But he must go. . . . She clings to him and hides her tears.

"I have seen them—those furtive tears! I was there one day at the railway station. I saw the military train made up. No one but soldiers were permitted on the platform. Their friends were back behind the chain. Close to me a Frenchwoman was saying adieu to her soldier. How gay he was, how smiling!

"And I saw him. He could not take his eyes from her, he walked backward so as not to lose one look. And then soldiers and porters came between them and she saw him only now and then. From that moment her mask dropped.

Her smile changed to a grimace of despair, and her piteous eyes were like a prayer—*Give him back to me!*

"She saw him once more, when he turned for an instant, standing in the door of the long coach. She smiled and waved her hand. Then the train started, and I saw her standing there, wild-eyed, with her children clinging to her."

Weakness? queries Karen Bramson. Well, you may think so. Is it weak to give the sentiment of love all its first force? Is it weakness when man gives to the most violent of the human instincts the place of the supreme aim of life?

The German would answer, "Yes, it is weakness, because it is a manifestation of that egotism which absorbs the sentiment of collectivity. When a man is called to fight for his country he ought not to give one thought to himself or to his family." Results seem to contradict that theory:

"The Frenchman goes to war without any passion for war. He is not tempted by hope of reward. But that fact does not prevent him from manifesting the superior qualities of the soldier. He endures sufferings and privations, he dies stoically for his country, for, beyond that barricade of beating hearts of which he is an element, away back at home, there is the woman for whom he would give his last breath. His individualism, his individuality—not the collectivity—in that lies his power.

"Never could he acquiesce in the tyrannical seizure of his rights to think for himself. He obeys the given order, but, while he obeys, he seizes the first opportunity to act according to his own judgment. It has been said that the best disciplined soldiers are those who do not think. That saying is hardly just. A group of comprehensive soldiers would not be of less value than an unthinking horde pushed forward by the hoarse cries of their commanders. During a battle

there are a thousand occasions for defiling intelligently and with good effect even when no special order has been given to the combatants. In the rank and file of the French army, such acts of intelligence are common.

"It is characteristic of the French soldier that he shows his best qualities when defending something. He does not fall back. The French soldier clings to the post assigned to him even when his assailant is many times his superior in strength. *He is there to defend his home*, and a man is never stronger than when defending the one he loves."

The field of battle holds its mysticisms. It is the place where all signs fail, where all calculations disappoint. Why do they fail—these giant armies?

They fail because men are living human beings, not machines; and because when the crucial moment comes human weakness asserts its rights and makes its own conditions. It is not possible to reduce man to the conditions of machinery.

The enthusiasm, the "morale," of an army is nothing but the "feelings" of a collectivity of mobilized men—soldiers. The Frenchman's power to stand firm before assault springs from his love. Who gives indomitable strength to the French armies? Woman.

All the world, concludes Karen Bramson, should thank the woman of France. She has cast down the illusive and brutal estimate. She has proved that physical force is not the only force, she has shown that the strength of the brute works neither for right nor for victory. "Ideal fidelity—Love—is the one thing of supreme value, the thing which gives the changing mind of man the might of true strength. Incredible, but true! The will of man can curb hard steel and stay the flood of fire."

INCIDENTAL EFFECTS OF THE WORLD-WAR UPON FOREIGN MISSIONS

ONE of the results of the European war is the practical destruction of the foreign mission work which the churches of Germany have been carrying on for many decades in countries belonging to the British Empire. Germany has had colonies of her own only for a comparatively short time and her chief missionary societies, notably the Berlin, the Gossner, the Basel, the Hermannsburg, have been enthusiastically at work notably in India and South Africa. The *Allgemeine Missionszeitschrift*, the leading mission organ of the Fatherland, reports that at the beginning of the war there were fifteen German mission societies working in eleven English colonies, with 449 missionaries and 94 women mis-

sionaries and a total of 149,070 converts.

In the treatment of these German gospel workers in English lands there has been a marked difference in the conduct of the English government and the English mission workers. As the conditions of the war made it impossible for the German mission societies to transmit funds to their workers directly, English mission societies offered to supply the necessary money to the close of the war. In certain localities, such as the Gold Coast of Africa, according to the native organ *Gold Coast Leader*, the German mission workers were most generously treated and left undisturbed by the local authorities. The German societies refused the offer of the English mission friends, and de-

clared that they preferred to supply their own funds and to transmit these to the English colonies through their brethren in America. This has been done rather successfully, altho the collections have been sadly meager.

The English government, however, has not been as generous, but has considered it a matter of self-protection to remove all German missionaries and their families, especially from India. Accordingly a few months ago all the men of military age connected with the German mission stations in India were interned, while their families, older men, women and children, to the number of 575, were placed on the *Golconda*, sent to Holland and thence home. The story of this sad return and of the services held on this oc-

casion, records a tragedy of the present war. In South Africa, too, the young Germans have all been interned, but the older missionaries are allowed to continue their work. Families of the missionaries have not been deported.

Meanwhile all the German mission stations in India are without missionaries, altho the Indian government has permitted men sent out by American Lutheran Synods, notably the General Synod and the General Council, con-

nected with the Germans by ties of faith and kinship, to take charge of the property and continue the work as far as this may be possible. But even American men sent over to take charge of the mission points orphaned by the departure of the German workers are not always admitted into India. Thus the Ohio Synod of the Lutheran church, who before the war had bought two stations from the Hermannsburg mission society in the Madras presi-

dency, sent two native young men, the sons of American citizens, to take up the work there; but these were detained at Colombo, on the island of Ceylon, and have not been admitted. The Missouri Synod has had the same experience with one of its men, sent out to stations under the control of this body for more than thirty years. How matters will adjust themselves at the close of the war will depend on the conditions of peace.

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING IN SCHOOLS AND THE NATIONAL NEED FOR PHYSICAL PREPAREDNESS

NEW YORK state jumps to the front with two new laws to foster national preparedness by means of compulsory physical and military training of school children. They represent the most significant attempt yet made by any of our states to establish a kind of double standard of physical and military efficiency in connection with the educational system. The new measures take effect the first of next month.

One, the Welsh law, amends the education laws and requires "physical training" of all boys and girls over 8 years of age in all public and private schools. The other, the Slater law, amends the military laws and compels "military training"—outside the school curriculum—of all boys between the ages of 16 and 19, except those who are regularly employed in gaining a livelihood. A Military Commission of three members is created. The major-general commanding the National Guard is made chairman, one member is to be appointed by the State Board of Regents and one by the Governor. The Commissioner has power to recommend to the Regents and to inspect the physical training and disciplinary work in the elementary and secondary schools. These courses shall average at least 20 minutes a day. The Commission has complete authority, however, under the Slater law, to enforce the military training of boys from 16 to 19, three hours a week, in armories, camps or on school property. Thus while the Regents will prescribe the kind of "physical training" for pupils in the grades, high-school boys must take additional specific "military training" under military authorities of the state.

These new laws for the Empire State are first fruits of the nation-wide agitation for universal military training as the only proper defense for a democracy. They were enacted without having received much public attention, along with other preparedness measures, including a grant of power to the governor to draft citizens for military

service. The principle of conscription has now unquestionably been embodied in New York State law. While the state press voices considerable demand for the repeal of all this "hasty" legislation, the advocates of universal military training point out that compulsory training of this kind is but a logical extension of the principle of compulsory education.

John H. Finley, State Commissioner of Education and head of the Regents system, has been trying to keep distinctively military training out of the schools. In his official *Bulletin*, therefore, he welcomes the wholesome change by which military science, including military drill, was dropped and provision made only for rigorous, helpful, basic physical training for both boys and girls in school. The stated purpose of the Welsh law is the cultivation of "habits, customs and methods adapted to the development of correct physical posture and bearing, mental and physical alertness, self-control, disciplined initiative, sense of duty and spirit of cooperation under leadership." Dr. Finley sees positive, conserving value in such preparation for meeting the civic obligations of manhood and womanhood with a deepened sense of common obligation to state and national life. He is less positive concerning the wisdom of the Slater law for compulsory military training and protested against its exemption of boys earning a living. He contended that the obligation should be upon all boys of an age, whether at work in shop or in school, if it is put upon any.

Dr. Finley has made several notable contributions to the discussion of this subject. In the *Century* magazine he declares:

"The perpetuation of international hatreds and brutish warfare as a purposeful feature of the education of our children cannot be allowed.

"If by universal training it is meant that we must turn our great public-school system into recruiting stations or barracks for the idea that war, as illustrated in

Belgium, Poland, or Servia, is the supreme expression, or the necessary school, of a nation's valors or of a virile civilization, I protest against it and oppose it.

"On the other hand, I can conceive a system of universal training able to release an incalculable power for the general good—a system that, even while having the national defense in mind, would discipline and organize the children and youth with the same rigor to fight the real foes of mankind, the savage instincts or latencies within ourselves, the hostile forces of physical nature, to fight for the absolute good, but to fight as nobly as the absolute good demands; and not for our individual selves alone, but for something of which ourselves are but an ephemeral, yet significant part—the state. Let them be trained to fight against the real foes of a city, a nation, a race.

"A camp for such purposes I should like to make every school, public and private."

Again in his Phi Beta Kappa address on "mobilization," at the University of Chicago, Dr. Finley said:

"It is true that I have been trying to keep out of the schools distinctively military training; but that does not mean that I am opposed to preparedness. On the other hand, I am wishing that the state might conscript everybody to give some service to the state, under a plan of constructive preparedness, commandeer every selfish luxury and waste and indulgence, call to the colors periodically every useful skill and science and art and industry, and compel a general mobilization for the common defense of our ideals, but not alone with the gun. And I am opposed to compelling the boys in school to take the gun end of it except as a final necessity, not because I want them to be spared any hardness or discipline, but because I do not want them to carry into a new generation the idea that this fighting with the gun is the supreme or only valor or means of patriotic service. We of our generation may have to stain our hands with the blood of our world brothers; but it were better so if we could only let our children build with unstained hands the thing we desire for our beloved country.

"For see what we are doing: we talk with patriotic air, we boast of what we'll do and dare, and then—we make the boys

prepare to do it. Let us who have the vote put the service upon ourselves and give our boys that basic physical training, nurture of spirit and discipline of mind which will not only enable them to endure hardness but will make them willing and eager to undergo later special training to take our places if need be."

But the *School Review*, an important educational journal published by the University of Chicago Press, insists that any serious preparation of young men for war must teach them to shoot and endure hardships. This comment is made upon a program of military instruction, athletics and drills without arms recommended for high schools by a committee of the Chicago Board of Education.

"Military drill in the schools on paper is of no value. Military training in the schools, if carried on in a slipshod manner, is little better. It is wiser far to omit it entirely than to allow the young men to dawdle through a few maneuvers, and to learn a few commands. The military companies of state universities, with their compulsory drill, do not always receive the faithful attention of the rank and file of the privates. Chicago, or any other city, would be foolish to inaugurate a system without provision for rigid discipline under leaders who are thoroughly capable. . . . Probably not one eighteen-year-old boy in twenty-five in Chicago ever had a gun in his hands, or slept in a tent. Either go the limit or keep out entirely. Anything worth doing is worth doing well."

At the same time the *Review* emphasizes the opinion held by many educators that physical training is the essential element to be kept in mind by school authorities. It thinks that the bulletin of the North American Gymnastic Union "probably speaks the truth" when it attributes the strength of Germany not to so-called militarism, but to the education in which physical training is so important a factor.

"A young man who from childhood on has received the benefits of systematic physical training, developing vigor and agility, courage, self-reliance, self-control and self-confidence in meeting the ordinary demands of ordinary times, will, in the hour of need, be a better soldier than the untrained clerk or merchant who, on the spur of the moment, no matter how patriotic the motive, decides to undergo a few weeks' military drill at Camp Plattsburg or Fort Sheridan.

"The North American Gymnastic Union, founded in Philadelphia in the year 1850, is the pioneer of physical training in this country. Its system, brought over by the refugees of the German revolution of 1848, has been enlarged, perfected, and adapted to American conditions, so that we may speak to-day of an American system of physical training. It prepares the youth for the daily struggle in life, during times of peace, by means of class work in free exercises, exercising on apparatus, by games, athletics and such activities as swimming and 'hiking,' all of which, tho

primarily intended to be helpful toward cheerful and peaceful living, are incidentally prerequisites for military training."

The interesting recommendations of a group of six military experts, Adjutant General Cole chairman, made to the Boston School committee, are published by *Scouting*, the organ of the Boy Scouts of America. Close order movements, to which present drill is practically limited, should be cut to a minimum. The boys are too young to have too much exacting close order drill even if rigid obedience could be exacted. It savors of the old military theory of developing mass work and destroying individuality. "The unselfishness of the work now being done by the boy scouts in the different nations of Europe easily demonstrates the greater value of the work along boy scout lines over work along purely military drill lines." None of the great countries of the world, it is noted, even those where universal military drill is compulsory, teach strictly military drill in their schools, with the exception of Japan and Australia. These military men recommend school instruction in physical drill and the building up of the body; personal hygiene; sanitation in camp, home and city; first aid to the injured; military history; woodcraft, patrolling, scouting and knot-tying; signaling; telegraphy; target-practice; military camp life. No title or rank should be given higher than cadet lieutenant.

A startling article on "Physical Preparedness the Need of America," by Dr. George J. Fisher, secretary of the Physical Department, International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., calls attention to almost incredible physical inefficiency revealed by our recruiting stations. The United States Marine Corps recruiting officer on East 23rd street, New York, reports that out of 11,012 applicants for enlistment only 316 were able to pass the required physical examination. Not three in one hundred applicants were physically fit to be a marine. Throughout the whole country figures show that only 9.3 per cent. of the applicants were accepted. Upon such data Dr. Fisher bases his plea for physical preparedness, first published in *Physical Training*, reprinted in *Scouting* and freely quoted elsewhere. The basal problem, declares Dr. Fisher, is the vitality of the young men, not the learning of tactics, and he urges adequate physical training in Y. M. C. A. gymnasias to make up for school deficiencies and provide the necessary kind of physical preparedness for peace as well as war.

Dr. Fisher brings many authorities to support his view of the superior importance of physical training. Chief among these is Dr. D. A. Sargent, Director of the Hemenway Gymna-

sium at Harvard, whose suggestions are said to have been followed by the State Board of Education of Massachusetts. Dr. Sargent names these fundamental requirements of the modern war test: health and vigor of the people and knowledge of how to maintain it under both favorable and adverse circumstances; mental acumen and bodily and mental control under trying circumstances; moral qualities of courage, cooperation and self-sacrifice, and the spirit that will fight for what it believes is right for all it is worth. Military drill in schools does not develop these qualities in youth, because: It gives inadequate physical training, limited in activities, actually harmful to boys less than 18 or 20 years of age—"the musket is a one-sided implement too heavy for young boys and inefficient and harmful for older boys"; it does not offer sufficient opportunity for developing individual forms of muscular and mental coordination and exercise of judgment under unusual and trying circumstances, or for struggle that requires and develops a spirit of cooperation, self-sacrifice, loyalty and a strong will; it cannot teach boys the real art of war and is apt to foster a bombastic spirit of tin-soldierism and a false sense of patriotism which does not appreciate the seriousness of war nor the glories of the struggles of peace.

Dr. Sargent advocates a rational system of physical training in schools and colleges and gives six reasons why it would be of the greatest value in preparing youth of the country—both boys and girls—for the struggles of both war and peace.

"The development and functioning of both the mental and moral attributes is dependent upon and limited by the health and vigor of the individual.

"Physical training in the schools would be training at the formative and most critical period of life, just when it is most needed and able to produce the best and most lasting results.

"By this means not only would the stature be improved in size and carriage, but all the vital organs—heart, lungs, liver, etc.—would be developed and brought into condition to undergo the rigors of real military training in camp or barracks if necessary.

"Furthermore, the boys and girls would learn how to take care of themselves under adverse circumstances and apply the laws of hygiene, instruction in which is, of course, an important part of any adequate system of physical training.

"An adequate system of physical training includes athletic sports and games, and general gymnastics under competent direction. In these activities—and in this way only—is an opportunity offered for the exercise of the same physical, mental and moral qualities which are of fundamental importance in war. I refer to presence of mind, courage, self-sacrifice, and the desire to struggle for a cause which is believed to be right. Physiol-

ogists have recently shown that the whole bodily tone and functions are different according as the individual's emotions are those of quiet rest or active struggle. To exercise these various functions in preparation for the struggles of war or peace, contests must be provided. Hence we have a new reason for promoting the plays and games of the playground, school yard, and athletic field.

"The countries whose armies in this war are found best prepared do not give military drills in their schools. On the contrary, they give abundant instruction in physical training."

Among well-known educators Professor John Dewey of Columbia has said, "It would be a long step back-

ward in the traditions of the American people and of American education to introduce rifle practice into our public schools. It is undemocratic, barbaric and scholastically unwise." The National Educational Association a year ago passed a resolution which reads: "The Association deplores any attempt to militarize this country. It again declares against the establishment of compulsory military training in the schools, on the ground that it is reactionary and inconsistent with American ideals and standards." Last month the subject stirred up the chief debate at the Association's convention in New York. All shades of opinion were voiced by

educators, and by platform speakers including Mr. Bryan and General Wood. The Association finally passed a general resolution regarding American ideals and the conserving purpose of the schools which closed with these words: "While the Association recognizes that the community or the State may introduce such elements of military training into the schools as may seem wise and prudent, yet it believes that such training should be strictly educational in its aim and organization, and that military ends should not be permitted to pervert the educational purposes and practices of the schools."

THE MORALITY OF EFFICIENCY IN MODERN WARFARE

WAR brings confusion to the moral standards to which we are accustomed. It makes its own morals. What startles Havelock Ellis, the well-known British writer and scientist, is that the present European war forces the world to reckon with the conception that war is a function of the Supreme State which stands above morality and is therefore able to wage war independently of morality. Whatever the issue of this war, Germany's military reputation is so great, and is likely to remain so great, that the situation is gravely critical for humanity and civilization.

"The conduct of wars has been transformed before our eyes. In any future war the example of Germany will be held to consecrate the new methods, and the belligerents who are not inclined to accept the supreme authority of Germany may yet be forced in their own interests to act in accordance with it. The mitigating influence of religion on warfare has long ceased to be exercised, for the international Catholic Church no longer possesses the power to exert such influence, while the national Protestant churches are just as bellicose as their flocks. Now, we see the influence of morality over warfare similarly tending to disappear. . . . Necessity—the necessity of scientific effectiveness—becomes the sole criterion of right and wrong."

Mr. Ellis discusses "Morality in War" in the *London Nation*, and he seems to think that "scientific barbarism" as the basis of warfare has come to stay. Morality is a relative term, fundamentally the *mores* or approved customs of peoples at given periods. The military ideal of the old European world was that of a professional fighting class, retained by monarchs and imbued with certain romantic and chivalrous notions of war etiquette. These were absurdly incongruous, to be sure, because war by its very nature always means a relapse from civilization to

barbarism. Germany has now broken general contentment with that incongruity.

"Germany, or more precisely Prussia, with its ancient genius for warfare, has in the present war taken the decisive step in initiating the abolition of that incongruity by placing warfare definitely on the basis of scientific barbarism. To do this is, in a sense, we must remember, not a step backwards, but a step forward. It involves recognition of the fact that war is not a game to be played for its own sake, by a professional caste, in accordance with fixed rules which it would be dishonorable to break, but a method, carried out by the whole organized manhood of the nation, of effectively attaining an end desired by the State. If by the chivalrous method of old, which was indeed in large part still their own method in the previous Franco-German War, the Germans had resisted the temptation to violate the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium in order to rush behind the French defenses, and had battered instead at the gap of Belfort, they would have won the sympathy of the world, but they certainly would not have won possession of the greater part of Belgium and a third part of France.

"It has not alone been military instinct which has impelled Germany on the new course thus inaugurated. We see here the final outcome of a reaction against ancient Teutonic sentimentality which the insight of Goldwin Smith clearly discerned forty years ago. Humane sentiments and civilized traditions, under the molding hand of Prussian leaders of Kultur, have been slowly but firmly subordinated to a political realism, which, in the military sphere, means a masterly efficiency in the aim of crushing the foe by overwhelming force, combined with panicking 'frightfulness.' In this conception, that only is moral which served these ends. The horror which this 'frightfulness' may be expected to arouse, even among neutral nations, is, from the German point of view, a tribute of homage."

In other words, Mr. Ellis observes that the fact that "efficiency" takes the place of "morality" in the conduct of

affairs, offers a new foundation for war when war is waged on scientific principle for the purpose of rendering effective the claims of state policy.

"The conclusion seems to be that we are to-day entering on an era in which war will not only flourish as vigorously as in the past, altho not in so chronic a form, but with an altogether new ferocity and ruthlessness, with a vastly increased power of destruction, and on a scale of extent and intensity involving an injury to civilization and humanity which no wars of the past ever perpetrated. Moreover, this state of things imposes on the nations which have hitherto, by their temper, their position, or their small size, regarded themselves as nationally neutral, a new burden of armament in order to ensure that neutrality. It has been proclaimed on both sides that this war is a war to destroy militarism. But the disappearance of a militarism that is only destroyed by a greater militarism offers no guarantee at all for any triumph of civilization or humanity."

In so far as this war acts as a spur to efforts to group and direct other factors than war toward molding the world, Mr. Ellis says it will not be an unmixed calamity. But it is necessary to recognize that the intellectual leadership was grievously mistaken which declared that the beneficent growth of science and intellect ensured the disappearance of war. There is a morality of war; but it is not the code "forever unattained" of the Sermon on the Mount. In the substantial and central sense morality means the conduct of the main body of the community. What we call international law reflects but does not originate the popular conventional moral code. There may be pioneers ahead of it, and a debased rear guard, for the main body of conduct is in constant motion. The significant and dangerous thing, according to Mr. Ellis, is the State standard of efficiency as real-morality which Germany has set up in this war.



LITERATURE · AND · ART



A Minor Character Which Dominates a Novel.

IN "The Prisoner" (Macmillan), Miss Alice Brown, if we may believe some of her enthusiastic reviewers, has not so much written a novel as created an absolutely new character in fiction. The personality that "runs away with the book" is that of Madame Beattie, a broken-down old opera-singer. "We are bold to say that Mme. Beattie is one of the best characters in American fiction," exclaims the critic of the N. Y. *Globe*, "this ridiculous, rusty, wicked but altogether engaging Old Warrior, with her ancient prima donna's finery, and her past, including 'a certain Royal Personage,' and a diamond necklace. . . . It is the several older women in the book, notably Mme. Beattie, to whom the author has given her best and most original work. The one-time opera singer, indomitable in her plumes, harranguing the foreign labor vote in a language (nay, languages) and in a lusty manner after their hearts, is a novel and delectable sight. She is an excellent character, and absolutely consistent." The critic of the Boston *Transcript*, well qualified to criticize Miss Brown's treatment of New England society, announces that she has created a strange and unreal world. Her people dwell in a "fairyl-land of the novel's own futile imagining," and Miss Brown "would be much more successful as a novelist if she gave us a real world with real people in it." Yet this critic is compelled to admit the dominance of Madame Beattie:

"She is really the dominant figure in the story, the most possible of its impossibilities, the most real of its unrealities. She was a large woman who wore black velvet, and she had a stale perfume about her. She had a 'direct habit of address,' her hands were loaded with rings. Her speech was frank, and she had apparently committed every sin but the sin of the hypocrite.

"When Madame Beattie, or Aunt Patricia as she is called, arrived in Addington, she came with plenty of luggage but with no funds. Her stepsister, with whom she planned to make her home, was Esther Blake's grandmother, and before long she was deep in the evolution of Esther's character. 'Madame Beattie was swarthy and strong-featured with a soft wrinkled skin unnatural from overcherishing,' we are told. 'She had bright, humorously satirical eyes; and her mouth was large. Therefore you were surprised at her slight lisp, a curious childishness which Esther had always considered pure affectation. . . . The voice un-

derneath the lisp was a sad thing when you remembered it had once been 'golden.' It was raucous yet husky, a gin voice, Jeffrey had called it, adding that she had a gin cough. All this Esther remembered as she went forward prettily and submitted to Aunt Patricia's perfumed kiss. The ostrich feathers in the worn velvet traveling hat cascaded over them both, and bangles clinked in a thin discord with curious trinkets hanging from her chatelaine.'"

Perhaps there are many novelists who can construct novels superior to "The Prisoner," but in recent years there have been few able to create any vital, dominating, unforgettable character, living independently of the novel and of the novelist. This is Miss Brown's distinct achievement.

Utopia in a Schoolroom.

IN these days of educational reconstruction, of Gary schools and Montessori methods, there is peculiar timeliness and charm in Mr. A. S. Neill's record of the school-teacher who tried to establish a schoolroom Utopia. It is called "A Dominie's Log" (McBride). "The modern ideas of theoretical pedagogy are as nothing beside the penetrating revelations of this 'log,'" declares the Boston *Transcript*. "We are not surfeited by child psychology in the writings of this Dominie. . . . The book ought to be distributed to all public and private school-teachers in our land. Possibly, if they read and digested Mr. Neill's reflections, in time our truant officers might become obsolete." The dominie was a Scotch Socialist in London who decided that all hope for the future was in the younger generation. He took a little school in Scotland where he could propagate his advanced theories. There is the amusing description of the visit of a brother "dominie" who believed in discipline. The description gives us, says the New York *Evening Post*, "a perfect idyl of pedagogic anarchy":

"You don't line them up and march them in?" the visitor asked, before school opening.

"I used to, but I've given it up. . . . I'm not enamored of straight lines."

We entered the classroom.

"I couldn't tolerate this now," he said, referring to the chatter. Just then Jim Burnett came out to my desk and lifted the Glasgow *Herald*—

"What's the idea?" asked Simpson (the visitor).

"He's the only boy who's keen on the war news."

Various pupils came to the desk and

borrowed novels and drifted away to green fields and shady nooks.

"Do you let them do as they like?" asked Simpson.

"In the upper classes," I replied.

Mary Wilson, in the front seat, held out a bag of sweets to me. (This was during arithmetic hour.) I took one.

"Please, sir, would the gentleman like one, too?"

Simpson took one with the air of a man on holiday, who doesn't care what sins he commits.

"I say," he whispered, "do you let them eat in school?"

"Yes," I answered. "Makes your arm itch?"

"Oh, it's all very pleasant and pic-nicky," he returned, "but eating nuts and sweets in class!"

The Witty Miss West Writes About Henry James.

THE most brilliant woman writer in England to-day is probably Rebecca West, whose book on the late Henry James has just been published in London (Nisbets). Her epigrams are not only witty but true. She writes intriguingly, the London *Public Opinion* informs us. She knows how to interest her readers even in the novels of Henry James. She does not prostrate herself at the feet of her god and offer up nothing but incense. Without losing her sense of his greatness, no one has so wittily revealed the weaknesses and failings of the master of fiction. James began his literary career by reading the proofs of George Eliot's novels when they were being published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Miss West remarks: "The profession of literature differs from that of the stage in that the stars begin instead of ending as dressers." Concerning "Rod-erick Hudson," written at the outset of James's career, she says: "It is crammed with local color, like a school-mistress's bedroom full of photographs of Rome. It has a plain boiled suet heroine called Mary. But its idea is magnificent." Of James when he wrote "The Europeans," in 1878, Miss West declares that "his sentence was a straight young thing that could run where it liked, instead of a delicate creature swathed in relative clauses as an invalid in shawls." Elsewhere she somewhat cruelly protests that "no writer of conscience could use his pen upon Mrs. Humphrey Ward, save to point out the essential resemblance between her art and the dingiest four-wheeler on the gloomiest cab-rank in Bloomsbury, or pair of serviceable elastic-sided boots." At the beginning:

of the career of Henry James, style in English literature, Miss West declares, had been "poisoned at the fount of thought by Carlyle, whose sentences were confused disasters like railway accidents, and by Herbert Spencer, who wrote as tho he were the offspring of two *Times* leaders."

The "Shameless Subjectivity" of Mr. John Cowper Powys.

SHAMELESS subjectivity marks John Cowper Powys's selection of "One Hundred Best Books" (G. Arnold Shaw). Mr. Powys admits this, but defends his amazing selection on the ground that because of this very subjectivity, his list "becomes a challenge to the intelligence perusing it—a challenge that is bound in some degree or another to fling a reader back upon his own inveterate prejudices; to fling him back upon them with a sense that it is his affair reasonably to justify them." By omitting the names of certain prominent and popular writers, both ancient and modern, Mr. Powys confesses that he hopes "to give the reader's critical conscience the sort of jolt that is so salutary a mental stimulus." He also wishes to indicate "the curious way certain books and writers have of inevitably hanging together, and necessarily implying one another."

"Thus it appears that the type of mind—it would be presumptuous to call it the best type of mind—which prefers Euripides to Sophocles, and Heine to Schiller, prefers also Emily Brontë to Charlotte Brontë, and Oliver Onions to Compton Mackenzie. Given the mind that in compiling such a list would at once drag in *The Odyssey* and *The Psalms*, and run hastily on to Sir Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb, we are instinctively conscious that when it reaches, with its arbitrary divining rod, our own unlucky age, it will skip quite lightly over Thackeray, wave an ambiguous hand in the direction of Meredith, and sit solemnly down to make elaborate mention of all the published works of Walter Pater, Thomas Hardy and Mr. Henry James."

Mr. Powys's list includes six of the novels of Henry James—"The Ambassadors," "The Tragic Muse," "The Soft Side," "The Better Sort," "The Wings of the Dove" and "The Golden Bowl." John Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan, Oliver Onions, Arnold Bennett, Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Hermann Sudermann, Feodor Dostoevsky, are among the modern novelists who crowd classical and ancient authors out of Mr. Powys's list. Theodore Dreiser's "The Titan" is one of the few American books mentioned, as is the slightly known novel of Vincent O'Sullivan, "The Good Girl." And in such a predominantly "modern" list it was of course inevitable that Mr. Powys should mention Masters's "Spoon River Anthology."

Interesting Omissions from Mr. Powys's List.

MR. POWYS, we suspect, has deliberately sought to arouse our interest in the great books he has omitted from his list. He is diabolically provocative and stimulating. Reviewers cannot resist answering his challenge. He reawakens in us a flattering consciousness of how many books we ourselves are familiar with greater than those Mr. Powys finds great. Every reader will undoubtedly construct a list of "one hundred best books" that will put John Cowper Powys to shame. Condemning his outrageous modernity, a critic of the *New York Evening Post* notes: "In our age, which has such a hectic passion for the merely contemporaneous and



THE SERBIAN

In the opinion of A. E. Gallatin, the American critic, this is one of the most effective of Boardman Robinson's war sketches.

evanescent, any list of this sort should exercise a pull toward the more permanent elements in literature and life. There seems to be, truly, a lack of imagination in the present generation, which cannot pierce through the slight difficulties of archaic phraseology or oddities of style to the meat of great emotions. It is almost as if people had become imaginatively mono-lingual, skilled only in the argot of their own times." We are inclined to agree with this critic that Mr. Powys's list is overweighted with the moderns. Yet their inclusion serves to emphasize such glaring omissions as the Book of Job, Plato, *The Arabian Nights*, Molière, Fielding—to mention only a few. Mr. Powys's method is exemplified by his inclusion of several books of Nietzsche, neglecting his powerful precursor Max

Stirner, whose "Ego and his Own" has been hailed as the most revolutionary document ever penned. Flaubert and Goncourt, Villon and Verlaine, are other forgotten names which lead one to the conclusion that John Cowper Powys is a true master in the gentle art of omission.

The New Art of War Reporting.

THERE is a new school of war reporting, if we may trust a writer in *Reedy's Mirror*. He calls attention to its effectiveness as revealed in "The War in Eastern Europe" (Scribners), the new book of pen pictures by John Reed and Boardman Robinson. Visualization, a presentation to the reader of what the authors themselves have seen—this is the striking quality of the new art. Reed does not rhetorically reconstruct battles in the manner of the past, out of scraps and trifles picked up in the bar of the Ritz in London; nor does Robinson make grandiloquent, melodramatic battle scenes out of Associated Press reports, after the manner of the London and Paris illustrated weeklies. "John Reed achieves the highest effectiveness as a reporter," writes the *Mirror* critic, "because to the reader he visualizes what he himself sees. . . . There is individuality and force about Boardman Robinson's work as an illustrator. He conveys a striking idea in every picture. Robinson drew his sketches on the spot, as he was the sharer throughout the trip of Reed's hardships, delays and dangers." Reed explains their aim in a preface to the book:

"The most important thing to know about the war is how the different peoples live; their environment, tradition and the revealing things they do and say. In time of peace, many human qualities are covered up which come to the surface in a sharp crisis; but on the other hand, much of personal and racial quality is submerged in a time of great public stress. And in this book, Robinson and I have simply tried to give our impressions of human beings as we found them in the countries of Eastern Europe."

A Philologist of the Underworld.

SING SING No. 65368 (Harry Leverage), who is editor of *The Star of Hope*, has, in the opinion of the *New York Evening Post*, made an amusing and valuable contribution to the philology of slang in his article which appeared in a recent number of the prison paper, on "The Argot of the Underworld." "Some day," says the *Post*, "the Modern Language Association will wake up to the importance of this subject and devote a whole 'publication' to the elucidation of criminal dialects and their influence upon normal language." No. 65368 points out the fleeting and evanescent traits of the vocabulary of the underworld. "Rich in metaphor and in expression,"

he writes, "and of dubious etymology, the language and the argot of the underworld is, like the Indian tongues and the Romany patter, passing before the relentless inroads of civilization, and is destined to become as obsolete as the argot Ouida used in her masterpiece, 'Under Two Flags.' . . . Chinatown and the gangster are passing with the professional criminal, and the Apaches of New York are to-day a memory, save in isolated instances which the police are fully able to cope with, and law and order rule this country from ocean to ocean." The prison writer presents a list of colorful metaphors and expressions from the language of the underworld, to which all languages of the world have seemingly contributed:

"Crime of any nature, long practiced, calls for secrecy of spoken expression and the rich argot of 'guns,' as pickpockets are called, is only exceeded by the vernacular of the curb brokers and the abbreviated language of the exchange and bucket-shop operators and the dying slang of the race tracks. . . .

"The professional pickpocket, or those who are left of the tribe, have an expression for every professional action and object. Pockets range from 'side kicks' to 'double insiders,' which are the inner vest pockets, and hard indeed it is to abstract a 'poke' or 'leather' from one of the same and 'weed' it in the security of some nearby haven.

"A ring is called a 'hoop.' A watch may be a 'super' in one locality and in another it may be called a 'block' or a 'turnip' or a 'kettle,' while the chain is either a 'white slang' or a 'red slang,' the chromatic adjective denoting either gold or silver.

"Money is given a score of names, the most used is 'kale,' 'scratch,' or 'dough'; but the 'Humble Dutchman,' a well-known underworld character, was wont to call it 'bullets,' and this name is used in many localities. A ticket in the underworld is known the world over as a 'ducat,' while a uniformed policeman is a 'harness bull,' which is rich indeed in suggestion and description. The minions of the law are also given the following names which are very expressive: 'cops,' 'mugs,' 'fly mugs,' 'bulls,' 'dicks' (an abbreviation for detectives); while in the west, central office men are known as 'C. O. dicks' or 'elbows' from a habit they have of elbowing into crowds after their prey."

Wanted—A Dickens of the Underworld.

THE argot of the criminal is, to a large extent, local, altho some of his expressions are comparatively universal. "In the shade" is a phrase borrowed from the French to signify jail. "A bedroom of stars," we read, is also of French origin, designating the park where the "broken" man sleeps. Practically all the old slang—the slang of Josiah Flynt—has been scrapped long ago. A new generation has arisen and with it a new language. New York needs a Hugo



From "The War in Eastern Europe."

DISCHARGED FROM A TYPHUS HOSPITAL

An incident of the war in eastern Europe depicted by the greatest American draughtsman, Boardman Robinson. His virility is said at times to suggest that of Goya.

or a Eugene Sue to record the colorful language of the underworld. No. 65368 expresses this need:

"A little journey into the passing Chinatown or the Lower Bowery with a 'recordergraph' would bring into underworld literature a wealth of phrases that would surely hold one as was the bridegroom held by the tale of the 'Ancient Mariner' before the kirk.

"The surging tide that ebbs and flows, the flotsam and spume that is attracted to New York like moths to a flame, shift, as it were, to the lower city where argot and slang passes as literature and nomenclature among the yeggs, wall flowers and the humble dynamiters who are the 'wall flowers' of the shock house, an expression that carries a world of meaning. Here one will find a passing phase and an argot that is destined to become extinct as has that of Cigarette's.

"Dickens would have gloried in such leading lights as old mother Mandelbaum or 'Sheeney' Mike; and where in all the world is there a more pathetic picture than little Nollie Matches, a pickpocket from birth, forced like Oliver Twist to steal for a Fagan? They have passed and the underworld is passing with an opportunity for some Hugo or Sue to grasp before it is too late. The world and the

big cities are, in the language of an old offender, 'infested with police,' who know their business, and the straight road has become the only road that leads away from the 'shade' and the port of missing men."

Cooking and Literature.

MODERN novelists for the most part, complains the erudite and entertaining "Penguin" of the London *Nation*, neglect to tell us what their heroes and heroines eat and drink. "This is almost as serious a fault as omitting to tell us their incomes and how they made them." Balzac revealed the financial affairs of his characters, but had little to say about their favorite dishes. Fielding, Smollett and most of the older novelists have capital accounts of good dinners at inns. Dickens was not unmindful of this aspect of life. Thackeray's characters are only casual diners. Disraeli's dinners were tawdry. Scott and Dumas, on the other hand, are generous in their descriptions of the pleasures of the table. "Give Dumas an inn and two horsemen approaching from opposite directions, and he unhesitatingly sets them down to a table loaded

with good fare and good wine as the prelude to a lively adventure. What reader can forget the gastronomic depredations of Athos in the innkeeper's cellar at Amiens at the time of the affair of the diamond studs, or the luncheon of the musketeers in the Saint-Gervais bastion in front of La Rochelle, or the exploits of Porthos at the table of Louis XIV.?" The public is interested in food, "Penguin" informs us, for cook-books sell almost as well as novels. Brillat-Savarin's is first among the classics of cookery. Brillat-Savarin's aphorisms, meditations and epigrams rise fully to the height of his subject. Dr. Samuel Johnson regretted the lack of a good cook-book. "Women," he is reported to have remarked, "can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery. Johnson's 'Cookery,' in the opinion of 'Penguin,' is one of the most regrettable of the great unwritten books. 'I could write a better book of cookery,' Johnson announced, 'than has ever yet been written. . . . You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make.' The *Nation's* critic thus sums up his own view of the intimate relationship of cooking to literature:

"Cookery, like literature, art, and architecture, is a reflection of life and embodies its ideals. The Latin satirists describe the costly profusion and the absence of taste of the Roman banquets of the decadence. Montaigne has a passage showing how the introduction of Italian

art into France was accompanied by a renaissance of cookery, and Horace Walpole complains of the ostentatious desserts that came to England with the House of Hanover. When Napoleon was overthrown and Europe settled down to the development of the arts of peace, cookery was not neglected. This is how Lady Morgan writes of a dinner at Baron Rothschild's:

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual power of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization."

Why Novels Are Not "Light Reading."

WE must rid ourselves of the notion that all fiction is 'light reading,' serving for amusement only," so Miss Corinne Bacon writes in the *Library Journal*. The theory formerly held concerning the function of the modern novel she finds in need of revision. There are many books classed as literature, books of travel and even of philosophy which do not measure up, either as sources of information, as stimulants to thought, or as works of art, to the level of many novels. Miss Bacon does not claim that the novel's value as "reference material" is in direct ratio to its value as a work of art; yet she presents an impressive list of recent novels which indicates that more and more fiction is

lifting itself out of the class of so-called "light reading." Here is her list of serious modern novels of social and ethical propaganda:

1. Business. Dreiser's "The Financier," Chester's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," Norris's "The Pit," White's "A Certain Rich Man."
2. Subsidized Press. Adams's "The Clarion."
3. Child Labor. McCall's "Red Horse Hill."
4. Strikes. Edwards's "Comrade Yetta," Poole's "The Harbor."
5. Socialism. Tressall's "Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists."
6. United States Politics. Blythe's "The Fakers," Churchill's "Mr. Crewe's Career."
7. Religion. Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup."
8. Feminism. George's "The Second Blooming," Harrison's "Angela's Business."
9. Marriage and Divorce. Canfield's "The Squirrel Cage," Well's "Marriage," Wharton's "The Custom of the Country," Webster's "The Real Adventure."
10. Woman Suffrage. Anti: Allen's "Her Wings," Curtis's "The Congresswoman," Nichols's "Wild Mustard." Pro: Forman's "Opening Door," Johnson's "Hagar," Robins's "The Convert."
11. White Slavery. Kauffman's "The House of Bondage," Francis's "Story of Mary Dunne," Robins's "My Little Sister."
12. Race Question (the negro). Du Bois's "Quest of the Silver Fleece," Howells's "The Imperative Duty," Gibbon's "Flower o' the Peach."

MADAME COLETTE AND HER AMAZING MENAGERY OF BEASTS, BIRDS, AND HUMANS

WHILE man tears man . . . the innocent beasts alone have the right to be ignorant of war. In this book I have called them together as in an enclosure where there shall be no war." In this fashion does Madame Colette (Willy) explain the aim of her new book "Peace among the Beasts," just published by Crès in Paris. A correspondent of the London *Egoist* uses this occasion to call attention to the extraordinary talent of one of the great woman writers of the present day. Madame Colette is not only immensely popular with the reading public but with the most austere critics as well. "Her early admirers would rather a last book by Mme. Colette were not a literary 'event,' a boom in the market. And yet whose success is more justified, whose more deserved?" The dramatic personae of the present volume is furnished by cats (patrician and plebeian), circus dogs and lap-dogs, butterflies, panthers, tigers, leopards, squirrels, snakes, owls, goldfish, not to mention occasional glimpses at such extraordinary creatures as the

Cubists, the vivisectionists, and Professor Pavlov and his laboratory colleagues in Petrograd. Colette is no champion of the modern "mechanists" of science. "What a fine nightmare it would be for one of the disciples of the Russian savant," she exclaims—"Doctor Pavlov captured by dogs, chained up, isolated in one of the pavilions of his new laboratory, harassed by the beating of metronomes, the sight of tempting food offered and then withdrawn, electric currents, appearances and disappearances of a red light, major and minor chords, until—oh! scientific victory—his mouth waters at the sight of a letter T!"

Colette, seemingly, is not a scientific student of cats, dogs, birds, and the rest of her pets. On the contrary, she accepts them as of the same stuff of which humans are made. They live as characters in the pages of all her clever books, from her first, "Seven Animal Dialogs," throughout the "Claudine" series (written in collaboration with her husband, "Willy," which is M. Gaultier-Villars's *nom de plume*), as well as in the immensely popular

"Vagabonde," a semi-autobiographical account of her experiences as a performer in the French music-halls.

In her piquant series of sketches of music-hall life, "*L'Envers du Music-Hall*," the performing animals seem to possess greater dignity and pathos than that possessed by the strange "animal-like" humans she depicts. For just as a still-life painting is often very full of life, the writer in the London *Egoist* continues, Colette's animals are "very human":

"One of Mme. Colette's great attractions is her naturalness, and the art she possesses to her finger-tips of making rare observations without preciousness. This naturalness—and he who has never endeavored to write knows not the artistry it demands—is that of a woman of the world, of a 'lady,' if you will allow the expression, of a woman who is always at her ease, free from mannerisms and affectations—an unusual quality at a time when an irritating *naïveté*, or *naïvism*, is the fashion in literature.

"Not only the critics and the public are equally enthusiastic about her work, but two such differing tastes as those of men and women are united in their praise of

Mme. Colette. The latter find feeling, sensibility, and even more wit than they want in her writings; but men, while awake to these features, also, of course, take particular delight in the actual quality of the workmanship, for men like not the cheap. The firm, clear, supple style, the extremely varied but always aptly-used vocabulary, the matching—when necessary technical—similes, the tidy, concise, well-balanced phrasings, in a word, first-class, never bungled work, form the most perfect example in prose we possess in France to-day.

"The approximate, the 'good-enough,' are qualifications unknown to Mme. Colette, and her language fits her thought as a well-cut 'tailor-made' fits a well-made figure. This master of style can tune her prose to every key, and some of these pages, very samples for anthologies, are pure prose poems."

Modern literature, as a critic of the London *Nation* recently pointed out, has not been lacking in lovers of cats. French literature especially has abounded in eulogies to cats, individually and collectively. "Only a Frenchman," wrote Théophile Gautier, "can understand the subtle organization of a cat." Anatole France's cats are fa-

mous, tho the dog Riquet is more marked by human than by canine characteristics. Colette's love, however, is not limited to any one species of the animal world. Her acute and patient observations are limited not merely to cats and dogs but extend to lizards, reptiles, insects—and humans. Her vivid sketches are filled, as the Paris *Revue* notes, with pity, sentiment and refined irony. "There is always the same finesse of sharp observation, the same richness and variety of thought, the same precise and shaded notation, of a prodigious art which recalls Pierre Loti and Jules Renard, Anatole France and Kipling—combined with an entirely personal sensitiveness, a thrilling and exquisite voluptuousness."

The more popular of her books, like "La Vagabonde," run into sixty or seventy editions, and this frivolous popularity has undoubtedly had the effect of suspending critical judgment. Many of her stories and sketches have appeared serially in the lightest and most frivolous of humorous weeklies, *La Vie Parisienne*. "Colette's Journal" was published by the *Matin* during 1913, but this amazing document has

not yet been published in book form. Colette has not been translated into English. Perhaps the characters of her stories are too acutely depicted as on the same level as the "beasts" who romp through her pages. Beasts and humans are subjected alike to her penetrating observation. In neither does Colette neglect to note the most curious physiological details or idiosyncrasies, the expressive hypocrisies, the hidden perversities. Perhaps the English language is not sufficiently pliable to permit translation of Colette's frank and mundane revelations, however delicately they find expression in her native tongue.

Colette has perhaps revealed her own method of composition in an outburst in "La Vagabonde," in which her heroine, Renée Néré, soliloquizes:

"To write! to pour out with rage all of one's sincerity on the tempting paper, so quickly, so quickly sometimes that one's hand fights and balks, driven on relentlessly by the god that drives it . . . and to find the next day, in place of the golden bough miraculously blooming during a flowing hour, a dry thorn, a frost-bitten flower!"

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR WHO TRIED TO REVEAL THE MUSIC CONCEALED IN MARBLE

KILLED in battle at the age of twenty-three, while fighting for France at Neuville St. Vaast, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska was not merely a young sculptor of promise but, despite his extreme youth, one of the most significant artists of the new movement. His work, Ezra Pound tells us in his engrossing memoir of Gaudier-Brzeska (John Lane), is one of the most eloquent vindications of Vorticism. Perhaps no one is quite as competent as Mr. Pound to interpret and explain the aim of the young French sculptor who did his most important work in London, and who was perhaps the most unique and striking personality among the group of Vorticists and artists who assembled at the so-called Rebel Art Center.

Not that Gaudier himself was inarticulate. He too contributed manifestoes and proclamations concerning sculpture to that shrieking organ of Vorticism, *Blast*, and fully expressed himself in letters to the more radical of the London weeklies. These expressions Mr. Pound has republished, together with his own impressions of the young artist, and a high estimate of his place in modern art. Most vivid, perhaps, is Mr. Pound's revelation of the young artist's struggle against poverty. As a youth of seventeen or eighteen he supported himself by doing commercial correspondence and trans-

lations. Later he made designs for a firm of calico printers. He studied in museums after his working hours. He even found time to learn shorthand. He came to London in 1911, and for three months was out of work. Finally he obtained a clerkship, studied in museums in the evenings and Saturday afternoons and spent half the night drawing. Soon he obtained some commercial art work. He did a poster for



HE DIED AT TWENTY-THREE

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska was killed in the French trenches, but his art is immortal, declares Ezra Pound. None of his friends can forget his vivid, incisive manner, his "almost alarmingly intelligent eyes."

"Macbeth," also others he could not sell. Finally he was able to obtain a rough studio under the railway arch in Putney, tho often he could not afford stone or marble out of which he might create his amazing statues. "As we passed the cemetery which lies by the bus-route to Putney," Mr. Pound writes, "he would damn that 'waste of good stone.'" When it rained, his studio would be flooded with several inches of water. Yet in spite of these adverse conditions, Gaudier-Brzeska never compromised his ideals and his art. As he progressed, his work became more and more incomprehensible to the average layman as well as to artists of more conservative trend. The latter were of the opinion that Gaudier's work is "not sculpture, but stones."

"Damn those Greeks!" the young anarch of sculpture was wont to cry, in his efforts to free himself from what he considered the false esthetic standards of the past. Greek sculpture, in his opinion, was vastly overrated. "The pretty works of the Hellenes," he wrote in a letter to *The Egoist*, "are the productions of a civilized—i. e., a people to whom instinct is secondary to reason." He himself placed a higher value upon instinct than upon reason in the realm of art. In the same letter he defined the aim of the modern artist:

"The modern sculptor is a man who



STAGS

These marvelous pen drawings of Gaudier-Brzeska—greatly reduced here—may convince those who cannot understand his sculpture of his inherent genius. To some critics they recall Leonardo.



STAGS ALSO

Here is one of the mysterious incomprehensible statues which so puzzled conservative critics and artists. Gaudier purged his work of all attempts at representation, striving for a certain musical quality in form.

works with instinct as his inspiring force. His work is emotional. The shape of a leg, or the curve of an eyebrow, etc., etc., have to him no significance whatsoever; light voluptuous modeling is to him insipid—what he feels he does so intensely and his work is nothing more nor less than the abstraction of this intense feeling, with the result that sterile men of Auceps' kind are frightened at the production. That this sculpture has no relation to classic Greek, but that it is continuing the tradition of the barbaric peoples of the earth (for whom we have sympathy and admiration), I hope to have made clear."

Art in the past, Ezra Pound explains, contrasting it with the sculpture typified by the work of a Gaudier-Brzeska, has relied too exclusively upon the "caressable." "We all of us like the caressable, but we most of all in the long run prefer the woman to the statue. That is the romance of Galatea. . . . The development of Greek sculpture is simple; it moves steadily toward the caressable. One may even say that people very often set up Greek art as an ideal because they are incapable of understanding any other." He proceeds:

"The weakness of the caressable work of art, of the work of art which depends upon the caressability of the subject, is, incidentally, that its stimulativeness diminishes as it becomes more familiar. The work which depends upon an arrangement of forms becomes more interesting with familiarity in proportion as its forms are well organized. That is to say, the ideal vorticist is not the man of delicate incapacities, who, being unable to get anything from life, finds himself reduced to taking a substitute in art.

"Our respect is not for the subject-matter but for the creative power of the artist; for that which he is capable of adding to his subject from himself; or, in fact, his capability to dispense with external subjects altogether, to create from

himself or from elements. We hold that life has its own satisfactions, and that after a man has lived up to the hilt he should still have sufficient energy to go on to the satisfactions of art, which are different from the satisfactions of life. I will not say loftily: they are beyond it. The satisfactions of art differ from the satisfactions of life as the satisfactions of seeing differ from the satisfactions of hearing. There is no need to dispense with either. The artist who has no 'ideas about art,' like the man who has no ideas about life, is a dull dog.

"The result of the attempt to mix the satisfactions of art and life is, naturally, muddle. There is downright *bad art*



"CARITAS"

One must live with statues such as this one, says Ezra Pound, to become cognizant of its strange and subtle beauties.

where the satisfactions offered or suggested are solely the satisfactions of life; for example, the drawings in salacious 'comics' or the domesticities of 'Pear's Annual'—that Mecca of British Academicians. There is art, often very fine art, of mixed appeal: for example, in Rodin's *La Vieille Heaulmière*, the beauty of the work depends in no appreciable degree on the subject, which is hideous. The beauty is from Rodin. It is in the composition, as I remember it; in silhouettes. The interest is, largely, a life interest or a sentimental interest. It is a pathos for lost youth, etc., intensified by a title reminiscent of Villon. Without the title from Villon the bronze loses much of its force."

Mr. Pound goes back to Whistler's theory for the germ of the new esthetics represented in the sculpture of Gaudier-Brzeska. "Art should be independent of all claptrap," wrote Whistler in his "Gentle Art," "should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it." Ezra Pound applies this dictum to the new sculpture: It is the music of "planes in relation." "I am aware that most people cannot feel form 'musically,'" he writes. But evidently we must learn how to get a thrill from an arrangement of planes.

If to the uninitiated these theories of Mr. Pound and his Vorticist colleagues are as nebulous in interest as some of the later sculpture of Gaudier-Brzeska himself, there is at any rate no reason to suppose, a critic of the *New York Sun* warns us, "that these modern men are making something between a mutilated archaic, a child's mud pie and a protesque because they are unable to do anything different." He bids us to look at the wonderful drawings of Gaudier-Brzeska. The drawings of stags are done "with a fine, free, elegant line that would not shame Leo-

nardo. There is a drawing of a male nude done from the back that has the strength of Michael Angelo. . . . If a man who could draw like that chose to heap blunt masses of stone on each other and call the result 'Birds Erect,' one must suppose that he was doing something more serious than posing affectedly to an astonished audience. First place, the audience is so very small and might so easily have been enlarged by a display of ordinary facility and skill. Therefore, however absurd it may seem, a serious writer will discard the easy explanation of mere pose. In short, there is in all this new art, new writing, new painting, at any rate, a certain gruff sincerity and a deliberate discard of the artificial and the rhetorical."

Ezra Pound points out that we ought not to make the mistake of attempting to find out *what* the young sculptor sought to express:

"Why should we try to pin labels on 'what he has expressed'? Is there any profit in saying that his form organizations express facts which were perhaps more violently true for the South Sea Islander of three thousand years ago than



PEN DRAWING

Gaudier-Brzeska could have made a name for himself had he followed traditional methods and esthetics, as this superb drawing indicates.

for us, who are moderns? That sort of talk is mostly nonsense. It is the artist's job to express what is 'true for himself.' In such measure as he does this he is a good artist, and in such measure as he himself exists, a great one.

"As for 'expressing the age,' surely there are five thousand sculptors all busy expressing the inanities, the prettinesses, the sillinesses—the Gosses and Tademas, the Mayfairs and Hampsteads of the age. Of course the age is 'not so bad as all that.' But the man who tries to express his age instead of expressing himself is doomed to destruction."

Mr. Pound suggests a clue to the understanding of Gaudier's art in Whistler's dictum that "the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chords." Mr. Pound continues: "One uses form as a musician uses sound. One does not imitate the wood-dove, or at least one does not confine oneself to the imitation of wood-doves, one combines and arranges one's sound or one's form into Bach fugues or into arrangements of color, or into 'planes in relation.'"

THE MOST "MYSTERIOUS" PERSONALITY IN AMERICAN LETTERS

THE recent suggestion of Miss Amy Lowell, that no poet or writer ought to be paid for his or her literary work, but should earn a living in other kinds of work, would, if acted upon, deprive our poets especially of a picturesque and legendary quality that has added an undoubted glamor to much of their work. The modern young poet seems deficient in the power to create a legend about himself or is indifferent to its value. If he is going to look like a business man how can he hope to astonish and mystify the public? Such are the reflections suggested by a sketch of the weirdest figure of American letters—Sadakichi Hartmann—recently published in *Bruno's Weekly*. Sadakichi is Baudelaire, Gerard de Nerval, Verlaine. At the same time he is a product of America, tho his parentage is German and Japanese! "He is poet, artist, author, critic, lecturer and professional esthete," we are told. "To speak of a single achievement, he has written probably the most remarkable cyclis of poetic dramas that ever inspired a pen. In the highest sense they transcend stage art. He alone can produce them, by voice and gesture." He possesses a personality as vividly esoteric as the products of his pen, and, like Verlaine and Rimbaud and the rest of the continentals, he has created a legend about himself. Perhaps Miss Lowell has not consid-

ered the artistic value of that, or perhaps she does not regard the value of it an artistic value. At any rate, here is how Sadakichi Hartmann impresses Joseph Lewis French, who writes in *Bruno's Weekly*:

"The sight—or rather the apparition, for such he is as he rises to begin—of Sadakichi Hartmann on the platform of the assembly rooms of the Ferrer Center in New York reading his 'Buddha' the other evening, operated on myself in several ways. First it stirred up wonder at the weird look of the man, rising pale, like an Afrite, in his black dress-clothes—a feeling that thrilled every one of his auditors to the core. I have seen a young woman, as he rose to give his 'Poe' years ago, throw up her hands, shriek and faint at the sight of him. Here is a man who looks like the ghost of the dreams he is about to interpret. His message, his mission, are all in his manner. You cannot look upon this tall, gaunt ashy-pale specter of a man without feeling that you are going to get something sincere, exotic. You are never disappointed. My second thought, for I had not seen Sadakichi in some time, carried me back at once to a little room in a poverty-stricken flat in New York, and an evening seventeen years before, when I had heard the words of 'Buddha' as they came fresh from the brain of the young poet. . . . I never knew a man in those days who lived so completely in his dreams as Sadakichi Hartmann. He was the typical dreamer of our great metropolis—known as such everywhere, from the sanctum of Sted-

man and Howells to the poorest purlieu of the East Side.

"His soul at that time was wrapped up in his great cyclis. He had already written 'Christ' in Boston (and suffered for it); and here was Buddha, to which I listened with 'a rapt surmise,' feeling that a 'new planet' had indeed 'swum into my ken.' 'Mohammed' was to come, and 'Confucius.' Where the bread was to come from for himself and the family meanwhile Sadakichi knew not and cared not. It came, altho there were times when the poetic fire was dimmed by starvation. I have known poets and dreamers by the score, but I never knew one who was so possessed by the spirit of self-abnegation as this man. He cared not for the world when he was writing these four wonderful dreams—he asked nothing of it. He did not even presume that a publisher would look at his work. He was satisfied, as only the true artist is, with the inner vision and he listened only to her voice. Two of the dramas—they can hardly be called plays, as their effects transcend all stage art—were published at his own expense. The others, 'Mohammed' and 'Confucius,' the public knew only through his own recitals."

Hartmann's work was praised by Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, the great French poet Mallarmé, Theophile Bentzon, and James Huneker. Yet it has been, Mr. French continues, primarily Mr. Hartmann's manner in interpreting his own work that has created such a mysterious and exotic impression of his personality. "It

seemed to be almost literally another sphere into which he led his auditors evening after evening. As scene after scene unfolded itself, gorgeous as the panoply of the heavens, one asked oneself who, after all, but Sadakichi could have interpreted this. Here is the case where the poet and his work are indissoluble. The art of reading these dramas will be lost with Sadakichi."

Discussing the content of these colorful dramas, as exemplified in the "Buddha," Mr. French writes:

"The doctrine of Buddhism is for Sadakichi Hartmann out of which rises the powerful figure of Gautama with his great world-ethic 'Renounce! Renounce!' Through him the centuries first heard the cry which has echoed steadily ever since through his own and the teachings of Jesus Christ. Against this powerful spiritual motif as a background Sadakichi projects the marvelous panorama of the East, of India at the height of her power and splendor—that 'gorgeous East which with richest hand showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.'"

"Scene after scene he builds up with stark realism and opulent color, two master-keys in the hand of the artist who dares to employ them together, till we can feel the shine and splendor of it all, and hear the naked voices speaking to us. Here is great material for an epic drama—absolute elemental contrasts—the Orient in the fulness of its glory and the strange, stark figure of the prophet protesting against it all. One asks oneself what form but the drama the poet could have used. A story? No, the canvas is too immense to be circumscribed within narrative bounds. One can readily conceive 'Salambo' heightened by having been cast in this form after hearing 'Buddha.' . . . Only in this chosen form can he load his brush with color and sweep it at will."

The exotic note in the personality of Sadakichi Hartmann is undoubtedly the result of his curious ancestry. Renouf Whelpley, one of the contributors to *Bruno's Weekly*—a publication which has done much to sustain the Sadakichi "legend"—writes:

"The son of a German father and a Japanese mother, of a burgomaster's son from Mecklenburg, the only European state without a constitution, and the daughter of a *ronin*, a roving soldier of old Japan—surely a weird combination that had to produce something out of the ordinary. Sadakichi is much more Japanese than German. His style is extravagant but suave. Some of his short stories are as excessive and intense as Poe's on strictly realistic lines. The utmost bounds of expression are reached—even his originality is aggressive. His drama—will they ever be presented? Their splendor is all fire and flame, little short of barbarous. His poems, on the other hand, are all filigree work, the most difficult forms, dripping with technic to express a vague vista, color and motion, in words. . . .

"He attempts to be Rabelaisian with the constitution of a Charles IX. An invalid

half his life, often spending three days of every week in bed—"my ailments are exceeded only by my debts"—and then indulging in some tour de force of writing seventeen hours at a stretch, or dissipating three nights without sleep, or dancing a solo of the Blue Danube Valse with an encore of Offenbach's La Belle Helene at some public ball. Incredible!

"Look at his face. Handsome? not a bit. Downright ugly—not unlike Zangwill. At times tired and sordid looking. A veritable gargyle. And then suddenly it will brighten up as if lit up by some inner flame, with a play of features as subtle and unfathomable as eastern philosophy. 'Why did you not become an actor?' he is frequently asked. 'Because I chose to be an author,' is his answer."

Five or six substantial volumes have



OUR WEIRDEST POET

Sadakichi Hartmann is one of the few litterateurs in America around whose exotic personality strange legends have grown up.

been published from his pen, including a history of American art, and a valuable estimate of the art of Whistler. The poet places naturally a high value on his creative work, which is for the most part unpublished. "But so far as an audience is concerned," he is reported to have exclaimed, "I am indifferent whether I find it among my contemporaries or among their grandchildren. Mr. Whelpley advises us to read some of his short stories and poems. 'Some of his art essays on sculpture, perfume, fireworks, and, finally, his 'Buddha,' a thing all color, sound and incense, as Vance Thompson has said, a strange mixture of lyrical pantheism, of Shelley, and the Ibsen of the Peer Gynt period.'"

A tradition has grown up around

Sadakichi Hartmann, we read further. It is made up partly of his own sparkling *mot's*. "You are permitted to greet me, but I will not talk to you—that shall be your punishment," he is said to have remarked in breaking off a friendship. One critic who fell under his spell called him "the child of dreams who all his life has wandered amid a garden of black roses and plucked the bud of despair." How few of our younger poets evoke such a tribute! Two of his books, "Conversations with Walt Whitman" and "My Theory of Soul Atoms," were never put on the market because there was no money to pay the printer. "He is still the same fanatic in quest of glory and daily bread." Sadakichi Hartmann once rented a New York theater and produced therein a symphony of perfumes. It has, of course, added to the Sadakichi legend.

Sadakichi Hartmann first appeared on the horizon of American letters at the age of twenty with his drama "Christ," Mr. Whelpley writes. He suffered ostracism, and his fiery drama "languished on the locked shelves of American libraries." He found few champions. The "Christ" was the first of a cyclus of four dramas dealing with the four great primal religions. It was written in Boston in 1887. "It was the most daring thing that ever appeared above the literary horizon. Boston was not only shocked, but horrified. Sadakichi was arrested and confined four days in the city prison. The central situation of the play, a scene between Christ and Mary Magdalen, was regarded as utterly blasphemous and subversive of all Christian doctrine. Finally a coterie of writers, painters and musicians rallied to his aid, and on behalf of his wife and children his release was effected.

His Greenwich Village biographer gives us a further glimpse of this weird personality: "He is evasive. He is frank but allows nobody to come very close to him. He has no pose and dresses in the simplest, least noticeable manner, like a man who likes to mingle with the crowd without attracting attention. . . . 'I have certain gifts,' he sighs, 'so I have to live up to them. The public apparently gives me plenty of time to finish my work. Perhaps it is all for the better.'"

There is another Sadakichi Hartmann, a Hartmann unknown to the admirers of the picturesque and the exotic. There is the Sadakichi Hartmann who in the pages of the magazine devoted to the camera trade writes technical articles on the problems of commercial photography and portraiture. Perhaps in this respect the weird, shadowy poet is following the advice of Miss Lowell; but he does not allow it to interfere with the Sadakichi "legend."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

THE difference between the old and the new in American poetry is well exemplified in two books that lie before us. One is George Sterling's "The Caged Eagle and Other Poems" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco) and the other is Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" (Henry Holt). George Sterling is master of the traditional verse-forms. Most of the poems in his book are in the sonnet form—the most difficult of all the old forms—and his skill with it is remarkable. Carl Sandburg uses none of the traditional forms. If there is a rhyme in his book it got there by accident and he will apologize for it if you point it out. There is rhythm of a sort, but it is apt to be of a different sort in each line.

But the difference in form between the two poets is only the beginning of their differences. The one is looking for beauty and harmony and reacts to them melodiously. The other is looking for the dissonances of life and he reacts to them in unmelodious not to say riotous language. The difference between the music of the two is the difference between a Stradivarius and a horse-fiddle made with a dry-goods box and a resined fence rail. This sounds rather harsh and we hasten to add that Mr. Sandburg is in his way also an artist. He produces the effects he is after, and there is something strong and compelling about these effects, something Rodinesque. He has another side to his nature and some of his shorter poems are inspired by playful fancies and quaint conceits; but the dominant note of his work lies in the almost brutal and elemental effects he creates. There are many poems in Sterling's book one wishes to commit to memory and carry with him down the years. Sandburg's pictures are apt to abide in the mind, but we can not conceive of any one's committing his productions to memory. We reproduce below one characteristic poem from each book, the title poem from Sterling's and the leading "poem"—we can't help using the quotation marks on the word—from Sandburg's.

THE CAGED EAGLE.

BY GEORGE STERLING.

DOST hear the west wind calling thee afar,
O thou that hast beheld the night withdrawn,
And past the crystal threshold of the dawn
Soared on the pathway of the morning star?

O'er what cold forests and what granite hills
Were once thy roads, in days remote
from this?

What torrents knew thee and what valleys miss
The shadow of thy pinion on their rills?

Does no mate mourn thee, faithful to thee yet,
Deep in the wilderness where men are few,
Whose wings, now tireless on the eternal blue,
Would fold by thine on some snow-parapet?

Or was it thine the bitter coasts to know,
Where the profound Atlantic thunders welled
To walls from which thine ageless eyes beheld
The northern ocean foaming far below?

Thy mate alone might share thy towering flight,
On equal wing in lonely heavens borne,
And rest with thee, waiting the distant morn,
On pinnacles made silent by the night.

Here is no sea, nor wood of western leaf,
Nor mountains where the wind is on the snow:
Before thy prisoned gaze thy jailors go,
Curious, careless, knowing not thy grief.

The seasons of thy liberty are fled,
And hours when thou wast comrade of the cloud.
Now vultures are companions, and the crowd,
Long with the vision of thy bondage fed.

What music here shall mingle with thy dreams,
Or grace the years in which thou still must pine?
The song of tempest-halting firs was thine,
And the ascending voice of many streams.

And men have brought thee unto this at length,
Tho "Freedom! freedom!" seemed thy native cry.
Lost are the ancient eyries on the sky,
The azure lanes, the sunlight in its strength.

Yet look on me, and one thy gaze shall find
Freeborn, but doomed awhile thy fate to share—
Whose wings, as thine, ache for a wider air
And solitudes august with stars and wind.

CHICAGO.

BY CARL SANDBURG.

HOG Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the
Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps
luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen
the gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of
wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more
to those who sneer at this my city,
and I give them back the sneer and
say to them:

Come and show me another city with
lifted head singing so proud to be
alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil
of piling job on job, here is a tall
bold slugger set vivid against the
little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for
action, cunning as a savage pitted
against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth,
laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny
laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter
laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his
wrist is the pulse and under his ribs
the heart of the people,

Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling
laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating,
proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool
Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player
with Railroads and Freight Handler
to the Nation.

From some daily paper which we
can't identify—the marks of identifica-
tion have been obliterated—we glean
the following effective verses:

THE CALL OF THE LAND.

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN.

"Millions of folk will not go back to their
commercial life when they lay down their arms,
but to the land. Never will the call of the
land have been so insistent as after the war."—
John Maschell in recent interview.

IT throbs through the noontide crushes
Where the gaunt street canyons
yawn;

It thrills in the traffics' hushes
In the dark before the dawn;
Now vibrant and tense with pity,
Now ringing with sharp command,
Summoning souls from the city—
Hark to the Call of the Land!

"I have fed your mouths from my bounty
Since the days when you toiled alone,
And turned up my virgin meadows
With your spades of wood and bone.
I have watched your eyes grow restless,
I have seen you pause and part,
Drawn from your ancient mother
By the lure of the court and mart.

"Engulfed in the sordid city,
And deaf to my warning cry,

I have seen you reel and stumble,
I have seen you faint and die;
I have heard your sobs and anguish,
I have heard your groans of pain,
And I raise my voice to warn you,
I reach you my arms again.

"Are you broken in heart and body?
Are you shrunken in mind and soul?
Hasten back to me, your mother,
And my touch will make you whole.
Are you shaken in faith, discouraged?
Are you buffeted, bruised and sore?
Creep out to me from the gutters
And I'll make you men once more.

"Come out to me from the trenches,
From the dark where you cringe and
grope;
Let your thews grow hard with labor,
While your hearts grow great with
hope.
You shall stand with your heads in the
sunshine,
You shall stand with your feet on the
sod,
And your faith in me shall lead you
To a surer faith in God."

Cale Young Rice has two excellent poems in the July magazines on much the same theme. One is in the *Century* and the other in the *Bookman*, and they are both inspired by the feeling one has on entering the forties that youth has irretrievably fled and that one's visions and inspirations must be readjusted. We reprint the *Century* poem:

NEW DREAMS FOR OLD

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

IS there no voice in the world to come crying,
"New dreams for old!
New for old!"
Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary, and cold.
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.
Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:
Only for new dreams!
New for old!

For I am here, half-way of my journey,
Here with the old!
All so old!
And the best heart with death is at
tourney,
If naught new it is told.
Will there no voice, then, come, or a
vision,
Come with the beauty
That ever blows
Out of the lands that are called
Elysian?
I must have new dreams!
New for old!

In the *Yale Review* we find five hospital songs by Mrs. Filsinger ("Sara Teasdale") that sound a new note for her. Her lyrics are as a rule so full of the joy of living and loving that these lyrics of pain affect us like the plaints of a wounded lark:

SONGS IN A HOSPITAL.

BY SARA TEASDALE.

OPEN WINDOWS.

OUT of the window a sea of green trees
Lift their soft boughs like arms
of a dancer;
They beckon and call me, "Come out in
the sun!"
But I cannot answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,
Sick abed and June is going,
I cannot keep her, she hurries by
With the silver-green of her garments
blowing.

Men and women pass in the street
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,
But we know more of it than they,
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,
Breathless and blinded by the race,
But we are watchers in the shade
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

A PRAYER.

WHEN I am dying, let me know
That I loved the blowing snow
Altho it stung like whips;
That I loved all lovely things
And I tried to take their stings
With gay unembittered lips;
That I loved with all my strength,
To my soul's full depth and length,
Careless if it break my heart;
That I sang as children may,
Fitting tunes to work or play,
Loving life, instead of art.

Perhaps it is because the founts of tears and laughter are so close together that the newspapers find it necessary to get poets to take charge of their humorous columns. Don Marquis, of the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, Franklin P. Adams, of the *N. Y. Tribune*, Wilbur D. Nesbit, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, Bert Leston Taylor, of the *Chicago Tribune*, and the Bentztown Bard, of the *Baltimore Sun*, are all poets. Probably the best of them all is Don Marquis. Here is one of his poems that we find "reprinted by request" in the *Evening Sun*. It is worthy of reprinting many times.

THE NAME.

BY DON MARQUIS.

IT shifts and shifts from form to form,
It drifts and darkles, glooms and
glows,
It is the passion of the storm,
The poignance of the rose;
Through changing shapes, through devi-
ous ways,
By noon or night, through cloud or
flame,
My heart hath followed all my days
Something I cannot name.

In sunlight on some woman's hair,
Or starlight in some woman's eyne—

Or in low laughter smothered where
Her red lips wedded mine—
My heart has known, and thrilled to know,
This unnamed presence that it sought;
And when thy heart hath found it so,
"Love is the name," I thought.

Sometimes when sudden afterglows
In futile glory storm the skies
Within their transient gold and rose
The secret stirs and dies;
Or when the tramping Morn walks
o'er

The troubled seas with feet of flame
My awed heart whispers, "Ask no more,
For Beauty is the name!"

Or dreaming in old chapels where
The dim aisles pulse with murmurings
That part are music, part are prayer—
(Or rush of hidden wings)—
I often lift a startled head
To some saint's carven countenance,
Half fancying that the lips have said,
"All names mean God perchance."

There is a good deal of the enigmatic in the following poem taken from the *Midland*; but it has a true poetic appeal none the less:

I AM THAT I AM.

BY WILLARD WATTLES.

I DO not murmur I am thrown
Upon life's empty years,
For I who walk with death for friend
Trade not with fears.

I smile to look at other folk
Who smile to look at me:
They little know what eyes I have
Nor what they see.

For I have smiled in Nineveh,
And I have loved in Tyre,
And I have seen fair Helen's face
Fade in the fire.

When Cleopatra watched the work
Of poison, I was there,
Her fingers felt my breast grow cold,
Her harp player.

I sought three arrows that were sent
The friend of Jonathan,
And I have seen the moon stand still
In Ajalon.

From everlasting I am come,
To everlasting go.—
The pageant of the centuries
Can work no woe.

The galley-master beat with whips
And fed me broken bread;
I faced him fairly eye to eye
Till I was dead.

I drank the hemlock cup of sleep
And bade my friends be still;
I hung between two lonely men
Upon a hill.

On other worlds I set my feet
And visit other stars,
And other spears have pierced my side
And left strange scars.

I do not bend to men of scorn
Nor measure what they say,

For all their generations are
But as a day.

I look behind the hearts of men,
I see their secret thought,
I speak in ways they later learn
Were meaning-fraught.

And yet I am. Could you but wish,
Believe, and touch my hand,
You need not wait till after years
To understand.

From the *Masses* comes this fine little lyric by one of the most promising of our younger poets:

THE DREAM-BEARER.

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

WHERE weary folk toil, black with smoke,
And hear but whistles scream,
I went, all fresh from dawn and dew,
To carry them a dream.

I went to bitter lanes and dark,
Who once had known the sky,
To carry them a dream—and found
They had more dreams than I.

Still another new magazine devoted to poetry has been started by William Stanley Braithwaite. It is called the *Poetry Review* and it hails, of course, from Boston. Boston now has two such magazines, Chicago one, Philadelphia one, Newark one, and, if we count Mr. Benet's new magazinelet, the *Chimæra* (tho it is not wholly devoted to poetry), New York City one. This is from the first number of the *Poetry Review*:

GOOD COMPANY.

By KARLE WILSON BAKER.

TODAY I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of thine?

A charming song of childhood that might have made "R. L. S." envious appears in the *Bellman*:

RAIN IN THE NIGHT.

A Lie-Awake Song.

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

RAINING, raining,
All night long.
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers in the gutters
And lakes along the street.
It will make our lazy kitty
Wash his dirty little feet.

The roses will wear diamonds
Like kings and queens at court—
But the pansies all get muddy
Because they are so short.

I'll sail my boat to-morrow
In wonderful new places,
But first I'll take my watering-pot
And wash the pansies' faces.

We assume that the writer of this exquisite lyric in the *Independent* is the young lady who answers to the name of Marjorie in the home of Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. If she has ever published anything before we have failed to see it; but this is a clean-cut little gem:

FAITH.

By MARJORIE HILLIS.

BEFORE you came, I only half believed—
First, in myself. What had I ever done

Half worth the doing? Or what battle won?
What had I given for what I had received?

Then in mankind—so much I saw of need,
So much of bitterness and sin and strife,
So little that was beautiful in life.

And last,—in God. My eyes were blind indeed!
And then you came—and now, beloved, I know.

Why should I doubt myself if it be true
That you delight in what I can bestow?

And how mankind, since in their midst you grew
And with them still you daily come and go?

Or God? He gave me life, and love, and you!

Another poem—and a very fine one—giving the woman's point of view of the great war, appears in the *Yale Review*:

MARY

By IRENE MCLEOD.

MARY! I'm quite alone in all the world,
Into this bright sharp pain of anguish hurled,

I cannot pray wise comfortable things;
Death's plunged me deep in hell, and given me wings

For terrible strange vastnesses; no hand
In all this empty spirit-driven space; I stand

Alone, and whimpering in my soul. I plod
Among wild stars, and hide my face from God.

God frightens me. He's strange. I know
Him not,

And all my usual prayers I have forgot:
But you—you had a son—I remember now.

You are not Mary of the virgin brow.
You agonized for Jesus. You went down
Into the ugly depths for him. Your crown

Is my crown. I have seen you in the street,

Begging your way for broken bread and meat:

I've seen you in trams, in shops, among old faces,

Young eyes, brave lips, broad backs, in all the places

Where women work, and weep, in pain, in pride.

Your hands were gnarled that held him when he died,

Not the fair hands that painters give you, white

And slim. You never had such hands: and night

And day you labored, night and day, from child

To woman. You were never soft and mild,

But strong-limbed, patient, brown-skinned from the sun,

Deep-bosomed, brave-eyed, holy, holy One!

I know you now! I seek you, Mary! Spread

Your compassionate skirts; I bring to you my dead.

This was my man. I bore him. I did not know

Then how he crowned me, but I felt it so. He was my all the world. I loved him best

When he was helpless, clamoring at my breast.
Mothers are made like that. You'll understand

Who held your Jesus helpless in your hand,
And loved his impotence. But as he grew

I watched him, always jealously; I knew
Each line of his young body, every tone

Of speech; his pains, his triumphs were my own.

I saw the down come on his cheeks, with dread,

And soon I had to reach to hold his head
And stroke his mop of hair. I watched his eyes

When women crossed his ways, and I was wise

For him who had no wisdom. He was young,

And loathed my care, and lashed me with youth's tongue.

Splendidly merciless, casual of age, his scorn

Was sweet to me of whom his strength was born.

Besides, when he was more than six foot tall

He kept the smile he had when he was small.

And still no woman had him. I was glad
Of that—and then—O God! The world ran mad!

Almost before I knew this noise was war
Death and not women took the son I bore!

You'll know him when you see him: first of all

Because he'll smile that way when he was small.

And then his eyes! They never changed from blue

To duller gray, as other children's do,
But, like his little dreams, he kept his eyes

Vivid, and very clear, and vision-wise.
Seek for him, Mary! Bright among the ghosts

Of other women's sons he'll star those hosts

Of shining boys. (He always topped his class
At school.) Lean forward, Mary, as they
pass,
And touch him. When you see his eyes
you'll weep
And think him your own Jesus. Let him
sleep
In your deep bosom, Mary, then you'll see
His lashes, how they curl, so childishly
You'll weep again, and rock him on your
heart

As I did once, that night we had to part.
He'll come to you all bloody and be-
mired,
But let him sleep, my dear, for he'll be
tired,
And very shy. If he'd come home to me
I wouldn't ask the neighbors in to tea. . . .
He always hated crowds. . . . I'd let him
be. . . .

And then perhaps you'll take him by the
hand,

And comfort him from fear when he
must stand
Before God's dreadful throne; then, will
you call
That boy whose bullet made my darling
fall,
And take him in your other hand and
say—
*O God, whose Son the hands of men did
slay,
These are Thy children who do take away
The sins of the world. . . .*

THE CROWNING JOY IN THE LIFE OF THEODORE FLOQUE

Mark Twain once wrote a letter (never published as far as we know) saying he was so busy that, if called upon suddenly to attend his own funeral, he would have to decline. That is where Mark Twain and Theodore Floque, Vice-President of the Department of Hyperboreal Affairs, differed. Roger Regis tells us about M. Floque and the one real joy of his life, in *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris.

ACCORDING to the habit of years, as the clock sounded the hour of five, M. Floque, Secretary of the Ministry of Hyperboreal Affairs, passed through the corridor of the ministry, emerged from the building renowned for its classic architecture, and moved slowly down the narrow sidewalk of the rue Saint Placide, where he had lived forty years, that is to say, ever since his marriage.

According to fixed habit he went through the same streets, crossed the same squares and halted on the same refuges to avoid the tide of traffic; but his appearance was not the habitual appearance of a man who had for years represented the hand of the national diplomacy. He went dejectedly, with eyes fixed, as if in deep concern upon the alternating movement of his feet, and his look was careworn and visibly preoccupied.

Theodore Floque was a lonely man. His Camilla, the better half whose tongue had been the scourge of his first years of married life, had died not long after resourceful strategy had given him means to subjugate her to his will; and by a propitious chance his mother-in-law had followed her daughter to her long home. So the diplomat lived alone and had lived alone for many years.

BUT solitude played no part in his depression. A new fact had that day presented itself and turned the even current of his thoughts. Theodore had received notice of his retirement from active life to the pension list. He had expected it; he was "of the age." He had known that the time was coming when he must give up his orderly table, his armchair, and his beloved "despatches." But the event had seemed to him to be far away, and he was not a man to borrow trouble. And now the blow had fallen; he had been notified in a few dry words. In thirty days he would cease to sit in the inner bureau of the ministry of Hyperboreal Affairs. And that was why T. Floque, of the State Department, moved as in a dream with head lowered, sipping his sorrow in advance. When he passed the lodge of the concierge his look was so piteous that the kindhearted woman asked if he was sick.

"I am and I am not," answered the diplomat as he climbed the stairs.

"Poor creature!" shrugged the concierge, "the worm of diplomacy has undermined him. He is spinning black thread, I can see that!"

SERVED by his old maid-of-all-work, the frugal Floque dined with his sombre thoughts; and, his dessert swallowed, he lighted his pipe, went into

his sleeping-room and locked his door.

What was to become of him! How could he endure the humiliation of his fall! How could he renounce the tribute of deference, the little attentions shown him by the obsequious postulants for ministerial favors! It is a fact that men of the most ponderous and solid appearance—they whose irreproachably correct demeanor is and has been the ostensible indication of self-possession and mental stability (as it were)—give nature the slap when the supreme hour of the test comes. Floque, who had stood firm throughout the carting grind of bureaucratic life, found himself deflected and up against just such a crisis.

Sunk in the depths of his lounging-chair, he let his memory run back into his past. What had his existence been but a tissue of slow-spun mediocrity . . . mute resignation . . . drudgery . . . subservience! He saw his joyless childhood—his father a pompous, petty office-holder in a backwoods county seat; his mother, colorless, querulous, a slave to her domestic duties, fretting over puerilities; school, with its incessant calls for mental efforts beyond his strength; his departure for the treadmill, Paris, where his back had bent, shaped by its burden; the giddy columns of his ledgers. In all those years not once, not even when by the disgrace of another he had taken his seat as vice-secretary of the department, had he felt real joy.

"What have I been?" he thought bitterly—"a tool! My life has been a failure. I have been one of the great army, one of the common herd—beings like sheep, notable for nothing—creatures whose names are never known. If I could look back to but one great joy I should die in peace. It is not too late; I have one month more; I will be famous before I die!"

THE death of Floque was announced by the Parisian journals one evening in early fall. And what a death! Retired from active service less than a month, the ex-secretary was found, his face blown away and unrecognizable, in the moat of the fortifications, outside the Bois de Boulogne near Passy.

The identity of the dead man was established by papers found in the breast-pockets of his coat. Stupor reached its limits when the last will and testament of the deceased was known. The will was in legal form. It had been attested and signed before a notary. By the terms of the will Floque cut off his next of kin and dedicated his entire fortune, the savings of his life of official labor (approximately \$10,000), to a funeral to be

notable for its splendor. Every detail of that funeral was arranged by the terms of the will; even the number of the horses of the hearse was fixed, with the height of the hearse plumes and the length of the fringes of the pall. Floque had remembered everything, even to the titles of the musical works to be executed in the church. To assure his cortège of sufficient length, the old schemer had provided for a banquet in a well-known restaurant of the city, a banquet to follow the burial and to be attended by all who followed the hearse as mourners.

When the will was read cries arose, *Floque was crazy!*

Serious efforts to find an adequate motive for such an exhibition were made. One of the fine psychologists of the ministry hazarded a guess: *He was ambitious. No one had said anything about him during his life; he aimed to make people talk about him after he died.*

The idea was accepted.

"After all," said one of the attachés, "Why not? parbleu! there is no harm in it. He was a fine man, a very fine man; he had worked for his money; he had a right to spend it as he saw fit."

Having soothed their self-respect with philosophical compliments, they prepared for the ceremonies and for the closing banquet.

THE day of the obsequies arrived. The sky was clear, the air was agreeably warm. A soft wind played about the heads of the mourners. Nature was in tune for the event.

The procession formed at the mortuary mansion. It was a splendid cortège. Funeral reality was absent, and the dazzled passers in the streets saw nothing but incomparable pomp—men on foot bearing wreaths and other samples of florists' art, and, following them, dignitaries of the world of official solemnity, the men who were to partake of the feast, men in silk hats, with faces drawn as if to deplore the death of some high financial or political power.

The curious populace crowded to the edge of the roadway to exchange observations.

"Who are they burying, do you know?" "Who knows?" says I. "Some big bug, you can see that. They don't do such things for the poor!"

Passing officials, hearing the comments, repressed their smiles; but in the heart of the rear files of the cortège, a beardless jay, a little man, old, lean, and dry, "species of a guidam," with eyes lurking behind blue goggles, straightened his spinal bones with an involuntary movement of pride. Whenever he heard the name

Floque he pricked his ears. Nor was the act extraordinary, because the mysterious hero of goggles was none other than the *ex-secretary, Floque, in flesh and bones*, following his own coffin to the grave, but very much alive and well disposed to keep alive.

ON the night of the day when he had received notice of his coming retirement to the background, he had been caught in a storm of revolt, and the solitary spark of self-assertion in his subservient soul had been fanned to flame. At that supreme moment he had resolved to taste the joys of fame if only for one hour. And that was why a dead body with face blown away by a pistol shot, found lying in the city moat between Passy-Muette and Saint Cloud, had been identified as Floque, Ex-Secretary of the Ministry of Hyperboreal Affairs—identified by means of a portfolio containing receipts for rent, letters, and a card of identity made out to Theodore Floque of the State Administration of France.

All this Floque had done for love of publicity, for the pleasure of figuring by proxy in a superb coffin, and following that coffin to the tomb. Following his bitter reception of his fate, he had made his will and fixed the future details of his life as an unknown, a man to live until the end on a small annuity, in the deserted suburb of the workmen's quarter of Montrouge, a place visited by no one. His plans for life laid, he had set out in quest of a mortuary substitute. To find the aforesaid substitute he had wandered through the outlying districts of Paris. One night when favored by chance he had found in the moat below the fortifications the body of a suicide, drawn his own coat over the shoulders of the dead man, and gone his way leaving the corpse to be discovered by the municipal patrol. His triumph had been

close at hand, he had had nothing to do but to wait for the day of the funeral.

HE had been in the heart of the crowd when the coffin covered with flowers had come forth; he had seen his friends, his colleagues and the curious mob; he had taken his place in the procession and followed the cortège to the tomb; he had heard words of appreciation such as he had never dreamed of.

"Poor Floque! There was a man for you! A model man! . . . A character as blameless as a child's!"

"And a mind! . . ."

"You may well say so!"

Happy Floque! His heart swelled with gratified pride.

"What a funeral!" said one little shop-girl to another.

"What flowers! Who was he?"

"Species of a Rothschild. . ."

Marching with cadenced step, Floque passed as if drinking cream.

Arrived at the church, the lights, the incense and the music filled him with joy. But his most acute satisfaction came upon him in the cemetery where each of the three eloquent eulogies was followed by a rain of flowers. The speakers of the day talked of "official devotion to duty," of "talents," of "merits" and of "the invaluable importance of the work of the diplomat."

"At last!" sighed Floque, "my value is recognized. Men who have been as useful to the nation as I have been have been forced to die unrecognized. I am happy; my worth is known and I know that it is known."

THE ceremonies were over, the crowds dispersed, the grave diggers were left to exchange their bitter criticisms as they shoveled in the sand. The

assistants, they who were to partake of the succulent dinner provided by the terms of the will, turned toward the city. Floque was tempted to follow them. He hesitated, then he remembered that he had no further right to life with his peers; his life lay with the hard workers in a suburb of the effaced of the nation. To scrimp, to save enough to take him to the end and to give him the funeral of the poor—that was to be his future; but the memory of his fame was upon him and he was happy.

As he was about to mount to the top of an omnibus of the line running to his suburb two beggars passed and one said to the other:

"How did you make out to-day?"

"How did I 'make out,' Hein! I'll tell you! I followed a rich man's funeral and every man in it gave me a sou."

"Bluff! Not many do that!"

"I'm stating facts, Brother; 't'was the funeral of a big man; they were all big; they had to do things handsome."

"Who was the dead man?" asked the awestruck first speaker.

"The President of the Republic."

The President of the Republic! Floque's brain reeled. Never had he dared to hope for glory of that type. He, Floque, victim of the traditions of a mediocre heredity, tool of a bloated figurehead, *they had taken him for the President!* Oh, bliss supreme!

His hands went to his head, he staggered, and fell.

That time he was dead, dead definitely, for good and all.

Floque, Theodore, Ex-Secretary of the Department of Hyperboreal Affairs, had passed in his checks with empty pockets. There was not a line upon his person to establish his identity.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY IN THE GARDENS

It's a long, long way to other things than Tipperary. In France, it's a long, long way to the days of kings and queens. This little tale illustrates that fact. It is by G. Charles Hodges, and it is published in the first number of a new magazinelet started in New York city, entitled *The Chimaera*.

IT was Paris—in springtime.

But the little old lady in the carriage had no eyes for the milliner girls, with their bandboxes, smiles and bunches of flowers. Even the budding of the elms and the chestnuts, the gay spots of the boulevard, meant nothing to her any more.

She sat very straight, for an elderly lady, in the landau. Her weary-lidded eyes were half shut; but it made no difference, for she saw things just as clearly—thinking back as old people will. Now and again she would smile tremulously at her two companions, and they would nod in sympathetic comprehension over what most of the hurrying world had forgotten. As the horses turned from the Champs Elysées, the friends watched her the more kindly. The carriage swung about a great open place vibrant with the shimmer of verdure crowding into full green—Paris, the captive of spring.

As for the little old lady, she only pressed her agitated lips together, then beckoned the coachman into the curb. Her friends hastened to step out; she laid a detaining hand on the door, a remonstrance of quiet dignity.

"No, my dear."

Would they remain in the carriage for a little while, because it was on old person's wish—to be alone in the Gardens?

They would, of course.

Not even the footman to follow her?

Not even the footman.

And she smiled her appreciation to them.

She had not long, this springtime, in Paris. Moreover, one could not tell if there would be another for her. Old people could not count too much on to-morrow. Long ago she had learned that it was only yesterdays that never failed, no matter how often taken from the coverings of the past.

She idled down the walks among the nursemaids with their serge capes and starched linen, and the precisely dressed children. The young ones stared after her—she seemed in some way the grandmother of them all. And the nurses stopped flirting with the gendarmes long enough to wonder who she was, this old lady. As for her, the dead years fell away while she lived again other mornings spent in the Gardens when it was springtime—the springtime of her days.

Hè-hè! an old one! . . . She saw that the paths were nicely graveled—just as they used to be; the grass plots were as blatant a green as in the other times. Even a flower bed—!

She stooped closer and blinked her eyes, for they were not what they once were. Something hard kept coming into her throat as she reached for the single bloom. . . .

"Pardon, madame, but it is not permitted to pick the flowers here!"

At the sound of the rough voice, peri-

ously near, the little old lady started. She turned, to be confronted by a gardener standing inflexibly in the path. In a flash the reminiscent happiness dropped from her worn face.

The man shifted apologetically at the sight of the pain in the little old lady's eyes—maledictions on the rules! He caught at his hat, relenting, with a jerk of courtesy.

"But the flower in the hand, it is that you may keep it," he added, not ungraciously.

Agitated, the other clutched the *ne m'oubliez pas* in her thin white fingers.

The gardener coughed discreetly.

"If it might be asked—your name?"

"My name?" repeated the little old lady. She looked at the forget-me-not in her hand, then away up the path. There seemed to be something recalled by it, for she drew herself up in a kind of imperial dignity. The gardener was almost impressed. *Une grande dame?* He regarded her closely as she spoke.

"I am Eugénie," she said simply.

She smiled upon the republican with distant sweetness. She walked up the newly raked gravel, slowly, clasping the forget-me-not.

The gardener gazed after her—scratched his head.

"Eugénie! what do you know?" blankly interrogated the man. "Eugénie—eh, now—Eugénie what?"

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

PENDING DISPUTES ABOUT WAGES AND THE INTERESTS OF THE PUBLIC

ONE thing has become apparent in the wages disputes pending all over the country: while, both sides may refuse special courts of arbitration, both sides are universally appealing to public opinion for support and decision. This was evident in the garment workers' strike of New York. When the dispute came to an *impasse*, page advertisements setting forth arguments appeared in the press. The great railroad strike was all but declared when trouble with Mexico loomed up. At once, out of patriotism and deference to public opinion, action was postponed.

It is well that both sides bow to public opinion; for whichever way a strike goes, it is not the employer, it is not the employee, who pays. It is the public. *You and I do the paying.* The employer and the employee do the talking. As example, before the coal strike was averted, the price of 1916 winter coal to the consumer East of the Alleghenies increased twelve million dollars.

Or take the case of apples. A few years ago the operating charges of the railroads in the East were increased. To offset the increased operating expenses, the Eastern railroads increased freight rates on every product the farm has to ship. The increase ran a few cents on every veal shipped, about fifty cents in certain sections on every cow shipped and in one great apple center of the East about ten cents a barrel—that is, seven cents increase on the apples shipped to the city and three cents on the barrel returned to farmer from the city.

NOW suppose the apples shipped from this section total a million barrels—they total more—the farmer's returns in this section were just \$100,000 a season less. On cattle and veal, the deduction from the farmer's profit was still greater, and this for only one small section of the East. The reaction on the farmer was instant. He could not afford to ship cheap-priced apples, say \$1.50-a-barrel-kind, to the city; so the price of apples to the city consumer increased by just as much as the farmer reduced his shipment.

The increase in the price of meats needs no proving. Day was when the city consumer could buy beef at from fifteen cents to eighteen cents a pound. To-day the price fluctuates

from twenty-eight to thirty-two cents; and while the increase in wages, which increases operating expenses, is not the sole factor in food prices, it is a vitally important factor. We increase wages to pay for the higher cost of living; and the cost of living increases to pay for the higher wages; and whichever way the strike goes, *it is the public that pays the price.* Therefore employer and employee are wise to submit to public opinion as the final and absolute court.

The New York Industrial Commission reports for 1916 that there has been an increase of employment 25 per cent. over 1915, and an increase of wages 40 per cent. over last year; and conditions in New York are in this respect typical of every section of the country. Wage increases up to May Day in Eastern manufactures, railroads and industrials totaled \$54,426,500, affecting over 705,500 employees. Yet strikes are impending in industries employing 2,000,000 workers. Of the entire income of railroads, for instance, where strikes affecting 350,000 workers are now impending, 60 per cent. goes to labor.

IN mechanical industries, so the U. S. Bureau of Labor reports, the average rate of wages per week for all cities was higher in May, 1915, than in May, 1914, for 44 of the trades. In 44 other trades, the scale remained the same. In only one trade was the scale lower. Bakers, butchers, carpenters, hod-carriers, wiremen, plumbers, gas fitters, slate and tile workers, steam-fitters, painters, electrotypers, compositors, pressmen—all registered slight increases. The highest scales an hour ran as follows:

Bricklayers, 87½ cents, Texas and California.
Carpenters, 65 cents, Chicago and Kansas City.
Hoisting engineers, 75 cents, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.
Hod-carriers, 50 cents, Portland, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco.
Wire men, 75 cents, St. Louis.
Painters, 75 cents, Chicago.
Plasterers, 87½ cents, Texas and California.
Plumbers, 75 cents, Birmingham to Portland.
Stone cutters, 70 cents, Portland, San Francisco.
Iron workers, 70 cents, Ohio and Illinois.

Granite cutters, 68.8 cents, New York to California.

Linotype operators, 83.3 cents, New York.

Compositors, 75 cents, Seattle.

OF these trades, the majority ran on an eight-hour-day schedule. By multiplying these rates by eight hours and six days and four weeks you get a basis of comparison with the earnings of the average teacher, preacher, doctor, judge, farmer, storekeeper. The average farmer for the entire country does not net \$1,000 a year. In fact, in the East and the South, the net is below \$400 a year. The average for the teacher does not exceed \$700. The country doctor counts himself fortunate if he nets \$700 a year. And statistics have shown clergymen subsisting, existing—or whatever you like to call it—on \$500 a year. There are certain Western States that do not pay their judges and governors more than \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year.

In every great strike, sympathy societies are formed to help the fighters. Personally, *my sympathies are with the pater who pays the bills, and the mater who makes impossible ends meet across a yawning chasm, and the fool public that dances to the piping of this many pied piper of the perpetual strike, unconscious that it—the dancer—pays the cost of every tune.*

In the textile industries are 93,000 people employed in cotton, 40,000 in woolen, 22,000 in silk. In all the tendency has been to shorter hours, higher wages. In cotton, hours were shorter for 1915 than 1914, and wages higher. Likewise of wool. Likewise of silk. The wage scale is given by the government thus (full time weekly earnings):

COTTON GOODS:	
Card strippers, male.....	\$8.06
Fine speeders, male.....	9.04
Fine speeders, female.....	8.61
Loom fixers, male.....	13.09
Spinners, frame, male.....	8.37
Spinners, frame, female.....	7.45
Weavers, male.....	9.93
Weavers, female.....	9.30
WOOLEN AND WORSTED GOODS:	
Burlers, female.....	8.41
Laborers, dye house, male.....	8.74
Loom fixers, male.....	17.22
Menders, female.....	10.56
Spinners, frame, female.....	7.95
Spinners, mule, male.....	14.03
Weavers, male.....	13.00

SILK GOODS:

Laborers, dye house, male.....	12.12
Loom fixers, male.....	17.92
Warpers, female.....	10.99
Weavers, broad silk, male.....	13.31
Weavers, broad silk, female.....	10.58
Weavers, ribbon, male.....	16.05
Weavers, ribbon, female.....	13.14
Winders, hard silk, female.....	6.54
Winders, soft silk.....	8.14

IT goes without saying that in almost every strike the sympathy of the public is with the striker; but it also goes without saying that if the public is to be the final court, then the public must have all the facts kept constantly and openly above board on the table. This explains the extraordinary phenomenon of the contestants in one strike advertizing their arguments in 17,000 publications at a cost of not less than \$1,000,000. This is what is happening in the railroad dispute just now. If the public is going to back the strikers, is the public willing to pay the price? For instance, a few years ago, when the immigration boom was at its top notch in Canada, a curious complication resulted. Wages for builders on the Pacific Coast went up to \$6.00 and \$8.00 a day. Lumber was dirt cheap—\$15.00 to \$20.00 a thousand on the spot at the mills. Yet thousands of people had to camp under tents because they could not rent, buy or build houses. Wages were so high that rents went skyward. Cost of building was so high that people of moderate means could not afford to build. There were no building strikes except among the navvies on the railroads; but suddenly carpenters, bricklayers, stone cutters were out of work. When winter came they were not only out of work, they were hungry. Yet people were living in tents because they could not afford to build. While the welkin was still ringing with the eloquence of the soap-box orator, something happened. It was like the melting of snow in spring—a silent disappearance. The people who couldn't get houses left. The people who couldn't get work left, and there were certain cities, which I shall not name, where whole rows of houses were boarded up empty for lack of people.

Detroit is the most prosperous manufacturing city in the world. Wages are the highest in Detroit of any manufacturing city in the world. (Returns are not higher than in Schwab's plants; but Schwab's returns are made in the form of profits, not wages.) Yet in Detroit, in the month of May, this year, manufacturers lacked 20,000 workers owing to lack of houses to roof the workers. I do not know whether there was any connection between high wages and lack of houses or not. I simply set down the two sets of facts.

Immigration promises no relief. If the war goes on much longer, Europe will have no surplus labor left to come. Ordinarily this country receives from a million to a million and a half of immigrants, of whom from 300,000 to 500,000 go back yearly, leaving us with a net increase of over a million. To June of 1915 we had received, for the year, 291,527 immigrants, of whom over 240,000 had returned or were booked to return, leaving a net increase of only 50,000 for the year. Detroit alone would absorb that increase and still need more workers.

IT is impossible to forecast the upheaval that all this portends. There will be more women in industry; and they will be permanently in industry, whether that is good or bad for the home. Personally, I am not afraid of the reaction on the home, tho a great many people wiser than I are afraid. I think that *want in a home* is worse than *woman out of the home*. There will also come a day when the general public—you and I, the farmer, the teacher, the preacher, the doctor, the office clerk, the store owner, whose total far outnumber the ranks of union labor—will demand higher returns to pay the higher cost of living. That does not mean that the farmers and doctors and lawyers and preachers and teachers will unionize and strike. They have another way of putting on the screws. *They will demand higher pay for their products or go out of business*. The farmer is doing it now, and we pay eleven cents a quart for milk that used to cost five cents and six cents, and twenty-eight and thirty-two cents for beef that used to cost eighteen cents. We pay \$5.00 for a doctor's visit where we used to pay \$1.00; and the country-side is literally dotted with abandoned country churches. It is the "fatal spiral" from which Hill predicted we must all plunge to panic.

OF all the impending strikes, the public is most vitally interested in the railroad situation; and I don't think I am wrong in saying the public sympathy is with the railroad workers. Otherwise the operators of railroads would not be spending money to advertize in 17,000 publications. This dispute touches 235 railroad systems with 250,000 miles of tracks doing an annual business of three billion dollars, involving 350,000 engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen. Shorn of technicalities, the strike is for slightly shorter hours and slightly higher pay. Also let three other facts be set down: (1) the railroads having recovered from the 1914-15 debacle, which put one-sixth of them in receivers' hands, are financially in good condition as to traffic receipts and dividends; (2) they are in bad condition as

to money for equipment, their equipment is inadequate to their needs; (3) the Interstate Commerce Commission has refused them an increase in rates in the East.

Compare the status of the railroads with steel. If the railroads do not pay dividends on their stock, their stock depreciates on the market and they cannot raise money for equipment. Steel raised wages twice in a year; but then Steel raised the price of its output in some cases about 200 per cent. Some lines of steel which were selling for \$30.00 plus a ton in 1914 are selling for \$80.00 a ton to-day. But when the railroads raise wages they cannot raise the charges for what they have to sell—namely transportation. It is here the utter *impasse* of the strike situation comes.

TAKE a general survey of the railway field.

In 1913 the railroads of the United States employed 1,815,239 workers. When the slack times of 1914 came, the number fell to 1,695,483. In the boom year of 1915-16 it is probable the total will be about 2,000,000. The executive officers of the railroads number about 15,000, the clerical staffs about 38,000, the engineers from 67,000 to 70,000, the firemen from 64,000 to 70,000, and the average railroader supports probably two people besides himself. Railroads sustain some 6,000,000 of the population, one-third as many as the farming class. The aggregate wages run from \$1,373,830,589 to \$1,373,422,472, and \$1,500,000,000 for prosperous years such as 1915-16. The wages of day workers, engineers and conductors stand thus for ten years:

	Average	Engineers	Conductors
1904.....	\$2.05	\$4.10	\$3.50
1907.....	2.20	4.30	3.69
1913.....	2.49	5.20	4.39
1914.....	2.53	5.24	4.47

"If," say the railway executives, "we must increase wages, then the public must pay an increase too. If the Interstate Commerce Commission is to regulate rates, then it must also regulate wages."

"Good," say the Socialists, "go ahead. That ultimately means government ownership of the railroads," and the admission is regarded as an acknowledgment of what is coming. But will government ownership remove the difficulty? Canada has had a near approach to government ownership in her National Transcontinental, and it has not been such a success as to inspire imitation. Canada's National Transcontinental was estimated at \$34,000 a mile to build. It exceeded \$99,000, and of the total expenditure, a commission pronounced that \$40,000,000 had been sheer waste.

Besides, to shift the burden to the

government does not relieve the public. Who is the government? It is the public; and if the government pays extra wages, you and I pay out of our pockets. When Canada's National Transcontinental was being built, there were strikes. Times were booming de-

liriously. Piece workers in tunneling who had come from the Balkans where wages were under \$1.00 a day, earned from \$11.00 to \$17.00 a day; and ultimately, in fact right now, the Canadian public is paying; and it pays none the less directly because the extras are in

a government tax rather than in an extra freight rate.

It is at this stage of the railroad dispute in the United States that the appeal goes to the public as the final court; and in the hands of that final court the dispute rests now.

THE CRISIS OF THE WHEAT HARVEST

BY the time these words are being read, the crisis of the wheat harvest will be at its zenith.

The East and Middle West, with their little wheat fields of ten, twenty, perhaps sixty, acres, have no appreciation of the anguish of this period to the big Western wheat farmer. At most, your Eastern and Middle Western fields seldom yield higher than 30 bushels to the acre. Perhaps a freak field in a freak year may yield 50 bushels. Certain alluvial areas in New York State and Pennsylvania and the Middle West have attained such yields, say, at the highest 3,000 bushels. With wheat running from eighty cents to one dollar a bushel, the crop involved seldom means more to these regions than a few thousand dollars. The average field seldom means more than a few hundred dollars. Whether the wheat succeeds or fails will neither make nor break the Eastern and Middle Western farmer. Also the risks are infinitely less to this farmer. If late spring rains delay seeding—as they have done in 1916—the ninety days required to grow and ripen a wheat crop will not bring the crop into the frost danger of the early fall. There is little frost in these regions before October. Count ninety days back, and even if your farmer is delayed in putting in his crop till June, as many were this year, the chances are a hundred to one that he will harvest, house and market his wheat before white frost has limed the ground. Wheat is only a side crop to the East and the Middle West—even to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, whence comes some of the best wheat in America.

BUT in the West, in the event of such delay, chances are a hundred to one against the farmer. The wheat crop is a gamble pure and simple. Big crops mean fortunes. A failure on a big crop means ruin. You can talk your head off to the farmer about the folly of depending on a one-crop system, of putting all his eggs in one basket, and so forth. As long as one year's crop may mean a fortune, Western farmers will chance all on that one crop; and one year's big success on a Western wheat farm does mean a fortune. It means the mortgage paid, or the cost of the machinery paid, or a brick house, or modern con-

veniences in the house, or a motor car, or a winter trip "back East" or to California. If it is a great success, it may mean all these things in one year.

To begin with, the Western wheat fields are not sixty-acre checker-board squares. They run from 160 acres—the average homestead—to 1,000, or 2,000, or 3,000 acres, as the old wheat fields of Texas and California ran and as many wheat fields of Montana and Saskatchewan to-day run. Such fields require an early start in spring and expensive equipment in machinery. Much of this equipment is financed on credit. It means tractor engines that plow forty acres a day and disc and harrow in the same operation. It means tractors to draw the harvester; and in the Walla Walla area are harvesters that reap, thresh and sack 40 acres a day. The indebtedness of such a farm for overhead expenses may run all the way from \$2,000 to \$20,000 for the season—this purely for machinery, independently of the man-power expense; and the man-power expense of a wheat farm during summer runs from \$2 a day and board up to \$8 a day and board, the last for the machinist operating the engines. I would not be afraid to wager that there is not a wheat farm of 200 acres in the West which has not been at some time \$2,000 in debt for machine expenses for the season. I think of certain farms where the season's financing amounted to \$30,000 of debt before a strand of wheat had been cut.

THE ideal time to begin wheat operations in the West is March. Big wheat farmers breathe easily if they have the crop in by May 1st, all the preparations of the seed bed complete by April. Count ninety days forward from the first of May and you will see why.

Once the wheat is in and has been favored by rain and sunshine, without drought or too much rain, the period of danger is from August 8 to 22. This is the period when the wheat heads are in the milk—heavy enough to be knocked flat by a rain, soft enough to be damaged by the slightest frost.

Cost of seed, of labor and of machinery used to be put at \$5.00 an acre, from the planting of the seed to the marketing of the crop. It is now put at \$7.00 to \$8.00 an acre. Suppose a

man has seeded a 1,000-acre field. He stands \$7,000 out of pocket. The wheat is heavy-headed, in the milk and rapidly ripening to the dead gold that gives a vast wheat field the appearance of a sea of gold. Now because the Western wheat lands are nearly all uplands, from 600 to 2,000 and 3,000 feet above sea level, they are subject to chill nights. In August come the early autumn night frosts. If the frost does not touch the field, your 1,000-acre field stands to yield 30 to 40 bushels an acre. With wheat at \$1 and cost of production at \$7,000, figure the year's profit for yourself. It is in August that your big wheat farmer suffers what can be described only as a sweat of agony. He may be living in a tar-papered shanty. His wife may be wearing a hat more honored for its age than its style. Whether he can pay his debts, whether the mortgage will be foreclosed, whether he can build a house and educate "the kids" and buy a motor and take the vacation that he badly needs—all depend on the fickle jade called Fate from August to September. No Wall Street broker hanging by the margin of an eyebrow to ruin or fortune ever knew more of a gambler's agonies than the Western wheat farmer in a year when a wet spring has delayed seeding.

LAST year conditions were ideal for early seeding—perfect weather and a harvest that preceded frost; and America reaped the largest wheat crop known in its farming history—a billion bushels, one-fourth of all the wheat grown in the world.

This year, spring conditions could hardly have been worse. A few farmers finished seeding by May. Many did not get their crops in until June. Luckily, since May the weather in the North has been ideal; but the fate of the wheat farmer hangs on the month of August. It may be stated that from Oklahoma to Minnesota the farmers need not fear early frosts. But in two states which shall be unnamed, the fall wheat was fifty per cent. winter-killed and the spring wheat was washed into the swale of a swamp by rains.

The Government report on the area from Kansas to Saskatchewan in early spring indicated a shortage of 100 million bushels of spring wheat and 186 millions of fall wheat. That is, the ex-

pectations in May were for a wheat crop of 715 million bushels instead of a billion bushels—a shortage of almost 300 million bushels; but the true conditions aggravate the Government forecast. The report issued in June was the result of data gathered in May; and the worst weather came to a large wheat area just as the report was issued—weather of constant rain and no sunlight. Where the Government forecast indicated a falling off from twenty to thirty per cent., private investigators in certain areas reported less than a half crop of what had been seeded; and eleven to fifteen per cent. less was seeded in 1916 than in 1915.

NOR are the conditions peculiar to America. Of all the European grain-growing countries, Rumania is the only country that has seeded more wheat in 1916 than in 1915. Rumania grows about 100 million bushels a year and exports from 50 to 60 per cent. Canada, which raised 376 million bushels last year, has seeded 12 per cent. less, owing to bad spring weather. North Dakota and Minnesota are in similar conditions. The crop is bound to be late, and labor is so short that it is almost nonexistent in certain sections. Remember, tho the wheat escaped early frost, it must be harvested and marketed at lightning pace against the coming fall rains. For the Western farmer has no granary in which to house his grain. He rushes it from the roofless field to the elevator. The shortage of labor is as great a menace as the fall rains.

In a word, the wheat crop of the whole world for 1916 is bound to be short.

One of the great world authorities on wheat—Broomhall of Liverpool—forecasts the situation thus:

Argentina: Increase (no percentage estimated); but the wheat is rotting in the docks for lack of tonnage to ship it at reasonable freight charges.

France: Decrease (much under normal).

Russia: Decrease, 30 per cent.

Austria: Decrease from 20 to 25 per cent.

Italy: Decrease (no percentage estimated).

Canada: Decrease, 10 to 15 per cent.

India: Decrease 10 per cent.

Balkans: Normal.

United States: Decrease, 10 to 15 per cent.

Why, then, does wheat not go up in price? We all remember the late Mr. Hill's prediction that wheat would touch \$2.00 in ten years. Instead, in face of a world shortage and of a world demand, wheat stands around \$1.00 in the American market. Why?

Europe ordinarily imports at least 500 million bushels. This year, because her own crop is short and because her

harvesters are in the trenches, Europe will need more than 600 million bushels imported. Why, then, does the price not go up?

THE Dardanelles no longer furnish an explanation. There is no fear of the Dardanelles opening up a flood of Russian wheat on world markets. Besides, Russia herself is thirty per cent. short this year.

One explanation given is that ship tonnage is so scarce that freights take all the profits on high-priced wheat. Did not the freight rates on wheat go from 4.1 cents a bushel in 1914 (for the Atlantic) to 18 and 26 in 1915, and 26 and 40 in 1916? When Liverpool stands at \$1.62, that leaves only \$1 for the American farmer by the time you have deducted middlemen and elevator charges.

But as a matter of fact Atlantic rates on wheat slumped in June from 40 to 26 and from 26 to 18 cents. Great Britain, which seems to control imports for all the Allies, found herself overstocked. Cargo space for wheat in June could not be filled.

The situation is the most sensitive and feverish known since the Crimean War. The man who lays the facts out on the table before him and can guess ahead what the moves will be, can command the situation; but where is a man of such foresight? The ordinary speculator is peeping fearfully out of a cyclone cellar. Suppose the War should suddenly stop? Suppose the British fleet lost control of the sea lanes? Suppose a rainy fall ruined the wheat after the harvest? The wheat buyer to-day is shy of the future.

Another explanation given is that India still has her 383 million bushels of last year's wheat to ship, and Canada still has a reserve. Yet another explanation is that the British Board of Trade with a surplus now on hand and two other surpluses to draw on—Canada and India—would not permit the jump in prices that marked the Crimean War.

Yet the fact remains, if the world crop be short for 1916, as it undoubtedly is, no Board of Trade on earth, no sumptuary regulations ever devised, can prevent the natural workings of supply and demand. If wheat is short and hungry people want wheat, they are going to bid for it at high prices. Says one of the foremost wheat authorities: "The market drags. . . . Something is out of joint. . . . The trade is obsessed with the idea that the large carrying-over this summer will offset the loss in the new crop."

It presents these figures:

Average U. S. exports in 10 years, 150,000,000 bushels yearly.

Average U. S. exports during European war, 290,000,000 bushels yearly.

Average U. S. crop in 10 years, 737,000,000 bushels yearly.

Average carry-over in 10 years, 80,000,000 bushels yearly.

Indicated U. S. crop this year, 715,000,000 bushels.

Indicated U. S. carry-over this year, 175,000,000 bushels.

THESE figures plainly contradict their own argument. Analyze them. Europe is going to need 600 million bushels from somewhere. At highest, the United States will have only 715 million bushels. Of this, she will need to feed herself 500 million bushels—that is five bushels per capita for food—and another 100 millions for seed—two bushels per acre—leaving 115 millions to export. Add that to the surplus on hand from last year and we have 290 million bushels for export. Now England alone needs 250 million bushels. Granted that she draws this from Canada and India. Europe will still need 350 million bushels. Where will they come from?

The Western grain-growing associations have another explanation. They charge that the prices are being deliberately held down until the farmer has marketed his crop, when the natural pull of demand will be released and prices will fly up like a catapult. Mr. Kelly of the Farmers' Legislative Committee of the Western States presents this table:

WHEAT PRICES

	Farm Price	Chicago Price	Liverpool Price	Handling	Speculation
Aug. 14...	.91	\$1.10	\$1.72	.29	.33
Sept. 10...	.78	.93	1.63	.33	.37
Sept. 30...	.79	.94	1.63	.33	.36
Oct. 30...	.79	.98	1.64	.35	.31
Nov. 27...	.84	1.03	1.68	.35	.34
Dec. 18...	.97	1.16	1.68	.51	.01
Jan. 8...	1.03	1.22	1.77	.53	.02
Jan. 15...	1.06	1.25	1.76	.50	.01
Feb. 11...	1.09	1.28	1.92	.56	.08
Mar. 4...	.95	1.14	1.83	.63	.06
Mar. 18...	.90	1.09	1.68	.61	.00
Mar. 25...	.93	1.12	1.65	.58	.00
Apr. 15...	1.00	1.19	1.65	.57	.00

To quote Mr. Kelly: "From Aug. 14 to Nov. 2, 1915, the speculative interests took from the farmers an average of 34 cents per bushel over every known cost of handling. By Jan. 8, the toll shrunk to 2 cents per bushel, and by the middle of March had entirely disappeared and so continued down to the 15th of April. Thus while the bulk was being marketed, the speculative interests forced prices down through manipulation so that they realized a profit on wheat of 41 cents over all cost of handling. . . . The grain gamblers skinned the farmers during the earlier months by forcing

prices down. Later they skinned the public by forcing prices up. Estimating that in 1915 the farmers marketed within the time of depressed prices 400

million bushels of wheat, the loss to the agricultural interests reaches an enormous sum."

No more crucial unusual year ever

confronted the grain interests. It is worth while watching the prices from now to December to see if Mr. Kelly is right.

AMERICAN RAILROADS AS A EUROPEAN EXPERT SEES THEM

SOMETIMES, when we are deeply involved in a controversy, it pays to step out from among the trees so that we can see the woods, to detach ourselves and get an outsider's all-round view.

Such a view of America's railroads has been afforded the United States by a European railroad authority—W. M. Acworth, formerly an economic tutor for Emperor William and, of late years, a railroad director in England. Mr. Acworth has just completed his tenth visit to the United States. His opinion of American railroads is expressed in one word—"marvelous." That is marvelous results considering expenditure. He says:

"It is not very far from accurate to say that the average mile of English railroad has cost as many pounds as the American mile has cost dollars. It is true that for our expenditure we have mostly double-track roads while your typical road is only single-track; but per mile of line you probably carry more tons of freight and nearly as many passengers as we do, and, thanks to your concentration of loads into wholesale units both of car-load and train-load, your single track is normally capable of taking care of the traffic offered."

Mr. Acworth points out what most business men to-day know. It is not the railroad overhead expenses that make freight high. It is the waste and extravagance of faulty terminals. In a statement made to the National City Bank, New York City, and issued in a special circular, Mr. Acworth speaks as follows:

"Fifteen tons of package freight in one thirty-ton car take much less room on the road than the same weight distributed over five of our little ten-ton cars or

"trucks" as we call them; but when fifteen tons come to be handled at the terminals and carted away by teams, they need just as much space in America as in England. In other words, you will have to spend vast sums of money to enlarge and improve your terminal accommodation, and the land required for the purpose you will have to buy and adapt at modern prices. One does not need to go outside of New York with the new Pennsylvania and Grand Central stations to see what new terminals cost in a great city.

"But there is more than this. Statistics show that your traffic doubles every twelve years and, therefore, before long you will have to do a great deal of double-tracking, practically rebuilding the railroad. Again, as the country gets more settled, traffic becomes more diversified, express and fast freight become more important. There will be more passenger trains, not only due to closer settlement but also to more exacting demands in matter of service. Now, express and fast freight trains not only carry less but run at higher speed than slow freight, and passenger expresses run at higher speeds still, so you will have both more trains on the line for the same amount of traffic and greater varieties in speed, and all this means, as every railway man knows, a great reduction in the carrying capacity of the line as measured in tonnage. All these things imply immensity of expenditure. Mr. Hill estimated ten years ago, that the railroads ought to spend a billion dollars a year to keep abreast of the public requirements. They have not spent it, because the money was not forthcoming, and somehow you will have to catch up the arrears and take care of the future on an even more generous scale, or the development of the country will be brought to a standstill."

Can the railroads get all the money they need? This question is regarded by Mr. Acworth as a very serious one. That they have not been able to get all

they need by means of long-term bonds is sufficiently proved by the volume of short-term notes issued and frequently renewed. Primarily the investor wants security and the fact that over forty thousand miles of railroad are to-day in the hands of receivers is sufficient proof that he does not always get it in railroad bonds. If railroads cannot sell bonds, still less can they issue common stock. "Why," he asks, "should the public invest in railroads if the returns are less than on other investments and the security of the capital seems to lessen rather than increase? And if the American public refuses to invest, there is certainly no other source for new capital nowadays. The European market will have enough to do to take care of its own requirements for many a year to come." But Mr. Acworth sees signs of improvement:

"The future looks to me far brighter than I could have imagined when I was here three years ago. I see from the replies to a circular sent out to its clients by a New York banking house that 1,310 correspondents report that hostility to the railroads is abating, while only 185 say that it still persists. The fact that one of your great political parties has put forward in its platform the unification of control under the single authority of the Federal Government is a most hopeful sign. The mere avoidance of waste owing to the necessity of complying with countless requirements as to the methods of operation will be a great thing. I question whether the public has any conception of the amount of time and money wasted owing to the multiplication of inquiries, rate schedules, accounts and reports, etc. I have seen an estimate that the railroads taken altogether have to furnish about 2,000,000 reports yearly to the various state and Federal authorities. Unification of control will put an end to such absurdities."

IS THE ECONOMIC ALLIANCE OF THE EUROPEAN ALLIES A WORKING POSSIBILITY?

A GREAT many writers in the United States discuss the proposed Economic Alliance of the Entente nations in Europe, after the war, as tho it were an experiment bound to fail. That the Economic Alliance is a working possibility of the future is best indicated by the fact that it exists now. The Economic Alliance contemplates tariff preferentials among

the Allies, with tariff discriminations against the Teutons, to operate until those tariffs have paid for the cost of the war. It also contemplates an alliance of the shipping interests of the Allies to control sea-trade. As a matter of fact, even without tariffs, that is the status in Europe to-day. England is financing Russia. England has bought food-products for Italy, Bel-

gium, France. Preference has been given the wheat, meat and dairy products of the British colonies. The Allies have enough credit to buy up all the food products offered in the markets of the world; and they are practically doing that to-day. What the naval blockade is now doing forcibly, the Alliance of finance and tariffs and shipping can do silently by purely eco-

conomic pressure. While the American colonies were fighting in the Revolution, British tea was "taboo." The Economic Alliance does not contemplate "a taboo." It contemplates such control that the prices paid to overcome it will pay the costs of the war.

To be specific, British Board of Trade navigation rules practically dominate every ship owned by the different Allies. Germany had become rich through her exports of manufactures. If the Allies put a tax on those manufactures, it is hard to see how Germany can reach the Allied markets without paying the tax. "But," objects the Teuton, "wouldn't the Allied consumers be paying the tax?" Not if the same product produced by the Allies were on the market at a lower price. For instance, dyes. Germany has been preeminent in the excellence of her dyes; so the Allies are arranging to produce their own dyes. To meet a tariff and undersell those dyes, the German producer would have to accept a lower price by an amount equal to the differential.

"But how could the Allies control products shipped from neutral countries like the United States? Do the Allies contemplate a perpetual blockade?"

"No, they don't need it. All they need to do is what Germany and England formerly did when they partitioned off the seas into zones. *Special low shipping rates—rebates if you like—to American cotton, copper, grain, lumber, destined for Allied ports, would divert American cotton, copper, grain, lumber to those ports, whence they could be reshipped to the Teutons at such advanced cost as the Allies determined. It would not be a blockade. It would be a boycott.*

Another aspect of the plan is this: the Allies are strong enough financially to buy all the food products, all the mineral products, all the cotton products, offered in the world markets. During the war, they have practically done this in grain, in copper, in cot-

ton, else how could the prices of these products have gone above pre-war levels? German and Austrian mills would have to bid against the Allies' prices or close for lack of raw material.

Such an economic war would dislocate commerce for a century. It would "boom" the Colonies and "boom" the Americas; but it would spell inflation, panic, ruin to Teutonic industries. Will it take place? Against it is the preponderating, overwhelming free-trade sentiment of the British Empire. Great Britain consumes manyfold what she produces; and consumers are not easily persuaded to tax themselves with a higher cost of living. On the other hand, if the war lasts much longer, the incomes of people in the warring countries are going to be taxed not 40 per cent., as they are now in Austria, but 60 to 75 per cent. Under that pressure economic legislation may run amuck, and no one can foretell the outcome.

To deny that the Economic Alliance is a possibility sounds like a joke when it is obviously a fact already. This is proved by financial data issued by the French Government, in tables of trade from Germany to the United Kingdom and from France to the United Kingdom. Similar tables are given of trade with the United States. The following data are furnished us by the French Embassy in Washington:

"An examination of the statistics of foreign trade for 1915 shows that France has been able to develop her exports both to the United Kingdom and to the United States of America for certain articles where the cessation of exports from Germany has left a gap to be filled.

"The two statements attached give instances of cases in which she has been able to accomplish this. They show the exports from France to the markets in question in 1913 and 1915 and the pre-war imports into those markets of similar German goods. They indicate that in certain directions at least France has been able to profit commercially from the obstacles placed in the way of overseas export from Germany.

"The increase in the export of mixed silk tissues to the United Kingdom is particularly interesting, as before the war there was a substantial import of these tissues from Germany. On the other hand the export of pure silk tissues has declined; but this is a trade in which German competition in the United Kingdom was never very substantial."

EXPORTS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Statement showing the increase in exports from France to the United Kingdom in 1915 compared with 1913, of articles formerly imported into the United Kingdom from Germany, as far as data are available:

Article	Exports from Germany, 1913	Exports from France		Increase in 1915 over 1913
		1913	1915	
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Hides, raw.....	2,252	5,594	5,953	359
Hair and Bristles.....	2,252	919	1,717	798
Confectionery, etc.....	1,308	2,485	3,063	518
Vegetable fats, edible.	18,323	9,305	15,364	6,059
Plants, shrubs, trees, etc.	2,401	11,574	14,086	2,512
Pig Iron.....	69,839	41,594	60,176	18,582
Furrier's wares.....	1,400	327	415	88
Furniture and wood manufactures.....	20,519	4,038	4,464	426
Fancy goods.....	1,211	4,195	4,839	644
Silk manufactures.....	324	1,250	1,805	555
	Gals.	Gals.	Gals.	Gals.
Brandy and Spirits.....	274,000	1,591,000	1,659,000	68,000
Flowers and fruit, artificial.....	312*	465*	645*	179*

* Mixed silk tissues.

* Thousands of pounds sterling.

EXPORTS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY TO THE UNITED STATES

Statement showing the increase in exports from France to the United States in 1915 compared with 1913 of articles formerly imported into the United States from Germany, as far as data are available.

Article	Exports from Germany, 1913	Exports from France		Increase in 1915 over 1913
		1913	1915	
	£	£	£	£
Silk Manufactures.....	546,400	1,951,000	3,992,000	1,951,000
Seeds for Sowing.....	599,200	290,000	651,000	361,000
Plants, trees, etc.....	65,000	52,000	72,000	20,000
Perfumery and Soap.....	8,000	136,000	192,000	56,000
Yarns of all kinds.....	472,000	75,000	226,000	151,000

DOES BIG BUSINESS WANT INTERVENTION IN MEXICO?

IS big business plotting for intervention in Mexico? Hints to that effect were freely made before the Presidential conventions were held. But it is remarkable that such charges were not heard at the conventions; nor have they been voiced since, except in an address by the President, tho the country has been nearer to war with Mexico since the presidential nominations were made.

By Big Business, what are we to understand? The big American interests involved in Mexico are chiefly

rails, oils and mines. The sisal crop, of Yucatan, which is the basic supply for American binder twine, may be dismissed as not involved in intervention, for the disposal of the sisal crop of Yucatan will henceforth be handled by the Federal Trade Commission of Washington.

Nor need we look to rail investments as the sources of plots for intervention. Mexico's railroads have been 50 per cent. nationalized; and, tho the underwriters of some of the systems may seem to be jeopardized, the fact re-

mains that the customs revenues of the country are pledged behind them.

There remain oil and copper; and of all the examples of "counsel darkening wisdom without knowledge," many of the arguments concerning oils and copper are fine examples. Arguments appear daily that would leave the uninformed to infer that American "Big Business" in oils and coppers had obtained enormous concessions from the Diaz Government and is now busy gobbling up the inalienable rights and possessions of the native-born Mexican.

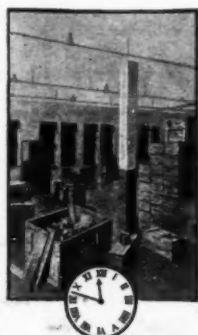
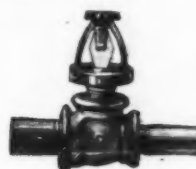
TO those who know, such talk is the veriest poppycock. In the first place, much of such talk was first propagated in the United States by men who were known in Mexico City as professional blackmailers. In one case at least, the disseminator of such false news was paid as "the starter" and "barker" of one of the numerous revolutions. Whether gossip has it right or not, I do not know; but it was common gossip in Mexico City that one of these "starters," now posing as a patriot, was paid \$60,000 (Mexican) to set the trouble going and then to get out.

In the second place, the oil and mining laws of Diaz were the fairest in America. A tax on the output goes to the State. True, the mining and oil concessions are owned now by foreigners; but for that matter so was every leading business house on the main street of Mexico City, and Americans were no more in preponderance than Germans and British and French and Jewish. A foolish idea has gone abroad that American interests have blanketed most of the copper mines. This is sheer nonsense, as any one who has been in Mexico knows. Oil and mining concessions are owned by foreigners; but—why? Because the foreigners bought them from the Mexicans who owned them. Because the foreigners put in money to work the properties which the Mexicans had neither the money nor the initiative to develop. These properties had been owned by Mexicans for centuries, and for centuries had lain dormant under Mexican ownership. When Diaz maintained order by the power of a strong hand, foreign capital was invited to come in. It came in; but it did not take property without paying the price. It bought and paid and sometimes—many times—was held up for bribe; and it sank millions upon millions before it got a dollar back for the money spent.

OIL is the best example of this. Undoubtedly the oil gushers of the Gulf Coast region are a thing to challenge belief and discount fairy stories; but please note this: *before the American group, who went in from Los Angeles, had earned back a dollar they had sunk three millions in the ground.* The same statement holds good of the Pearson Company of London. They had "blown in" millions of pounds sterling before the oil "blew out." The same of coppers, held by Americans, Germans and British.

In the third place, both "Big Interests" and Revolutionists—irrespective of factions—want coppers and oils left unmolested. Money wants peace, for one wild raid on an oil field could burn

This thing is a fire Bucket with a College Education



← It's a Grinnell Sprinkler-head.

It stands with a lot of its brothers on a pipe near the ceiling.

Like a sentinel, guarding its ten feet square of space below, it watches that big box hatch out a fire from some oily rags that were dropped into it about 6:00 P. M.

Here comes the fire! →

Up goes the telltale heat to the ceiling. The temperature rises 80 degrees, 90 degrees, 120 degrees, 150 degrees, 154 degrees.

155 Degrees! That's the fatal temperature. The silvery solder in the Grinnell Sprinkler-head melts like lard in a frying-pan, and—

← Snap—Spurt—Splash!

It's raining—a drenching soaking tempest! And hear the fire gong ring! The watchman's coming on the run. The firemen half a mile away are sliding down their poles!

Ten minutes later the fire is out. →

Water turned off. Next morning business as usual.



SUICIDAL for that baby fire to heat up that Grinnell Sprinkler—but the fire just couldn't help it. Can't blame a fire for being warm! "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

Good thing to have—a Grinnell Sprinkler System! If it doesn't cost too much!

IN MANY CASES it costs nothing. That is, you can arrange an installment contract which enables it to pay for itself out of what it saves annually in insurance premiums. This means practically that the insurance companies are willing to pay for your fire protection. Where values are small it is sometimes necessary for the owner to contribute something toward his own protection. It usually takes from four to seven years for a system to pay for itself.

OR, BUY IT OUTRIGHT, if you don't care for the self-paying installment contract, and call it a fat and sure investment.

FOR EXAMPLE: Flint Varnish Works bought a Grinnell System. They paid \$12,000 for it and it saved them \$4,700 a year in insurance. They used to pay \$6,700, now they pay only \$2,000.

HERE'S ANOTHER: A small furniture factory in New York State put in Grinnell's costing \$1,700 and saved \$1,360 a year.

YOU WILL NEVER KNOW how much per day you are losing by not having a Grinnell System—till you find out.

Grinnell Systems belong in every hotel, warehouse, large store, wholesale establishment and factory. Don't theorize—get the figures.

WRITE to The General Fire Extinguisher Company, 276 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I., asking for a Grinnell Information Blank. This will enable us to submit estimates and proposals without cost or obligation on your part.

out or waste millions of dollars worth of property. And drawing their chief revenue in taxes on oils and coppers, the Revolutionists don't want coppers or oils to stop working.

Several times during the Villa Régime, copper mines were shut down by the bandit; but they were shut down only to compel the operators to exchange American gold for his paper money. His paper money might be worth eight cents on the dollar; Villa would demand and get \$50,000 cash

for \$50,000 of paper before the mine could reopen.

One American property owner in Mexico, whose partner was murdered, puts the case succinctly thus: "Do we want intervention? No. Why? Because investment interests always thrive best with peace; and intervention means a long war. Do I think intervention will come? Yes; but *not for conquest*. It will come because Mexico needs capital for its reconstruction, and Mexico can get that capital

only in the United States. *Now capital is not going into any country unless it is guaranteed security.*

IF Carranza cannot protect American capital that is now invested in Mexico, how is he going to protect \$100,000,000 more of American capital which he is trying to borrow to rehabilitate his country? That's one reason, whether we want it or not, why we'll have to go in.

"The other reason is—Europe. Mexican customs revenues are pledged to the limit now to pay interest on European capital; but if the chaos does not stop, Mexico will have no foreign trade. She will have nothing to sell to bring back foreign gold. She will have no money to buy imports, and the minute she fails to pay interest on State-guaranteed bonds to European investors, you are going to see some European power seize the ports for unpaid debts, or some European power will force us to intervene and restore order. We are being told to go ahead and invest liberally in South American ventures, and the American Government will stand sponsor for the safety and integrity of such investments. Is the American Government going to stand sponsor for these investments as it is standing for the investments in Mexico?

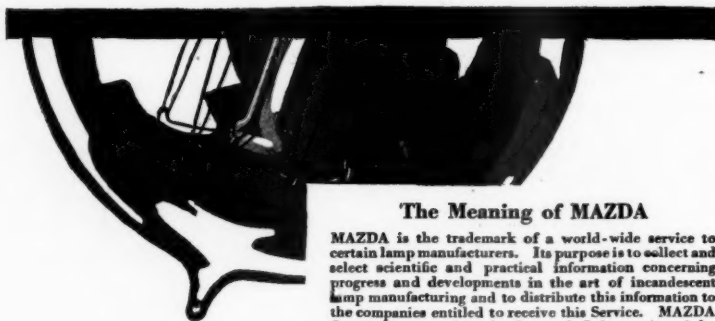
"There are other reasons why we shall have to go in. I am not speaking of the Columbus raid. That was the fault of our own officers, who were on guard, or rather, who were off guard skylarking, when they should have been on guard. I am not speaking of the Carrizal shooting. That was again the fault of our own officers. I am speaking of the appeals to America to feed Mexico. The Mexican people are to-day starving. We are sending food in, and the Mexican Government in a month has *shipped out* of Vera Cruz as much as 250 tons of beans, as many as 19,000 head of cattle. While they ship out food looted from the population, we are being asked to ship food in to prevent starvation!

THERE is also the fact of Americans wantonly murdered. Now, when I say murdered, I don't mean shot when fighting as at Vera Cruz, on one side or the other. Men who fight take the chances of war. I mean innocent non-combatants murdered by order of a leader, as Benton was murdered by Villa. I suppose at least four hundred Americans have been done to death; but when you deduct those who are taking sides, those who exposed themselves needlessly (like a man I knew in Mexico City who watched a fight from a hotel window until he was shot as a spy, or two women who persisted in remaining



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MAZDA unless they embody
MAZDA Service standards of
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MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

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RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF
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in the firing zone until killed by a shell), I presume that over one hundred have been wantonly murdered. In Mexico, I presume there were at least 30,000 Americans. When you compare this mortality with that among noncombatants in Europe, it is not such a bad record for a nation of semi-civilized half-Indian people. Still it is one of the things we cannot permit to go on; and, if it goes on, it will mean intervention."

It may be said that this American whom we have been quoting is not a copper man. Nor is he an oil man. He is a rancher.

One has only to examine Mexico's trade report to realize that it is upon Uncle Sam that the burden of playing big policeman must fall:

Countries:	Imports		Exports	
	1912	1911	1912	1911
U. S.	\$47,427,874	\$53,097,939	\$124,135,279	\$109,604,938
Belgium..	1,336,028	1,881,585	2,478,086	3,542,994
France...	5,728,735	8,197,768	3,797,726	4,279,223
Germany..	12,164,653	12,000,329	7,014,693	4,505,311
Gr. Brit..	11,728,950	11,080,074	18,310,804	19,559,024
Spain....	3,465,726	2,533,963	1,260,456	1,057,140
Total ..	\$93,021,732	\$95,159,307	\$160,551,125	\$145,992,568

Uncle Sam's trade interests are seen to be in the case of imports about four times as large as those of any other nation; in the case of exports, six times as large.

Mexico must borrow from the United States, or from Europe. Who will guarantee the security of the loan? It is more dangerous to the peace of this continent to permit a European power to police Mexico than for Uncle Sam to do the job himself; but one thing is sure, nobody is going to loan \$100,000,000 without better security than has existed in Mexico for the past six years.

• Shear Nonsense •

The Great Moon Debate.

L. Lamprey contributes this clever little fable to the *N. Y. Evening Sun*:

Once upon a time all the beasts became very much interested in the Moon. They could not agree on its nature.

The Rat had heard on good authority that it was made of green cheese.

The Cat said it was a lantern to show the way over the roofs.

The Cow said that it could not be intended for food, because it was not in the least like hay.

The Cock said that there could not possibly be any Moon, for he had never seen it.

The Horse believed that it was a street lamp for the travelers in the Sky.

The Dog said that none of them could be right, because the Moon was inhabited by a Man and a Dog, as all could see.

The Hog said it was either a pumpkin or a barrel of skim milk, and when it was put in the trough he would see which.

Finally they decided to have a grand debate and settle once for all the proper use of the Moon. Upon meeting, they all began to talk at once, and made such a noise that only the Donkey could be heard at all.

And the Donkey couldn't think of anything to say.

A Colonel by Marriage.

The Dundee *Advertiser* is responsible for this latest version of a war-time story.

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FILLED AND SEALED
IN THE HEINZ ESTABLISHMENT



One of the
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AND now one of the very oldest of the 57 Varieties puts on a new dress and thus makes possible better things to eat for everyone, everywhere. Heinz Pure Vinegars are now procurable in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz kitchens. Expert chefs have for years been insisting on Heinz Vinegars, realizing that the aroma, purity and flavor of these Vinegars were the secret behind many of their most tasty dishes. Now that they are packed in bottles everyone can make sure of the genuine.

Heinz Malt Vinegar

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All Heinz Vinegars may now be had in glass; pints, quarts and half-gallons

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For delicious French dressing, use any Heinz vinegar with Heinz Pure Olive Oil and the seasoning you like best.



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Here's our *unqualified guarantee*: Buy a Shumate "Barber" razor and use it—not once, but as long as you like. If you say after an exacting trial that you don't like it, we'll exchange it *without a word*.

Sent postpaid, **\$2.00** In remitting, mention your dealer's name, and a chamois lined, rust-proof case will be included with your razor.

State whether you want light, medium or heavy blade. Heavy blade for very strong beards.

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We're Right on the Ground

A traveler in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle-trail near the New Mexico line when he met a rather pompous-looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devil's River.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveler asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see; you command one of the State militia regiments."

"No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I'se a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

The Farm Point of View.

A man traveling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who said his father, ninety years old, was still on the farm where he was born. The *Western Christian Advocate* reproduces the ensuing conversation.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yes, pop is close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

"Taint much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

A Senator's Dilemma.

"The hardest I was ever sat down on," said Senator Glass of Alabama, in the smoking-room, discussing a rebuff that had just been given him on the floor of the Senate, "was at a farmers' gathering in a little village near Birmingham. I was addressing the gathering on a live issue that had an important bearing on Alabama agricultural interests. In the midst of my speech a man arose from the center of the hall and said:

"I'd like ter ask yer er question 'bout that."

"I was in the midst of an important point and didn't want to be interrupted, so I said:

"If you will kindly wait until the close of my talk, I will do my best to answer you."

"He persisted, however, which brought another man to his feet, shouting:

"Sit down, you ass!"

"An altercation of a wholly personal and uncomplimentary character followed between the two disputants, when a third man got up and said:

"Sit down, the two of yer; both of yer are asses!"

"In a moment of extreme unwisdom I turned to the three of them and said:

"There seems to be an unusual number of asses here tonight, but for heaven's sake let's hear one at a time."

"Whereat the first gentleman, pointing a long finger at me, replied:

"Well, you go on, then."

"For once I racked my brain for a suitable reply, and racked in vain."

A Lafayette Story.

In a speech at New Bedford, President Eliott of the New Haven Railroad told this story, according to the *Truth Seeker*:

I well remember, when a little boy, hearing my father tell a story that his father told him about the great Lafayette, who was such a warm friend of the United States, then in the making, when Lafayette came back to this country on a visit. My grandfather met him at a reception, and as an evidence of his tact and humor, to one man to whom he was introduced Lafayette said:

"How do you do? Are you a married man?" The man replied, "Yes, sir."

And Lafayette said, "Happy man! Happy man!"

The next man to whom Lafayette was introduced was asked, "Are you a married man?" and replied, "No, sir."

Whereupon Lafayette said, "Lucky dog! Lucky dog!"

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT INCARNATE

[Tell the pessimist concerning the spirit of America to listen to Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. He sees straight to the true heart of American achievement. Here is the tonic of his inspiring address at the commencement exercises of Brown University, Providence, R. I., which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Thus speaks the American spirit incarnate.]

I DO not know what better I can say to you this afternoon than to speak a simple word of cheer about that very mystical thing which we call the American spirit. It seems to have been lost or to be on the verge of being lost. I wouldn't have known this if I had not been reading some rather gloomy and anemic New England papers. My friends, if the American spirit gives any evidence of being in a state of decline or decadence in New England I beg that you will come with me to my Western country,—"Out where the West begins."

Spirit—What is the American spirit? Is it love of adventure? Two years ago Congress authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska,—five hundred miles straightaway from the sea to the Circle. We needed a thousand men, and within sixty days thirty-three thousand had made petition that they might take the hazards of that new country;—not idlers, the flotsam of the sea of civilization—but men of steady habit, employed already but ready for a new adventure. There's something American about that.

THERE is no sense in saying that the spirit has gone out of a people when we as a landed proprietor are selling twelve million acres of desert every year to people who earn it by living on it and turning it into farms. A few weeks ago we opened a tract of land in Northern Montana, where the thermometer falls to forty below zero sometimes. There were twelve hundred farms to be sold, and there were twenty-seven thousand applicants. Out of the first hundred and fifty names drawn from the box not one failed to accept his opportunity. We challenged him to go into the wilderness and make a home and he took the challenge. There's something American about that.

I have seen it said that the American had forgotten noble things and become a pampered drawing-room darling, like some poodle, fat and ease-loving. Do you know that the average wage in the United States is less than six hundred dollars a year, and that only three hundred thousand out of one hundred million pay income tax?

Yes, I hear it said, but will these men fight? There is the test. Do they love anything but the pay envelope? I ask you back: When did these men ever fail to fight?

THERE stands at my door in Washington a man who went into the Civil War from Ohio,—he and his father and his two brothers and his two brothers-in-law—and after four years he alone came out alive. I asked him one day: "What did you go to war for?" "To save the Union," he answered.

Two millions of those boys, averaging but nineteen years of age, went into that war to save the Union. And if you had



Engineering the Telephone

THE great Bell System, with its telephone highways connecting the farthest points of the country, is primarily a brain creation.

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His problems may involve doubling the capacity of a city's underground telephone system, or the building of a transcontinental line, or a serious war-shortage of supplies needed in telephone work.

Whatever the difficulties, they must be overcome so that the progress of the telephone shall continue equal to the ever-growing needs of the people.

It is not enough to provide only for the present—the future must be anticipated and discounted.

In the Bell System, more than two thousand highly efficient engineers and scientists are constantly working on the complex problems of the telephone business.

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Spending Money to Reduce Selling Prices

IF you were going to give a large entertainment, you wouldn't go out personally and deliver a hundred or so invitations verbally, would you? Of course, you would have them engraved and mailed to your guests.

You would in this way spend money to save money and time, which is also money.

Any man who has anything to sell has the problem of getting his invitation to buy before the largest possible number of prospective buyers.

The larger the number he interests, the more units he can make, and the lower his producing cost descends. So he takes the quickest method of reaching a large number of people—printing advertising.

If anyone tells you he is able to sell you his goods at a lower cost because he had no advertising expense, laugh at him.

Advertising reduces sales expense, because a single ad calls on thousands, while a salesman can call on one or two. Advertising reaches an individual at less than 1% of the cost of telling the story to

that person in any other way.

Advertising increases the keenness of competition so that prices are forced downward.

It would not be possible to produce a lead pencil for two cents, a tube of paste for ten cents, a collar for twelve and a half cents, were it not for the force of advertising in creating a wide demand, permitting quantity production and labor-saving machinery, thus cutting costs.

There are other reasons why you should insist on the advertised product.

The purpose of most advertising is to establish the reputation of a name. In order to live up to that reputation, definite

standards of quality must be maintained in the product. It must live up to the claims of the advertisement. Faking or misrepresentation cannot stand the light of publicity.

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This article—one of a series to Advise Advertising—was written for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (headquarters Indianapolis) by

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President,
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asked them what the Union was, few could have given a better answer than that it was the thing they were fighting for—an idea not to be expressed in words symbolized by a few stripes and stars. Has there ever been a time when we did not stand the test? The time when the American spirit came nearest to failing was a hundred and fifty years ago when New York would not join in signing the Declaration of Independence and Rhode Island refused for so long to ratify the Constitution. And when I read New York or Rhode Island papers criticizing some of our Western States for lacking in spirit because they are not yet convinced that we need military training for our boys, I just turn back to the old school history and ask a few disagreeable questions about the past.

National spirit and martial spirit are not the same. There was a time when war was all of romance and of gallantry and of opportunity that the world offered. That time has gone. War now at its best is but one expression of the human passion for adventure and achievement.

There are two monuments in Paris which face each other that are symbols to me of the two conflicting spirits which make up the struggle of life. One is the tomb of Napoleon. And further down the boulevard Falguire's statue of Pasteur. Napoleon's tomb all see. Pasteur's statue few visit. It is a sitting figure upon a pedestal. And on the sides of this pedestal are figures in relief illustrating Pasteur's services to the world,—a girl under a trellis of grapes illustrating the battle with the phylloxera, a man with oxen, a boy with sheep. On the front is the great group. A girl is seen just rising from a sick-bed. She leans against her mother, who in turn looks up with ineffable gratitude into the face of Pasteur, while a figure of Death, beaten and baffled, slinks away around the opposite side of the pedestal.

THE spirit of America is against war not because we have grown cowardly and fear death, nor because we have grown flabby and love softness; no, not even because we have become conscious converts to the Prince of Peace. But we in America have something larger to do. We are discovering our country. Every tree is a challenge to us, and every pool of water and every foot of soil. The mountains are our enemies. We must pierce them and make them serve. The wilful rivers we must curb; and out of the seas and the air renew the life of the earth itself. We have no time for war. We are doing something so much more important. We are at work. That is the greatest of all adventures. When war comes to a Democracy it comes because we are not allowed peacefully to work.

What would we fight for? For what Roger Williams fought for, to be let alone, to have the opportunity to show what man can do for man.

A spirit is intangible. It defies definition or limitation. It can only be made comprehensible by acts. So let me illustrate my idea of the spirit of America by naming two men—both Californians—Theodore Judah and Herbert Hoover.

All have heard of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker, the builders of the Central Pacific railroad. The real builder of that road was a young Connecticut engineer named Judah. He had the vision, he made the surveys. He found the way across the mountains. Then he found Stanford the grocer and Huntington the hardware man and told his dream and showed his plans. They

caught fire. Judah convinced them that Congress could be made to supply the money. He came to Washington, became the clerk of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, then the clerk of the House Committee, wrote both reports; the bill was passed, and going home in triumph he died upon the Isthmus of Panama. The spirit of young Judah has been the making of America.

THE next man I name to you is Herbert Hoover, mining engineer—Hoover of California, Hoover of Siberia, Hoover of Russia, Hoover of England, Hoover of Belgium, Hoover of the world, the head of the Belgian Relief Committee. That young man comes to this country unnoticed and leaves unnoticed. But his administrative mind has made possible the feeding of a nation. He has organized the financial system for Belgium. Through him the heart of the world has spoken to those suffering people. Through him England gives five million dollars a month and France four-and-a-half million dollars a month for the support of this unfortunate people, and the United States has given but seven million in all. But we made it possible for any of it to reach those people.

This young man is only a mining engineer from Stanford University who has drifted all round the world, and when the war broke out was living in England, managing a great industrial and mining property in the Ural Mountains. A hundred thousand men were at work for him, and all the genius that he had was at once put to work to succor the unfortunate Belgians. I will never forget the simple way in which he told me of his adventure in going to France and asking for help. He went to the Premier and said: "I have got to have some money for the relief of the Belgians," and the Premier said: "But we have a war ourselves, we have destitute people of our own. How much do you think you should have from us?" "And I said, 'Well, I think we should have twenty-two million francs a month from you until the war is over.' And the Premier said, 'Oh, my, we have not the money, but I will see the banks, I will see what can be done.' And I went back to London with my heart sick. But the next day there came a letter saying, 'Dear Mr. Hoover, please find check for twenty-two million francs. I beg you will acknowledge it,' signed by the Premier of France." And each month the same check has come and no question has ever been asked as to how it was spent.

HE said to me with a glow: "Do not believe that the American flag is not respected abroad. If anyone ever tells you that tell him to go to Brussels and stand in front of the United States legation and see the Belgian as he passes take off his hat to the Stars and Stripes; no English flag, no French flag, no Russian flag, no Spanish flag, no Japanese flag, no Chinese flag, but the Stars and Stripes, which never have been hauled down in Belgium, and from sunrise in the morning until sunset at night the Belgian peasants and Belgian artisans pass that house, and as each passes takes his hat off to that flag."

Judah the incarnation of the spirit of American ambition to make hard places easy. Hoover the incarnation of the spirit of American desire to help the world. Let us stand beside the Belgian peasant before that flag over in Brussels and take heart.

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July 18, 1916.

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It gratifies me very much that you should have been selected as the Chairman of the Woodrow Wilson Independent League and that you should be willing to serve in that capacity. The support of independent men whose convictions I share and whose purpose are my purposes, also gives me the greatest encouragement not only, but makes me feel that the political processes of the country are clearing for a new and more effective combination in the work of advancing all reasonable reform to early consumption.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Hon. Wm. Kent,
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